I'll Work For Your Love

Bruce Springsteen

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[Chorus]
I'll work for your love dear
I'll work for your love
What others may want for free
I'll work for your loveThe 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[Chorus]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[Chorus: x 2]

Songwriters
SPRINGSTEEN, BRUCEPublished by
Lyrics Â© Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/