

Cautious Man

[Bruce Springsteen](#)

Bill Horton was a cautious man of the road
He walked lookin' over his shoulder and remained faithful to its code
When something caught his eye he'd measure his need
And then very carefully he'd proceed Billy met a young girl in the early days of May
It was there in her arms he let his cautiousness slip away
In their lovers twilight as the evening sky grew dim
He'd lay back in her arms and laugh at what had happened to him On his right hand Billy'd tattooed the word
love and on his left hand was the word fear
And in which hand he held his fate was never clear
Come Indian summer he took his young lover for his bride
And with his own hands built her a great house down by the riverside Now Billy was an honest man he wanted
to do what was right
He worked hard to fill their lives with happy days and loving night
Alone on his knees in the darkness for steadiness he'd pray
For he knew in a restless heart the seed of betrayal lay One night Billy awoke from a terrible dream callin' his
wife's name
She lay breathing beside him in a peaceful sleep, a thousand miles away
He got dressed in the moonlight and down to the highway he strode
When he got there he didn't find nothing but road Billy felt a coldness rise up inside him that he couldn't name
Just as the words tattooed 'cross his knuckles he knew would always remain
At their bedside he brushed the hair from his wife's face as the moon shone on her skin so white
Filling their room in the beauty of God's fallen light

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