

# 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