

Bruce Springsteen "I'll Work For Your Love"

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Pour me a drink Theresa in one of those glasses you
dust off
And I'll watch the bones in your back like the stations of
the cross
'Round your hair the sun lifts a halo, at your lips a
crown of thorns
Whatever the deal's going down, to this one I'm sworn

I'll work for your love dear
I'll work for your love
What others may want for free
I'll work for your love

The dust of civilizations and love's sweet remains
Slip off of your fingers and come drifting down like rain
The pages of Revelation lie open in your empty eyes of
blue
I watch you slip that comb through your hair and this I
promise you

I'll work for your love dear
I'll work for your love
What others may want for free

I'll work for your love

[Instrumental]

Well tears they fill the rosary, at your feet my temple of
bones
Here in this perdition we go on and on
Now I see your pieces crumbled and our book of faith's
been tossed
And I'm just down here searching for my own piece of
the cross
In the late afternoon sun fills the room with a mist in the
garden before the fall
I watch your hands smooth the front of your blouse and
seven drops of blood fall

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