

Bruce Springsteen, Tweeter & The Monkey Man

Tweeter and the monkey man were hard up for cash,
They stayed up all night selling cocaine and hash,
To an undercover cop who had a sister named Jan.
For reasons unexplained she loved the monkey man.

Tweeter was a boy scout 'fore she went to vietnam,
And found out the hard way, nobody gives a damn.
They knew that they found freedom just across the jersey line,
So they hopped into a stolen car, took highway 99.

And the walls came down,
All the way to hell.
Never saw them when they're standing,
Never saw them when they fell.

The undercover cop never liked the monkey man,
Even back in childhood he wanted to see him in the can.
Jan got married at fourteen to a racketeer named bill,
She made secret calls to the monkey man from a mansion on the hill.

It was out on thunder road, tweeter at the wheel,
They crashed into paradise, they could hear them tires squeal.
The undercover cop pulled up and said "everyone of you's a liar,
If you don't surrender now it's gonna go down to the wire."

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Never saw them when they fell.

An ambulance rolled up, a state-trooper close behind,
Tweeter took his gun away and messed up his mind.
The undercover cop was left tied up to a tree,
Near the souvenir stand, by the old abandoned factory.

Next day the undercover cop was hot in pursuit,
He was taking the whole thing personal, he didn't care about the loot.
Jan had told him many times, "it was you to me who taught

In jersey anything's legal, as long as you don't get caught".

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Never saw them when they're standing,
Never saw them when they fell.

Some place by rahwey prison they ran out of gas,
The undercover cop had cornered them, said,
"boy you didn't think this could last? "
Jan jumped out of bed, said, "there's someplace I gotta go".
She took the gun out of the drawer, said, "it's best that you don't know"

The undercover cop was found face down in a field,
The monkey man was on the river bridge, using tweeter as a shield.
Jan said to the monkey man, "i'm not fooled by tweeter's curl,
I knew him long before he became a jersey girl."

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Now the town of jersey city is quieting down again,

I'm sitting in a gambling club called the lion's den.
The tv set was blown up, every bit of it is gone,
Ever since the nightly news showed that the monkey man was on.

I guess I'll go to florida and get myself some sun,
There ain't no more opportunity here, everything's been done.
Sometimes I think of tweeter, sometimes I think of jan,
Sometimes I don't think about nothing but the monkey man.

And the walls came down,
All the way to hell.
Never saw them when they're standing,
Never saw them when they fell.