

Bruce Springsteen, Cynthia

Cynthia, when you come walkin' by you're an inspiring sight
Cynthia, you don't smile or say hi but baby that's alright
'Cause I don't need to hold you or taste your kiss
I just like knowin', Cynthia, you exist
in a world like this

Cynthia, when you pass it seems like this whole town drops
Cynthia, or maybe it's just me, baby, and these fools stuck here punchin' this
clock
Well you give us a reason to stop just for a while
Stop, stand and salute your style

Well now you ain't the finest thing I'll never have
And when you go the hurt you leave, baby, it ain't so bad
There ain't a man in this whole town who'd say you ain't fine
You hear them guys talkin', tell me baby do you mind
Well you make us happy, honey, when we feel sad
To see something so good in a world gone bad
There's still Cynthia

Cynthia, no one knows your number, no one knows where you live
Cynthia, I wonder do you understand this strange thing you give
Well baby is it your style, the mystery in your smile
Or just how cool you walk in a world gone wild
Tell me if you will, Cynthia

Well I gotta be pretty nave to believe in you
I know you ain't ever gonna be my dream come true
That's alright, I got other dreams as good as you, Cynthia
Yeah now baby, now this ain't no come-on
Just walk on, Cynthia, walk on
You make me holler, yeah, yeah, alright
I said yeah, yeah, alright
Well she's a yeah, yeah, alright