

# Bruce Springsteen, Loose Change

Met her at a friendly little bar down along the coast  
She said it was her birthday so we had us a nice little toast  
Drove around for a while, smoked a few cigarettes  
Took her back to my place, she slipped off her party dress  
She sat for a while on the edge of the bed just talkin'  
Loose change in my pocket  
Loose change in my pocket

Pint of gin in my boot cuff, I'm drivin' for a drink and a dance  
Sittin' on the next stool, miss a little time on her hands  
Yeah I knew she was trouble, but trouble sure was lookin' fine  
And when I pulled her close what I knew kinda slipped my mind  
We lay in bed and watched the moon come up crawling  
Loose change in my pocket  
Loose change in my pocket

I pour another drink, wait for the night to get through  
Stars are burning in that black void so far away and blue

Now I'm sittin' at a red light I feel somethin' tickin' way down  
The night's moving like a slow train crawling through this shithole town  
Got my bags packed in the back and I'm tryin' to get going again  
But red just goes to green and green goes red and then  
Then all I hear's the clock on the dash tick-tocking  
Loose change in my pocket