

# For You

Bruce Springsteen

Princess cards she sends me with her regards  
barroom eyes shine vacancy, to see her you gotta look hard  
Wounded deep in battle, I stand stuffed like some soldier undaunted  
To her Cheshire smile. I'll stand on file, she's all I ever wanted.  
But you let your blue walls get in the way of these facts  
honey, get your carpetbaggers off my back  
you wouldn't even give me time to cover my tracks.  
You said, "Here's your mirror and your ball and jacks".  
But they're not what I came for, and I'm sure you see that too  
I came for you, for you, I came for you, but you did not need my urge  
ncy  
I came for you, for you, I came for you, but your life was one long e  
mergency  
and your cloud line urges me, and my electric surges free

Crawl into my ambulance, your pulse is getting weak  
reveal yourself all now to me girl while you've got the strength to s  
peak  
Cause they're waiting for you at Bellevue with their oxygen masks  
But I could give it all to you now if only you could ask.  
And don't call for your surgeon even he says it's too late  
It's not your lungs this time, it's your heart that holds your fate  
Don't give me money, honey, I don't want it back  
you and your pony face and your union jack  
well take your local joker and teach him how to act  
I swear I was never that way even when I really cracked  
Didn't you think I knew that you were born with the power of a locomo  
tive  
able to leap tall buildings in a single bound?  
And your Chelsea suicide with no apparent motive  
you could laugh and cry in a single sound.

And your strength is devastating in the face of all these odds  
Remember how I kept you waiting when it was my turn to be the god?

You were not quite half so proud when I found you broken on the beach  
Remember how I poured salt on your tongue and hung just out of reach  
And the band they played the homecoming theme as I caressed your chee  
k  
That ragged, jagged melody she still clings to me like a leech.  
But that medal you wore on your chest always got in the way  
like a little girl with a trophy so soft to buy her way  
We were both hitchhikers but you had your ear tuned to the roar  
of some metal-tempered engine on an alien, distant shore  
So you, left to find a better reason than the one we were living for  
and it's not that nursery mouth I came back for  
It's not the way you're stretched out on the floor  
cause I've broken all your windows and I've rammed through all your d  
oors  
And who am I to ask you to lick my sores?  
And you should know that's true...  
I came for you, for you, I came for you, but you did not need my urge

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