

# Bruce Springsteen, Arabian Nights

Shrieks of Sheiks as they run across the movie screen  
A thousand sand-dune soldiers led by an Arabian Queen  
And the harem girls move like fancy (Clancy's) dancers  
In my dirty dreams  
And I wake up on the floor clutching the bed-lamp  
And Mama comes in, she screams  
&quot;Hey you been out with that tramp again last night  
You know that silver-sequined Arab black bitch  
The one that Mama don't like ?&quot;  
But Mama she sings me moontime melodies  
With this great Top 40 hook  
She shrugs her shoulders, she don't care  
Papa just stares and says &quot;Mary, look the girl's alright  
The girl's alright&quot;

And there's a tenseness in the air-----He turns and says  
Don't you know, can't you feel it-----&quot;Tell me son, what's the word ?&quot;  
Because there's something hanging there--'Cos you know he can't hear it  
Pull back the mist and reveal it-----But don't go near it  
And even if you fear what you near-----It's criticized as too absurd  
Don't conceal it-----Even the animals fear it  
'Cos if what Mama feels is too real-----Papa says &quot;Fetch me my flashlight,  
son&quot;  
She just claims she don't feel it-----And she stumbles out the front door

So come out from behind your bunkers  
'Cos the lift-off's been a bust  
Oh Papa's Gone and Mama's dead  
And buried in my rocket dust  
You're alone now for the first time  
Don't worry, 'cos that's all right  
All fear will completely disappear  
Come the Arabian Night

Well the soundman smiles and turns the dials  
To set the meter readin' rising  
He pulls the singer's voice from out of his pocket  
To see if the audience likes it  
Oh and in the very first row sits sweet Jenny Rue  
With a bell on her shoe and she wants him to make it  
He flicks a switch but Jenny moves too fast  
And the audience sways to the sound of her shotgun blast  
The manager comes running out from behind stage and says  
Check the band's arms for bullet holes  
Make that man roll up his sleeves&quot;  
The drummer shoots himself with cyanide  
And then asks to be relieved  
And me, I say &quot;Well, it's too crazy in here  
Which is the stage door out, I gotta get up tomorrow morning for work&quot;  
And the promoter says &quot;Man, once you're in they all lead out  
What's the matter man, ain't you heard ?  
There's a war going on on the outside  
And I'm paying you to sing like a bird  
So get in and get tough or get up and get out  
Because things aren't too tight&quot;  
I said &quot;Don't worry, man, everything's gonna loosen up  
Come the Arabian Night&quot;  
Come the Arabian Night

So I get back in my bed  
But outside my window I hear another gang fight  
It's Duke and the boys against the Devil's best man  
And both sides have drawn their knives  
And Duke he's a well-known knife-fighter

And with one quick jab he brings the Devil down  
He smiles 'cos he knows there's a high bounty on Devils  
In any God-fearin' town  
Well they say Duke sold the Devil to some priest in Pennsylvania  
To exhibit on his altar Christmas Night  
But the Devil's eyes they still burn red with fire  
As long as Duke walks upright  
And he swears there's a going to be a showdown  
Come sundown on the Arabian night