

Fugitive's Dream (Ballad)

Bruce Springsteen

Sir, I am a pilgrim and a stranger in this land
Once I had a home here, my salvation was at hand
I lived in a fine home, I was respected and satisfied
I had two beautiful children and a kind and loving wife

Then one day a man came to town
A man with nothing and nowhere to go
He came to my door and mentioned
Something I'd done a long time ago

I allowed him into my home
On his vow that nothing would be said
One night I rose from a dreamless sleep
And I went to his bed

I watched as he lay sleeping
I reached down and touched his cheek
I felt a chill running through my bones
And I fled into the street

I woke up in a motel room with the light rushing in
Like someone had thrust open a door and closed it tightly again
I tried to understand the life I've lived and these things that
I've felt
While I walk these streets at night, a stranger to myself

Last night the same dream keeps coming 'round
I'm standing high in the Green Hills
Looking 'cross the outskirts of town

The night air fills my lungs
The wind sweeps around me so strong
The stars rise in a black endless sky
Grow brighter and brighter
Then gone, gone, gone