

# 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

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...

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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