

# New York City Serenade

Bruce Springsteen

Billy, he's down by the railroad tracks  
Sittin' low in the back seat of his Cadillac  
Diamond Jackie, she's so intact  
She falls so softly beneath him  
Jackie's heels are stacked, Billy's got cleats on his boots  
Together they're gonna boogaloo down Broadway and come back home with the loot  
It's midnight in Manhattan, this is no time to get cute  
It's a mad dog's promenade  
So walk tall, or baby, don't walk at all

Fish lady, fish lady, fish lady, she baits them tenement walls  
She won't take corner boys, ain't got no money and they're so easy  
I said, "Hey baby, won't you take my hand, walk me down Broadway  
I'm a young man and I talk real loud, yeah baby, walk real proud for you  
So shake it away, so shake away your street life  
And hook up to the train  
Hook up to the night train  
Hook it up, hook up to the, hook up to the train"  
But I know that she won't take the train  
No, she won't take the train  
No, she won't take the train  
No, she won't take the train  
She's afraid them tracks are gonna slow her down  
And when she turns, this boy'll be gone  
So long, sometimes you just gotta walk on

Hey vibes man, hey jazz man, play me your serenade  
Any deeper blue and you're playin' in your grave  
Save your notes, don't spend 'em on the blues boy  
Save your notes, don't spend 'em on the darlin' yearlin' sharp boy  
Straight for the church note ringin', vibes man sting a trash can  
Listen to your junk man  
Listen to your junk man  
Listen to your junk man  
Listen to your junk man  
He's singin', singin', singin', singin'  
All dressed up in satin, walkin' past the alley  
Watch out for your junk man  
Watch out for your junk man  
Watch out for your junk man

