

Bruce Springsteen, Jesse

Oh Jesse, you better start thinkin' about saving your neck
Oh Jesse, you put on that leather jacket like you put on respect
you got cleats on your boots and a woman who shoots everytime you shuffle out the stage door
And darling Jesse, do you know what its all for?
Ah Jesse, your manager brought by them eight by ten glossies of your band
Oh Jesse, he says you wear cross around your neck and come on with nails in your hands
With your insides showing and your New York band blowin' them old Chicago blues
Ah Jesse, can't you see you're the one Jesse
Ah Sonny, this time its you
Well Jesse, your child is slobbering all over your pants
And Jesse, your wife has fallen into a trance
She's got eyes that tell no lies
She's seen so many wars
Ah be a good boy Jesse, tell her she don't have to look no more.
Well Jesse, he knows all the tricks to get the crowd reeling
Oh and Jesse, ya he rocks 'em with that old soul feeling
And he walks off the stage in a self-adoring haze
and gets shoved right out the door
Whoa Jesse, can't you see now boy that that's what its all about Jesse
Not even time to do that old played out encore
Whoa Jesse