

Bruce Springsteen, Marie

Marie, she comes to me in the twilight
When the wind blows down across the river
So cold, the fishermen cry
She rapes me in a rage of rainbow violence
Till my bare nerves, they sing
Like the strings of a violin
And the room seeps into a savage silence
Soaked in colours, red as blood, blue as night
And Marie she skins me alive
Carves her initials in my side
Lures me with her purrs and cuts me with her knife
And the horses pound like thunder
They bolt like lightning on her range
She feels she's going under and she zeros in the rein
She's so strange

Well, Marie, you know, she's the queen of all the stallions
And I'm her prince of mules
And one of her principal fools
Marie, she's got the claws of a falcon
And she's perched on my shoulder, and slowly digging in
But she, oh she can be so strange sometimes
Like at night ...
Or when the neighbors come to dine
Marie, she skins me alive
Burns her initials in my hide and then leaves me all alone
Branded to the bone

And my heart pounds like her horses
Oh, stampeding on the range
Marie knows all the sources
And she shoots me with her pain
And for her, I take it, Lord, down in my veins

And I watch her dance like some berserk fairy
All across the concrete prairies of Bleecker Street
Marie, she can be so strange But she's the only lonely cowgirl on my range