

Bruce Springsteen, Ill Work For Your Love

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 other deals goin' 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 loves sweet remains
Slip off of your fingers
And come driftin' 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

Your tears, they fill the rosary
At your feet, my temple of bones
Here in this perdition we go on and on

Now our city of peace has crumbled
Our book of faith's been tossed
And I'm just out here searchin'
For my own piece of the cross

The late afternoon sun fills the room
With the mist of the garden before the fall I watch your hands smooth the front of your blouse and s

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