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Paroles de chanson

03/05/2026

Devil's Arcade

Par Bruce Springsteen

Album : Bruce Springsteen Magic

Remember the morning we dug up your gun
The worms in the barrel, the hanging sun
Those first nervous evenings of perfume and gin
The lost smell on your breath as I helped you get it in
The rush of your lips, the feel of your name
The beat of your heart, the devil's arcade

You said heroes are needed so heroes get made
Somebody made a bet, somebody paid
The cool desert morning, then nothing to save
Just metal and plastic where your body caved
The slow games of poker with Lieutenant Ray
In the ward with the blue walls, a sea with no name
Where you lie adrift with the heroes of the devil's arcade

You sleep and you dream of your buddies Charlie and Jim
And wake with a thick desert dust on your skin

A voice says, "don't worry, I'm here"

Just whisper the word "tomorrow" in my ear

A house on a quiet street, a home for the brave

A glorious kingdom of the sun on your face

Rising from a long night as dark as the grave

On a thin chain of next moments and something like faith

On a morning to order a breakfast to make

A bed draped in sunshine, a body that waits

For the touch of your fingers, the end of the day

The beat of your heart, the beat of your heart

The beat of your heart, the beat of your heart

The beat of your heart, the beat of her heart

The beat of your heart, the slow burning away

Of the bitter fires of the devil's arcade

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