

Bruce Springsteen, White Lies

Your scrapbook's filled with pictures
Of all your leading men
Oh baby don't put my picture
In there with them

Oh don't make us some little girl's dream
That can not ever really ever come true
Baby don't do it to me
I won't do it to you

You see all the romantic movies
You dream and take the boy's home
But when the action fades girl
You're left there all alone

-----?
-----?
-----?
-----to see the late late show

-----?
-----do it?
-----to him to her?

---make you cry like you do girl

Now every night you go out looking
For true love's satisfaction
But in the morning you always end up
Settling for just lights, camera, action

In another cameo role
With some bit play you're befriending
You're gonna go broken hearted
Looking for that happy ending

Well girl you're gonna you're gonna end up
Just another lonely ticket sold
Crying alone in the theater
At the end of the show

Don't make us some little girl's dream
That can not ever really ever come true
Baby don't do it to me
I won't do it to you
Yeah, I won't do it to you