

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)