

ICIBILLET

## Paroles de chanson

18/06/2026

# 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

ICIBILLET.COM