

Bruce Springsteen

"Fugitives Dream"

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Sir I am a pilgrim and a stranger in this land
Once I had a home here, my salvation was at hand
I lived in a fine home, I was respected and satisfied
I had two beautiful children and a kind and loving wife

Then one day a man came to town
A man with nothing and nowhere to go
He came to my door and mentioned
Something I'd done a long time ago
I allowed him into my home
On his vow that nothing would be said
One night I rose from a dreamless sleep
And I went to his bed
I watched as he lay sleeping, I reached out and
touched his cheek
Felt a chill run through my bones and I fled into the
street

I woke up in a motel room where ???
Like someone had thrust open a door
And closed it tight again
I tried to understand why I felt these things I felt
Why I walked these streets at night a stranger to
myself

Last night the same dream keeps coming around
I'm standing high on the green hills
Looking across to the outskirts of town
The night air fills my lungs
Blowing and sweeps around me so strong
Stars rise in a black endless sky
Grow brighter and brighter then gone, gone, gone

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