

# Bruce Springsteen, Devil's Arcade

Remember the morning we dug up your gun  
The worms in the barrel, the hanging sun  
Those first nervous evenings of perfume and gin  
The lost smell on your breath as I helped you get it in  
The rush of your lips, the feel of your name  
The beat in your heart, the devil's arcade

You said "Heroes are needed, so heroes get made"  
Somebody made a bet, somebody paid  
The cool desert morning and nothing to save  
Just metal and plastic where your body caved  
The slow games of poker with Lieutenant Ray  
In the ward with the blue walls, a sea with no name  
Where you lie adrift with the heroes of the devil's arcade

You sleep and you dream, your buddies Charlie and James  
And wake with a thick desert dust on your skin

[Instrumental]

Voice says "don't worry, I'm here  
Just whisper the word tomorrow in my ear"  
House on a quiet street, a home for the brave  
A glorious kingdom with the sun on your face  
Rising from a long night as dark as the grave  
On a thin chain of next moments and something like faith  
On a morning to order a breakfast to make  
A bed draped in sunshine, a body that waits  
For the touch of your fingers, the end of the day  
The beat of your heart, the beat of your heart  
The beat of your heart, the beat of your heart  
The beat of your heart, the beat of her heart  
The beat of your heart, the slow burning away  
Of the bitter fires of the devil's arcade