

Jungleland

Bruce Springsteen

The rangers had a homecoming in Harlem late last night
And the Magic Rat drove his sleek machine over the Jersey state
line

Barefoot girl sitting on the hood of a Dodge
Drinking warm beer in the soft summer rain
The Rat pulls into town, rolls up his pants
Together they take a stab at romance and disappear down Flamingo
Lane

Well the Maximum Lawman run down Flamingo chasing the Rat and the
barefoot girl
And the kids round here look just like shadows, always quiet, holding
hands
From the churches to the jails tonight all is silence in the world
As we take our stand down in Jungleland

The midnight gang's assembled and picked a rendezvous for the night
They'll meet 'neath that giant Exxon sign that brings this fair
city light
Man, there's an opera out on the Turnpike
There's a ballet being fought out in the alley
Until the local cop's cherry-top rips this holy night
The street's alive as secret debts are paid
Contacts made, they vanish unseen
Kids flash guitars just like switch-
blades, hustling for the record machine
The hungry and the hunted explode into rock'n'roll bands
That face off against each other out in the street
Down in Jungleland

In the parking lot the visionaries dress in the latest rage
Inside the backstreet girls are dancing to the records that the
D.J. plays
Lonely-hearted lovers struggle in dark corners
Desperate as the night moves on, just one look and a whisper, and
they're gone

Beneath the city two hearts beat
Soul engines running through a night so tender
In a bedroom locked, in whispers of soft refusal, and then surrender
In the tunnels uptown, the Rat's own dream guns him down
As shots echo down them hallways in the night
No one watches, and the ambulance pulls away
Or as the girl shuts out the bedroom light

Outside the street's on fire in a real death waltz
Between what's flesh and what's fantasy
Man, the poets down here don't write nothing at all,
They just stand back and let it all be
And in the quick of the night, they reach for their moment and
try to make an honest stand
But they wind up wounded, not even dead
Tonight in Jungleland