

# Open All Night

Bruce Springsteen

Well, I had the carburetor, baby, cleaned and checked with her  
line blown out she's hummin' like a turbojet  
Propped her up in the backyard on concrete blocks for a new clu  
tch plate and a new set of shocks  
Took her down to the carwash, check the plugs and points  
Well, I'm goin' out tonight. I'm gonna rock that joint

Early north Jersey industrial skyline I'm a all-  
set cobra jet creepin' through the nighttime  
Gotta find a gas station, gotta find a payphone this turnpike s  
ure is spooky at night when you're all alone  
Gotta hit the gas, baby. I'm running late, this New Jersey in t  
he mornin' like a lunar landscape

Now, the boss don't dig me, so he put me on the nightshift  
It's an all night run to get back to where my baby lives  
In the wee wee hours your mind gets hazy radio relay towers, wo  
n't you lead me to my baby?  
Underneath the overpass, trooper hits his party light switch  
Goodnight good luck one two power shift

I met Wanda when she was employed behind the counter at route 6  
0 Bob's Big Boy  
Fried Chicken on the front seat, she's sittin' in my lap  
We're wipin' our fingers on a Texaco roadmap  
I remember Wanda up on scrap metal hill with them big brown eye  
s that make your heart stand still

Well, at five a.m., oil pressure's sinkin' fast  
I make a pit stop, wipe the windshield, check the gas  
Gotta call my baby on the telephone  
Let her know that her daddy's comin' on home  
Sit tight, little mama, I'm comin' 'round I got three more hour  
s, but I'm  
coverin' ground

Your eyes get itchy in the wee wee hours sun's just a red ball  
risin' over them refinery towers  
Radio's jammed up with gospel stations lost souls callin' long  
distance  
salvation  
Hey, mister deejay, woncha hear my last prayer hey, ho, rock'n'  
roll, deliver me from nowhere