

# Cautious Man

Bruce Springsteen

Bill Horton was a cautious man of the road  
He walked lookin' over his shoulder and remained faithful to it  
s code  
When something caught his eye he'd measure his need  
And then very carefully he'd proceed

Billy met a young girl in the early days of May  
It was there in her arms he let his cautiousness slip away  
In their lovers twilight as the evening sky grew dim  
He'd lay back in her arms and laugh at what had happened to him

On his right hand Billy tattooed the word love and on his left  
hand was the word fear  
And in which hand he held his fate was never clear  
Come Indian summer he took his young lover for his bride  
And with his own hands built a great house down by the riversid  
e

Now Billy was an honest man he wanted to do what was right  
He worked hard to fill their lives with happy days and loving n  
ights  
Alone on his knees in the darkness for steadiness he'd pray  
For he knew in a restless heart the seed of betrayal lay

One night Billy awoke from a terrible dream callin' his wife's  
name  
She lay breathing beside him in a peaceful sleep, a thousand mi  
les away  
He got dressed in the moonlight and down to the highway he stro  
de  
When he got there he didn't find nothing but road

Billy felt a coldness rise up inside him that he couldn't name  
Just as the words tattooed 'cross his knuckles he knew would al  
ways remain  
At their bedside he brushed the hair from his wife's face as th  
e moon shone on her skin so white  
Filling their room in the beauty of God's fallen light