

Murder Incorporated

Bruce Springsteen

Bobby's got a gun that he keeps beneath his pillow
Out on the street your chances are zero
Take a look around you (come on down)
It ain't too complicated
You're messin' with Murder Incorporated

Now you check over your shoulder everywhere that you go
Walkin' down the street, there's eyes in every shadow
You better take a look around you (come on down)
That equipment you got's so outdated
You can't compete with Murder Incorporated
Everywhere you look now, Murder Incorporated

So you keep a little secret down deep inside your dresser drawer
From dealing with the heat you're feelin' down on the killin' floor
No matter where you step you feel you're never out of danger
So the comfort that you keep's a gold-plated snub-nose thirty-two
I heard that you

You got a job downtown, man it leaves your head cold
And everywhere you look life ain't got no soul
That apartment you live in feels like it's just a place to hide
When your walkin' down the streets you won't meet no one eye to eye
The cops reported you as just another homicide
But I can tell that you was just frustrated
from livin' with Murder Incorporated

Everywhere you look now
Murder Incorporated