

Fugitives Dream

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 on a far hillside
I had two beautiful children and a kind and loving wife

One day, a man came to town with nothing and nowhere to go
He came to me and he mentioned something I'd done a long time ago
I allowed him into my home on his vow our secret'd never see the light
At night, I'd lay awake in my wife's arms, she sighed, "Joe, are you alright?"

I thought I could hold on, my vows, I tried to keep
Day after day, I felt myself grow weak
One night, I dressed by moonlight and kissed my wife on the cheek
And I fled into the darkness of Union Street

And night after night, the same dream keeps coming 'round
I'm standing high in the green hills on the outskirts of town
The night air fills my lungs and rustles my shirt
In the distance, I can see the building where I used to work

I break through the open fields and out onto Old Town Road
I run faster and faster 'til I feel like my chest'll explode
As I draw near, the town's lit by a red summer moon
I feel your arms around me, I wake up in this room