

The Fuse

Bruce Springsteen

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' something's coming
You can feel the wires in the tree tops bummin'
Devil's on the horizon line
Your kiss and I'm alive A quiet afternoon, an empty house
On the edge of your 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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