

Bruce Springsteen

"The Fuse"

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Down at the court house they're ringin' the flag down
Long black line of cars snakin' 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 frost
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 hiss'n that something's coming
You can feel the wires in the tree tops hummin'
Devil's on the horizon line
Your skin and I'm alive

Quiet afternoon in the empty house
On the edge of the bed you 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

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