

# Bon Iver, Wisconsin

You ride in the park and you're peeking  
Piss pools in your seat  
She's standing inside, but you surely repeat  
Oh, God, don't leave me here  
I will freeze till the end  
Love is love's reprieve

Winter is coming and you're stacking  
All your summer sheets  
Now when the wind blows you cover your teeth  
And our tool shed where you trade in your blues  
Love is love's sad news

That was Wisconsin that was yesterday  
Now I have nothing that I can keep  
'Cause every place I go I take another place with me  
Love is love's mystique

You're up on the bar and you're shaking  
With every grimy word  
Who will you love  
What's love when you've hurt  
Wherever is your scene the snow kissed the curb  
Love is love's return

That was Wisconsin that was yesterday  
Now I have nothing that I can keep  
'Cause every place I go I take another place with me  
Love is love's critique