

Bruce Springsteen, No Need

She's a broken winged angel
Refugee from things her mama knew
And she's done everything the Bible say not to do
Well I don't know if she believes in Jesus
The good book, or even Satan you see
I'm just trying to get her to believe in me
Oh, 'cause when I see her face
No matter where I am I'm in the right place
And the girls I left behind
Oh, they never satisfied me, it's so true
But baby, baby, you do
She's the belle of eighth street
High society's midnight vamp
Oh, she's my queen and I'm her tramp
Yes she's a free falling flyer
And she flows whichever way that the wind blows
And she's the only woman I never knew
Who could teach me more about me, bind me in chains
And still let me be free
My heart swells up inside
Starts beating like I'm gonna die
And my body breaks in pain
As she falls down on me like the rain
It's only her and my songs that keep me from going insane
And I guess I'm one of those people
Who measures love in pain
You see, I never had too much personal success
And to me there's nothing sweeter

Than a teardrop of rain
I just love that feeling of sadness
Oh and it worries me so ...

She's my west side angel
She looks so funky in her Hollywood wing
And she knows how I stumble when I talk
So she says: "don't talk, babe, just sing"
And I have seen her body in candle glow
In the deep heart of the night
When you finally let loose of everything
Oh, and she loves me like such a good woman
And still, oh, she's just a sweet young thing
And I know this might sound crazy
Or just the words of a young fool
But I swear I'd be on the floor
And she ever walked out the door
I swear I'd wish that she would shoot me first
And I know that sounds insane but sometimes I believe it's true
And that's what scares me worst

'cause I dance for her
Take any chance for her
And I play for her
Lord God knows I play for her
And I need for her
And I bleed for her