

## Cutting Knife

Bruce Springsteen

I have a fair love to whom I'm not true  
For this, I've no reason that'd satisfy you  
I thought myself a gentleman and kind  
Yet to her good soul and beauty, I've willed myself blind

You are my cutting knife  
You cut me through and through  
Darlin', you are my cutting knife  
Your blade is sharp and true, dear  
Your blade is sharp and true

She visits me nightly in the dreamy deep  
Where I walk from door to door with these secrets I keep  
Her sweet arms around me, I toss and I turn  
Her reigns of mercy holding me as I burn

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You cut me through and through  
You are my cutting knife  
Your blade is sharp and true, dear  
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The truth in your eyes washes over me  
As I measure my cruelty to the finest degree  
I built a house for this love that tears us apart  
There I sup on your trust and I dine on your heart

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