

Bette Midler, E Street Shuffle

It's ninety-three degrees,
and the radio says a storm front's movin' in.
Sure is hot.
There's a double feature down at the Fox,
but everybody's seen it twice.
And, besides, the air conditioner's broke.

The old lady who runs the ice cream store
got robbed last week.
She put a lock on the door,
and a bell on the lock.
Now she don't answer the door,
'cause she takes that good long look at you,
and you look too tough.

The air is hot and heavy and wet,
and you just can't get high.
That's when sparks fly on E Street.
And the little girls walking lookin' so hot,
and the little boys' souls grow weak
when the girls give them a double shot.

School boy pops pull out the stops on a Friday night.
And those teenage tramps in skin-tight pants
do the E Street dance,
but in their heart and soul they know it's all right.

Just like those kids down there,
ooh, hooked up in a scuffle.
Dressed in snake skin suits;
Packed with Detroit muscle;
Doin' the E Street shuffle.
Ooh, the shuffle.
Doin' the E Street shuffle.
Ooh, the shuffle.