

Bruce Springsteen, White Town

It's midnight down in sector two
Little girl walkin' dressed in innocence and cool
Only fourteen and dressed up for the score
Hold that breath now boy, he(?)
She dances, baby, to the beat
Of breaking glass and running feet

Down in White Town
Down in White Town
Down in White Town

Oh, she comes home from work and grabs something to eat
Turn the corner and walks down her street
In a row of houses, chic, shiny and dirty and grey
Disappears like the scenery in another man's play
And as she dances, oh, to the beat
Oh the trooper stickin' dresses for the number on the sheet

Down in White Town
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Yeah, Mr. Outside, you're walkin' so free
If you turn your eyes so you don't see
You act like you're the hand turns the key
And you become the hand that turns the key
And no matter how I try I cannot understand
The way that they will turn a man
Into a stranger in his own land

Down in White Town
(repeat to fade)