

# Bruce Springsteen, And The Band Played

The moon hung like a shadow on a rung over Shangai  
Them soldier boys were returning home screaming &quot;Banzai&quot;  
And the kids are still playing their games  
Gettin hustled and rustled out in the rain  
As I sat inside listening to the broadcast  
Oh save my soul sweet rock'n'roll 'cause I'm sinkin' fast  
And then the band played  
Out of nowhere, it was alright

Well now the legendary chaplain of the fightin' 51st was gettin' ready to go  
I said: Padre, do you know a cheap virgin who like to tango?  
He said: You can try Linda Lee,  
Around the corner and across the sea  
Oh word is out word is out she's fast  
Oh blow me down Linda 'cause I'm sinkin' fast

Yes and them cats are sure getting fat  
down in the train yard  
And the sandman brings them dreams  
to ship out in boxcars  
The union says hold, break out the dice, break out the gold  
It's lunchtime at last

And old Big Mama said: &quot;Georges Raft's tonight on the late show&quot;  
She sits straddlin' a kitchen chair, really gung-ho  
She shivers with chills, wet with her slot-card thrills  
Hypnotically lost in the glass  
And we all sigh with the sunrise  
As we watch the credits pass  
And the little blue dot went away

And then the morning cloak fell down  
like a hoax over Sleepytown  
Them garbage truck vigilantes out making their last rounds  
The inheritor he sipped his beer  
And poked fun at the queer  
And threatened to kick his ass

And the bell rings, a horn blows  
And he's outside pumpin' gas  
But the things were movin' so slow tonight  
So the kid goes back inside the station  
And turns on his radio to his local AM station  
And then the band played  
Right on the radio, it was alright  
And the boys in the band sung  
And the band played, everybody