THUNDER ROAD 7
TENTH AVENUE FREEZE-OUT 17
NIGHT 23
BACKSTREETS 31
BORN TO RUN 46
SHE'S THE ONE 58
MEETING ACROSS THE RIVER 69
JUNGLELAND 80
THUNDER ROAD

The screen door slams
Mary's dress waves
Like a vision she dances across the porch
As the radio plays
Roy Orbison's singing for the lonely
Hey that's me and I want you only
Don't turn me home again
I just can't face myself alone again
Don't run back inside
Darling you know just what I'm here for
So you're scared and you're thinking
That maybe we ain't that young anymore
Show a little faith, there's magic in the night
You ain't a beauty, but hey you're alright
Oh and that's alright with me

You can hide 'neath your covers
And study your pain
Make crosses from your lovers
Throw roses in the rain
Waste your summer praying in vain
For a saviour to rise from these streets
Well now I'm no hero
That's understood
All the redemption I can offer, girl
Is beneath this dirty hood
With a chance to make it good somehow
Hey what else can we do now?
Except roll down the window
And let the wind blow
Back your hair
Well the night's busting open
These two lanes will take us anywhere
We got one last chance to make it real
To trade in these wings on some wheels

Climb in back
Heaven's waiting on down the tracks
Oh-oh come take my hand
Riding out tonight to chase the promised land
Oh-oh Thunder Road, oh Thunder Road
Oh Thunder Road
Lying out there like a killer in the sun
Hey I know it's late we can make it if we run
Oh Thunder Road, sit tight, take hold
Thunder Road

Well, I got this guitar
And I learned how to make it talk
And my car's out back
If you're ready to take that long walk
From your front porch to my front seat
The door's open but the ride it ain't free
And I know you're lonely
For words that I ain't spoken
But tonight we'll be free
All the promises'll be broken
There were ghosts in the eyes
Of all the boys you sent away
They haunt this dusty beach road
In the skeleton frames of burned out Chevrolets

They scream your name at night in the street
Your graduation gown lies in raggs at their feet
And in the lonely cool before dawn
You hear their engines roaring on
But when you get to the porch they're gone
On the wind, so Mary climb in
It's a town full of losers,
I'm pulling out of here to win

© 1975 BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN
Used by permission. All rights reserved.
lone
ly,
Hey, that's me, and I want you on
ly. Don't turn me

home a
again. I just can't face my self a
one a

Don't run back in side, darling, you know just what I'm here

for.
So you're scared and you're think ing that

may be we ain't that young any more. Show a lit
tle
faith, there's magic in the night. You ain't a beauty, but hey, you're all right.

Oh, and that's all right with me.

You can hide 'neath your covers and study your pain,
Make crosses from your lovers, throw roses in the rain,
Waste your summer, praying in vain for a saviour to rise from these
Gm7
(C bass) C7 F

streets. Well now, I'm no hero, that's understood. All the re-

F

Bb C7 F

demption I can offer, girl, is beneath this dirty hood, With a chance to make it
good somehow. Hey, what else can we do now? Except

Dm Bb C7

roll down the window and let the wind blow back your hair.

F Bb F

Well, the night's busting open, these two lanes will take us
an\ny where. We got one last chance to make it real,

To trade in these wings on some wheels.

Climb in back, heaven's waiting down on the tracks.

Oh, come take my hand,

Riding out tonight to case the promised land. Oh,
Thunder Road,

oh, Thunder Road,

oh, Thunder Road.

Lying out there like a killer in the sun,
Hey, I know it's late, we can

make it if we run.
Oh,

Thunder Road, sit tight,

take hold,

Thunder Road.

Well, I got this guitar, and I learned how to make it talk.
And my car's out back, if you're ready to take that long walk From your front porch to my front seat. The door's open but the ride ain't free; And I know you're lonely for words that I ain't spoken, but tonight we'll be free. All the promises I'll be broken. There were ghosts in the eyes of all.
The boys you sent away. They haunt this dusty beach road in the skeleton frames of burned out Chevrolets.

They scream your name at night in the street, Your graduation gown lies in rags at their feet. And in the lonely cool before dawn, You hear their engines roaring on, But when you
get to the porch, they're gone on the wind...

So, Mary climb in.

It's a town full of losers, I'm pulling out of here to win.

Repeat and fade

Instrumental Solo

Thunder Road - 9 - 9
TENTH AVENUE FREEZE-OUT

Tear drops on the city,
Bad Scooter searching for his groove
Seem like the whole world walking pretty
And you can't find the room to move
Well everybody better move over, that's all
'Cause I'm running on the bad side
And I got my back to the wall
Tenth Avenue freeze-out, Tenth Avenue freeze-out

Well I was stranded in the jungle
Trying to take in all the heat they was giving
The night is dark but the sidewalk's bright
And lined with the light of the living.
From a tenement window a transistor blasts
Turn around the corner things got real quiet real fast
I walked into a Tenth Avenue freeze-out
Tenth Avenue freeze-out
And I'm all alone, I'm all alone
And kid you better get the picture
And I'm on my own, I'm on my own
And I can't go home

When the change was made uptown
And the Big Man joined the band
From the coastline to the city
All the little pretties raise their hands
I'm gonna sit back right easy and laugh
When Scooter and the Big Man bust this city in half
With the Tenth Avenue freeze-out.
Tenth Avenue freeze-out
Tenth Avenue freeze-out

© 1975 BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN
Used by permission. All rights reserved
Tenth Avenue Freeze-Out

Tear drops on the city, Bad Scooter searching for his groove.
Seem like the whole world walking pretty and you can't find the room to move.

Well, everybody better move over, that's all.

'Cause I'm running on the bad side and I got my back to the wall.

Tenth Avenue Freeze-Out! Well, I was stranded in the jungle trying to take in all the heat they was giving.
The night is dark, but the sidewalk's bright, and
lined with the light of the living.
From a tenement window a transistor blasts.
Turn around the corner, things got real quiet real fast.
I walked into a Tenth Avenue Freeze-Out!

Tenth Avenue Freeze-Out - 5 - 3
all alone, I'm all alone.

kid, you better get the picture! (Sung:)

And I'm on my own, I'm on my own,

And I can't go home.

When the change was made uptown, and the Big Man joined the band.
From the coastline to the city, all the little pretties raise their hands.

I'm gonna sit back right easy and laugh when the Scooter and the Big Man bust this city in half with the

Repeat and fade out

Tenth Avenue Freeze Out
NIGHT

You get up every morning at the
sound of the bell
You get to work late and the
boss man's giving you hell
Till you're out on a midnight run
Losing your heart to a beautiful one
And it feels right
As you lock up the house
Turn out the lights
And step out into the night
And the world is busting at its seams
And you're just a prisoner of your dreams
Holding on for your life
'Cause you work all day
To blow 'em away in the night

The rat traps filled with soul crusaders
The circuits lined and jammed
With chromed invaders
And she's so pretty that you're lost in the stars

As you jockey your way through the cars
And sit at the light, as it changes to green
With your faith in your machine
Off you scream into the night
And you're in love with all the wonder it brings
And every muscle in your body sings
As the highway ignites
You work nine to five
And somehow you survive
Till the night
Hell all day they're busting you up on the outside
But tonight you're gonna break on
Through to the inside
And it'll be right, it'll be right
And it'll be tonight
And you know she will be waiting there
And you'll find her somehow you swear
Somewhere tonight
You run sad and free
Until all you can see is the night

© 1975 BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN
Used by permission. All rights reserved.
With a driving beat \( \frac{j}{j} = 144 \)

```
C11

\[
\begin{array}{c}
\text{\textit{f} Instrumental Solo}\\
\end{array}
\]
```

```
\[\text{You}\]
```

Copyright © 1975 BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN
International Copyright Secured Made in U.S.A. All Rights Reserved
Get up every morning at the sound of the bell.

You get to work late and the boss man's giving you hell.

Till you're out on a midnight run,

Losing your heart to a beautiful one. And it feels right,

As you lock up the house.
turn out the lights, and step out into the Night.

And the world is busting at its seams, And you're

just a prisoner of your dreams, holding on for your life.

'Cause you work all day to blow 'em away in the Night.
rat traps
filled with soul crusaders.

The circuits lined and jammed with chromed in-

vaders.
And she's so pretty that you're lost in the

stars,
As you jockey your way through the cars, And sit at the

light,
as it changes to green, With your
faith in your machine, off you scream into the night.

And you're in love with all the wonder it brings, and every

muscle in your body sings, as the highway ignites.

You work nine to five, and somehow you survive till the

Night.
C

All day they're busting you up on the outside.

F

But tonight you're gonna break on through to the inside.

And it'll be right, it'll be right,

C sus4

And it'll be to-

F sus4

night...

And you
know she will be waiting there,
And you'll find her somehow, you

swear, somewhere tonight,
You run sad and free until

all you can see is the Night!

Instrumental Solo

Night - 7 - 7
BACKSTREETS

One soft infested summer
Me and Terry became friends
Trying in vain to breathe
The fire we were born in
Catching rides to the outskirts
Trying faith between our teeth
Sleeping in that old abandoned beach house
Getting wasted in the heat
And hiding on the backstreets
Hiding on the backstreets
With a love so hard and filled with defeat
Running for our lives at night on them backstreets

Slow dancing in the dark
On the beach at Stockton's Wing
Where desperate lovers park
We sat with the last of the Duke Street Kings

Huddled in our cars
Waiting for the bells that ring
In the deep heart of the night
We could let loose of everything
To go running on the backstreets
Running on the backstreets
Terry you swore we'd live forever
Taking it on them backstreets together

Endless juke joints and Valention drag
Where famous dancers scraped the tears
Up off the street dressed down in rags
Running into the darkness
Some hurt bad some really dying
At night sometimes it seemed
You could hear the whole damn city crying

Blame it on the lies that killed us
Blame it on the truth that ran us down
You can blame it all on me Terry
It don't matter to me now
When the breakdown hit at midnight
There was nothing left to say
But I hated him
And I hated you when you went away

Well, laying here in the dark
You're like an angel on my chest
Just another tramp of hearts
Crying tears of faithlessness
Remember all the movies, Terry
We'd go see
Trying to learn to walk like the heroes
We thought we had to be
Well after all this time
To find we're just like all the rest
Stranded in the park
And forced to confess
To hiding on the backstreets
Hiding on the backstreets
Where we swore forever friends
On the backstreets until the end
Hiding on the backstreets
Hiding on the backstreets
Hiding on the backstreets
Hiding on the backstreets
Hiding on the backstreets
It's alright, we'll go
Hiding on the backstreets tonight

© 1975 BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN
Used by permission. All rights reserved.
Moderately, with a strong beat ($\text{\textbf{d}} = 98$)
Play 3 times

soft infested summer me and Terry became friends. Trying in
vain to breathe the fire we were born in. Catching rides to the outskirts, tying faith between our teeth, Sleeping in that old abandoned beach house, getting wasted in the heat. And hiding on the back streets, hiding on the back streets.
love so hard and filled with defeat.

Running for our lives at night on them Back Streets.

Instrumental Solo

dancing in the dark on the beach at Stockton's Wing.

Where desperate lovers park, we sat with the
last of the Duke Street Kings,

Huddled in our cars,

waiting for the bells that ring,

In the deep heart of the night... we could let

loose of ev'ry thing... To go

running on

the Back streets...

Running on

the Back streets...

Terry, you swore... we'd live... forever.
Taking it on them Back streets to

Instrumental Solo

c

Endless juke joints and Valentino drag Where
dancers scraped the tears up off the streets dressed down in rags, run

Backstreets - 13 - 6
A

B

C

D

E

F#m

G

H

I

J

K

L

M

N

O

P

Q

R

S

T

U

V

W

X

Y

Z

ning into the darkness, some hurt bad, some really dying. At
night sometimes it seemed you could hear the whole damn city crying. Blame it on the
lies that killed us, blame it on the truth that ran us down. You can
blame it all on me, Terry, it don't matter to me now. When the
breakdown hit at midnight, there was nothing left to say. But I
hat ed him, and I hat ed you when you went a-
way. Instrumental Solo poco a poco cresc.

Em

Backstreets - 13 - 8
laying here in the dark, you're like an angel on my chest, just an
other tramp of hearts crying tears of faithlessness. Remember all the movies, Terry, we'd go see, trying to
learn how to walk like the heroes we thought we had to be. Well, after all this time to find we're just like all the rest, Strand-
led in the park, and forced to confess to

Hiding on the Back streets,

Hiding on the Back streets, Where we swore forever friends,

On the Back streets until the end.

dim. marcato
Hiding on the back streets!

Hiding on the back streets!

Hiding on the back streets!

Hiding on the back streets!

It's all right,

We'll go hiding on the back streets tonight.
BORN TO RUN

In the day we sweat it out on the streets
of a runaway American dream
At night we ride through mansions of
glory in suicide machines
Sprung from cages on Highway 9
Chrome wheeled, fuel injected
And steppin' out over the line
Oh, Baby this town rips the bones from your back
It's a death trap, it's a suicide rap
We gotta get out while we're young
Cause tramps like us, baby we were born to run

Wendy, let me in, I wanna be your friend
I wanna guard your dreams and visions
Just wrap your legs round these velvet rims
And strap your hands 'cross my engines
Together we could break this trap
We'll run till we drop and, baby, we'll never go back
Oh, Will you walk with me out on the wire?
Cause baby I'm just a scared and lonely rider
But I gotta know how it feels
I want to know if love is wild, babe,
I want to know if love is real

Beyond the Palace hemi-powered drones
scream down the boulevard
Girls comb their hair in rear-view mirrors
And the boys try to look so hard
The amusement park rises bold and stark
As kids are huddled on the beach in a mist
I wanna die with you, Wendy, on the streets tonight
In an everlasting kiss

The highways jammed with broken heroes
On a last chance power drive
Everybody's out on the run tonight
But there's no place left to hide
Together, Wendy, we can live with the sadness
I'll love you with all the madness in my soul
Oh; Someday girl, I don't know when,
we're gonna get to that place
Where we really wanna go
And we'll walk in the sun
But till then tramps like us
Baby we were born to run

Ah, honey, tramps like us
Baby, we were born to run!
Come on, Wendy,
Tramps like us, baby, we were born to run!

© 1975 BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN
Used by permission. All rights reserved
chines.
Sprung from cages on Highway 9, Chrome
wheeled, fuel injected, and steppin' out over the line.

Oh, baby, this town rips the bones from your back. It's a
death trap, it's a suicide rap. We gotta get out while we're young.

'Cause tramps like us, baby, we were Born To
let me in, I wanna be your friend, I wanna guard your dreams and visions.

just wrap your legs 'round these velvet rims, and strap your hands 'cross my engines. Together we could
break this trap, We'll run till we drop, and, ba - by, we'll nev - er go
back.
Oh, will you walk with me out on the
wire?
'Cause, ba - by, I'm just a scared and lone - ly rid - er, But I
got - ta know how it feels, I want to know if love is wild, babe, I
want to know if love is real.

Instrumental Solo
(Spoken:) Oh, come and show me.
yond the Palace hemi-powered drones scream down the boulevard.

Girls comb their hair in rear view mirrors and the boys try to look so hard. (Sung: The amusement park rises bold and stark as kids are huddled on the beach in a mist. I wanna die with you, Wendy, on the streets tonight in an everlasting
Ev'rybody's out on the run tonight, but there's no place left to hide.
Together, Wendy, we can live with the sadness, I'll love you with all the madness in my soul.
Oh, some day, girl, I don't know when, we're gonna get to that place where we really wanna
go, and we'll walk in the sun.

But till then, tramps like us,

baby, we were Born To Run!

Ah, honey,

tramps like us,

baby, we were Born To Run!

Come on, Wendy. Tramps like us,

baby, we were Born To Run!

(Optional) Woh.

Instrumental Solo
SHE'S THE ONE

With her killer graces
And her secret places
That no boy can fill
With her hands on her hips
Oh and that smile on her lips
Because she knows that it kills me
With her soft French cream
Standing in that doorway like a dream
I wish she'd just leave me alone
Because French cream won't soften them boots
And french kisses will not break
that heart of stone
With her long hair falling
And her eyes that shine like a midnight sun
Oh-o she's the one, she's the one

With the thunder in your heart
At night when you're kneeling in the dark
It says you're never gonna leave her
But there's this angel in her eyes
That tells such desperate lies
And all you want to do is believe her
And tonight you'll try
Just one more time
To leave it all behind
And to break on through
Oh she can take you
But if she wants to break you
She's gonna find out that ain't so easy to do
And no matter where you sleep
Tonight or how far you run
Oh-o she's the one, she's the one

Oh-o and just one kiss
She'd fill them long summer nights
With her tenderness
That secret pact you made
Back when her love could save you
From the bitterness
Yes she's the one, yes she's the one
Yes she's the one, yes she's the one
Yes she's the one, Oh-o she's the one
SHE'S THE ONE

Words and Music by
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

Jungle beat \( \bar{\text{j}} = 92 \)
E(omit 3rd)

With her

kill - er gra - ces and her se - cre - t plac - es that no

boy can fill

She's The One - 10 - 1

Copyright © 1975 BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN
International Copyright Secured Made In U.S.A. All Rights Reserved
hands on her hips, oh, and that smile on her lips, because she knows that it kills me.

With her

soft French cream, standing in the doorway like a dream, I wish she'd just leave me alone.

Because French

cream won't soften them boots, And French kisses will not
She's The One

break that heart of stone.

B (omit 3rd)

long hair falling, and her eyes that shine like a midnight sun.

A (omit 3rd)

Oh o.

She's The One.

E (omit 3rd)

She's The One.

ff
With a heavy beat
E(omit 3rd)

thunder in your heart, at night when you're kneeling in the dark, it says you're never gonna leave her.

But there's this angel in her eyes that tells such desperate lies, and all you
want to do is believe her.

And to,

I won't try just one more time to leave it all behind, and to break on through.

Oh, she can take you, but if she wants to break you, she's gonna find out that ain't so easy to do.
B(omit 3rd)

matter where you sleep tonight, or how far you

run.

Oh o, She's The

E(omit 3rd)

One.

She's The

One.

Oh o, And

C♯m

just one kiss, she'd fill them long summer nights, with her

She's The One - 10 - 6
She's The One

G#m

ten - der - ness

The se - cret

F#m

pact you made back when her love could save you from the

B

bit - ter - ness

Yes, She's The One!

E

Yes, She's The One!
Yes,
She's The One!

A

E

B
MEETING ACROSS THE RIVER

Hey Eddie, can you lend me a few bucks,
Tonight, can you get us a ride?
Gotta make it through the tunnel
Got a meeting with a man on the other side

Hey Eddie, this guy, he's the real thing
So if you want to come along
You gotta promise you won't say anything
'Cause this guy don't dance
And the word's been passed this is our last chance

We gotta stay cool tonight, Eddie
'Cause man, we got ourselves out on that line
And if we blow this one
They ain't gonna be looking for just me this time

And all we gotta do is hold up our end
Here stuff this in your pocket
It'll look like you're carrying a friend
And remember, just don't smile
Change your shirt, 'cause tonight we got style

Well Cherry says she's gonna walk
'Cause she found I took the radio and hocked it
But Eddie, man, she don't understand
That two grand's practically sitting here in my pocket

And tonight's gonna be everything that I said
And when I walk through that door
I'm just gonna throw that money on the bed
She'll see this time I wasn't just talking
Then I'm gonna go out walking

Hey Eddie, can you catch us a ride?

© 1975 BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN
Used by permission. All rights reserved
Hey, Ed-die, can you lend me a few bucks, To-night, can you get us a ride?

Gotta make it through the tunnel, Got a meeting with a man on the other side.

Meeting Across The River - 9 - 2
Eddie, this guy, he's the real thing,
So if you want to come along,
you gotta promise you won't say any-

'Cause this guy don't dance,

And the word's been passed, this is our last chance.
We gotta

stay cool to-night, Eddie, 'cause man, we got ourselves out on that line.

And

if we blow this one, they ain't gonna be looking for just...
me this time...

all we gotta do is hold up our end,

stuff this in your pocket,

friend.

And remember, just don't

Meeting Across The River - 9:5
90707SMY
smile, change your shirt, 'cause tonight we got style.

Well, Cherry says she's gonna walk 'cause she found
I took the radio and hocked it.

But Eddie, man, she don't understand that poco a poco cresc.

two grand's practically sitting here in my pocket.

And tonight's gonna be everything that I
Ab 7sus4
(D♭sus)

Gb maj9

said,

And when I walk through that door, I'm just gonna

Fm7

throw that money on the bed. She'll

B♭7

see this time I wasn't just talking.

E♭add9

Then I'm gonna go out walking.
Hey Ed-die, can you catch us a ride?
JUNGLELAND

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 Lawmen 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 cops
Cherry Tops

Rip 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 DJ 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 when 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
And 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

© 1975 BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN
Used by permission. All rights reserved
The Rangers had a homecoming

Harlem last night, (half-spoken) And the Magic Rat drove his sleek ma-

chine (sung) 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 lawmen run down
Flamingo, chasing the
Rat and the bare-foot 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 Jungle land,
poco a poco cresc.

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 oor'ra out on the Turnpike,

There's a ballet being fought out in the alley.

Until the

local cops.

Cherry Top, rip this holy
The street's alive as secret debts are paid, contacts
made, they vanish unseen. (half-spoken) Kids flash guitars just like
switch-blades, (sung) hustling for the record machine.

Hungry and the hunted explode into rock 'n' roll
bands, That face off against each other out in the street,
F  
G  
C  

(F)  
G  
C  

F  
G  
C  

(Voice)  

Parking lot the visionaries
dress in the latest rage.

C  
Gm  
Bb  

In the backstreet girls are dancing to the records that the

F  
C  

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.

Slowly \( \text{\( d = 72 \)} \)

mf Instrumental Solo

Abmaj9

Ebadd9 Eb9/6

Ab (G\#bass)

Eb6 Ebmaj9

Abmaj9

Ebmaj9

Abmaj9

Ebadd9 Eb9/6

Abmaj9

Ebadd9 Eb9/6

Abmaj9

Ebadd9 Eb9/6

Abmaj9

Ebadd9 Eb9/6

Abmaj9
Very freely (molto rubato)

Very freely (continued)

Beneath the city two
hearts beat. Soul engines running through a night so tender.

In a bedroom, locked in whispers of soft rever.

fusal, and then surrender.

Slowly, a tempo \( \frac{4}{4} = 60 \)

tunnels uptown, the Rat's own dream guns him down, as shots
No one ever

down them hall-ways in the night.

No one ever

watches when the ambulance pulls away,
or as the gva...

Outside the

girl shuts out the bedroom light.

Freely, with motion

street's on fire in a real death waltz, between what's flesh and what's fan-ty-asy.
And the poets down here don't write nothing at all. They just stand back and let it all be. And in the Rubato

(spoken)

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

Jungle land!
THUNDER ROAD
TENTH AVENUE FREEZE-OUT
NIGHT
BACKSTREETS
BORN TO RUN
SHE'S THE ONE
MEETING ACROSS THE RIVER
JUNGLELAND