

Bruce Springsteen, Cautious Man

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 hed measure his need
And then very carefully hed 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
Hed lay back in her arms and laugh at what had happened to him

On his right hand Billyd 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 hed pray
For he knew in a restless heart the seed of betrayal lay

One night Billy awoke from a terrible dream callin his wifes 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 didnt find nothing but road

Billy felt a coldness rise up inside him that he couldnt name
Just as the words tattooed cross his knuckles he knew would always remain
At their bedside he brushed the hair from his wifes face as the moon shone on her skin so white
Filling their room in the beauty of Gods fallen light