

# Winter Song

## Screaming Trees

Jesus knockin' on my door  
Late last night, early this mornin'  
Window glass, rusted and weary  
I went straight through didn't hear no warnin' Just a roll of the dice and a precious vice  
To bring you 'round, it's easier  
When I'm wastin' my time and I'm losin' my mind  
Oh my mind Tryin' to wait for the sky to fall  
It's kind of hard not to see it all  
Whisper a song of winter in your heart Dead end street, just out my back door  
I heard what's seen, a young girl laughin'  
Now raindrops fall away like souls  
I wondered if she ever heard mine dyin' Just a roll of the dice and a precious vice  
To bring you 'round, it's easier  
When I'm wastin' my time and I'm losin' my mind  
Oh my mind Tryin' to wait for the sky to fall  
It's kind of hard not to see it all  
Whisper a song of winter in your heart Tryin' to wait for the sky to fall  
It's kind of hard not to see it all  
Whisper a song of winter in your heart Jesus knockin' on my door  
One last time and early this mornin'

Lyrics provided by

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