

Bruce Springsteen, Jeanny Needs A Shooter

I was born down by the river
Where the dirty river flows
And the cool wind cut through me
It cut right through my clothes
And the anger and the yearning
Like fever in my veins
Set the fire burning

She came down from knightstown
With her hands hard from the line
From the first time I laid eyes on her
I knew that she's be mine
Her father was a lawman
He swore he'd shoot me dead
'cause he knew I wanted jeannie
And I'd have her like I'd said

Jeannie needs a shooter, shooter like me
Jeannie needs a shooter
Jeannie needs a shooter, shooter on her side
Jeannie needs a shooter
Jeannie needs a shooter
Jeannie needs a shooter

We met down by the river

On the final day in may
And when I leaned down to kiss her
She did not turn away
I drew out all my money
And together we did vow
To meet that very evening
And to get away somehow

Jeannie needs a shooter, shooter like me
Jeannie needs a shooter
Jeannie needs a shooter, shooter on her side
Jeannie needs a shooter
Jeannie needs a shooter
Jeannie needs a shooter

The night was cold and rainy
Down by the borderline
I was riding hard to meet her
When a shot rang out behind
As I lay there in the darkness
With a pistol by my side
Jeannie and her father
Rode off into the night

Jeannie needs a shooter