

## The Fuse

Bruce Springsteen

Down at the court house  
they're ringin' the flag down  
Long black line of cars  
snackin' slow through town  
Red sheets snappin' on the line  
With this ring, will you be mine

The fuse is burning  
(Shut out the lights)  
The fuse is burning  
(Come on let me do you right)

Trees on fire with the  
first fall's froet  
Long black line in front  
of Holy Cross  
Blood moon risin' in  
a sky of black dust  
Tell me Baby who  
do you trust?

The fuse is burning  
(Shut out the lights)  
The fuse is burning  
(Come on let me do you right)

Tires on the  
highway hissin'  
something's coming  
You can feel the wires  
in the tree top hummin'  
Devil's on the horizon line  
Your kiss and I'm alive

A quiet afternoon,  
an empty house  
On the edge of the bed  
your slip off your blouse  
The room is burning  
with the noon sun  
Your bittersweet taste  
on my tongue

The fuse is burning  
(Shut out the lights)  
The fuse is burning  
(Come on let me do you right)