

## Winter Song

Screaming Trees

Jesus knocking on my door  
Late last night and early this morning  
Window glass, rusted and weary  
I went straight through  
Didn't hear no warning

Just a roll of the dice  
And a precious vice  
To bring you round, it's easier  
When I'm wasting my time  
And I'm losing my mind  
Oh my mind

Try 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 laughing  
Now raindrops fall away like souls  
I wondered if she ever heard mine dying

Just a roll of the dice, and a precious vice  
To bring you round, it's easier  
When I'm wasting my time  
And I'm losing my mind  
Oh my mind

Trying to wait for the sky to fall  
It's kind of hard now to see it all  
Whisper a song of winter in your heart  
Trying to wait for the sky to fall  
It's kind of hard now to see it all  
Whisper a song of winter in your heart

Jesus knocking on my door  
One last time, and early this morning