

Screaming Trees, Winter Song

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