

# Bruce Springsteen, The Hitter

Come to the door, Ma, and unlock the chain  
I was just passin' through and got caught in the rain  
There's nothin' I want, nothin' that you need say  
Just let me lie down for a while and then I'll be on my way

I was no more than a kid when you put me on the Southern Queen  
With the police on my back I fled to New Orleans  
I fought in the dockyards and with the money that I made  
And the fight was my home and any blood was my trade

Baton Rouge, Ponchatoula, and La Fayette town  
Well they paid me the moon, Ma, to knock the men down  
I did what I did, when it come easily  
Restraint and mercy were always strangers to me

I fought champion Jack Thompson in a field full of mud  
Rain poured through the tent to the canvas and mixed with our blood  
In the twelfth, I slipped my tongue over my broken jaw  
And I stood over him, pounded his blooded body into the floor

Well the bell rang and rang, still I kept on  
'Til I felt my glove leather slip 'tween his skin and bone  
And the women and the money came fast, in the days I lost track  
The women red, the money green, but the numbers were black  
I fought for the men in their silk suits to lay down their bets  
Well I took my good share, Ma, and I had no regret

I took the fixed staid hombre with Big Diamond Don\*  
From high in the rafters I watched myself fall  
So he raised his arms, my stomach twisted, and the sky it went black\*\*  
I stuffed my bag with their good money, and I never looked back  
Understand me, and Ma, every man plays a game  
If you know anyone different, then speak out his name

Well Ma, if my voice, now you don't recognize  
And just open the door and look into your dark eyes  
I ask of you nothin', not a kiss, not a smile  
Just open the door and let me lie down for a while

Now the grey rain is fallin' and my ring fighting's done  
So in the work fields and alleys, I take them who'll come  
If you're a better man than me then just step to the line  
And show me your money and speak out your crime  
There's nothin' I want, Ma, nothin' that you need say  
Just let me lie down for a while and then I'll be on my way

Well tonight in the shipyard, a man draws a circle in the dirt  
Like I always do, I move to the centre and I take off my shirt  
I study him for the cuts, the scars, the pain man no time can erase  
I move hard to the left and I strike to the face