

The E Street Shuffle

Bruce Springsteen

Sparks fly on E Street when the boy prophets walk it handsome and hot
All the little girls' souls grow weak when the man-child gives them a double shot
Them schoolboy pops pull out all the stops on a Friday night
The teenage tramps in skintight pants do the E Street dance and everything's all right
Well the kids down there are either dancing or hooked up in a scuffle
Dressed in snakeskin suits packed with Detroit muscle
They're doin' the E Street Shuffle

Now those E Street brats in twilight duel flash like phantoms in full star stream
Down fire trails on silver nights with blonde girls pledged sweet sixteen
The newsboys say the heat's been bad since Power Thirteen gave a trooper all he had in a summer scuffle
And Power's girl, Little Angel, been on the corner keepin' those crazy boys out of trouble
Little Angel steps the shuffle like she ain't got no brains
She's death in combat down on Lover's Lane
She drives all them local boys insane

Little Angel says, "Oh, oh, everybody form a line
Oh, oh, everybody form a line"

Sparks light on E Street when the boy prophets walk it handsome and hot
All them little girls' souls grow weak when the man-child gives them a double shot
Little Angel hangs out at Easy Joe's, it's a club where all the riot squad goes when they're cashin' in for a cheap hustle
But them boys are still on the corner loose and doin' that lazy E Street Shuffle
As them sweet summer nights turn into summer dreams
Little Angel picks up Power and he slips on his jeans
And they move on out down to the scene
All the kids are dancin'