

# One False Move

Bruce Springsteen

I was bringin' in their cocaine 'cross the Texas-Mexico line  
They don't like what I was doin', but I lose no sleep at night  
I was just runnin' off an old debt, then I'd take some time  
And find someplace far away

Heaven to Hell, my friends  
Just a short jump in the stakes  
And one false move's all it takes

On the streets of south Texas, I made my straight time  
Workin' nights and pissin' in a cup  
For my man down on State  
Now I roll down the window and let in the cool, clear desert ni-  
ght  
And that cold feelin' of my luck runnin' out

You get just so much dry ground  
'Fore the water rushes over the breaks  
One false move's all it takes

Got a son in El Paso, I couldn't find the steady ground  
You run outta room and answers  
And your old mistakes start comin' 'round  
Five years in Tamaulipas makes you sick inside  
The way you get used to anything  
Sooner or later it just becomes your life

Headlights flashin' cross my face  
The sound of a pilgrim's horn fadin' south  
I reach 'neath the seat in the dark  
Then comes that dry taste in my mouth  
Above the black stars wheelin'  
Inside's that sick, warm, sinkin' feeling  
Taillights movin' through the high desert pine  
Someone waitin' in the hills 'neath the shadow line

You get your measure of daylight  
'Fore the evening that waits  
Just one false move away