

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 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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