

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