

# Henry Boy

Bruce Springsteen

They broke your toys this morning, Henry  
Rode your board right into dust  
Surrounded you with strangers who you could not trust  
And then they had the gall  
To write your name up on the girls' room wall  
And send you out to Maria  
Who spoke of babies and all  
And wanted to shoot your joy  
It's a hard world when you're the new kid in town  
Ain't it, Henry Boy

Well the North side is for diamond-studded woman  
Subtly selling their wares  
And the West side is for debutantes  
And would be millionaires  
Oh the East side is for lost boys  
Who know their moves too well  
The South side is for gamblers, Henry Boy  
The train stops once for Hell  
It's a hard world when they're forcing you  
To live your life out on Broadway  
But Henry I'm sure you're gonna like it well

The constellation she points to Gate Eleven  
That's where you got your connections  
Let me take a look inside my magic book  
I don't think you're beyond my inventions  
Oh these doctor's appendages I'm giving you for wings  
I'm sure it'll meet the occasion  
I'm gonna mix you some magic, you'll spittin' sparks  
And ready for the invasion

Oh and the Milky Way's a trip for dippers  
They saw ya coming a mile away  
In the amusement park you'll get clipped by rippers  
Hiding behind candy 'cades  
In the alleyway you'll get ripped by strippers  
All who know your name  
In the stalls sit the soldier-  
boy kissers On leave for just a day  
And Henry couldn't take it  
He's gonna be a submariner  
Riding underground for the Pope  
Gonna stand on the corner of Broadway  
And scream: "Up 'scope"