

Bruce Springsteen, Open All Night

Well, I had the carburator, baby, cleaned and checked
With her line blown out she's hummin' like a turbojet
Propped her up in the backyard on concrete blocks
For a new clutch plate and a new set of shocks
Took her down to the carwash, check the plugs and point
Well, I'm goin' out tonight. I'm gonna rock that joint
Early north Jersey industrial skyline
I'm a all-set cobra jet creepin' through the nighttime
Gotta find a gas station, gotta find a pay phone
This turnpike sure is spooky at night when you're all alone
Gotta hit the gas, baby. I'm running late
This New Jersey in the mornin' like a lunar landscape

Now, the boss don't dig me, so he put me on the night shift
It's an all-night run to get back to where my baby lives
In the wee, wee hours your mind gets hazy
Radio relays towers, won't you lead me to my baby?
Underneath the overpass, trooper hits his party light switch
Good night, good luck. One, two power shift
I met Wanda when she was employed
Behind the counter at Route Sixty Bob's Big Boy Fried Chicken
On the front seat, she's sittin' in my lap
We're wipin' our fingers on a Texaco road map
I remember Wanda up on scrap metal hill
With them big brown eyes that make your heart stand still
Well, at five a.m., oil pressure's sinkin' fast

I make a pit stop, wipe the windshield, check the gas
Gotta call my baby on the telephone
Let her know that her daddy's comin' on home
Sit tight, little mama, I'm comin' `round
I got three more hours, but I'm coverin' ground
Your eyes get itchy in the wee, wee hours
Sun's just a red ball risin' over them refinery towers
Radio's jammed up with gospel stations
Lost souls callin' long distance salvation
Hey, mister deejay, won'tcha hear my last prayer?
Hey, ho, rock'n'roll, deliver me from nowhere