

# Bruce Springsteen, Marie

Marie, she comes to me in the twilight  
When the wind blows down across the river  
So cold, the fishermen cry  
She rapes me in a rage of rainbow violence  
Till my bare nerves, they sing  
Like the strings of a violin  
And the room seeps into a savage silence  
Soaked in colours, red as blood, blue as night  
And Marie she skins me alive  
Carves her initials in my side  
Lures me with her purrs and cuts me with her knife  
And the horses pound like thunder  
They bolt like lightning on her range  
She feels she's going under and she zeros in the rein  
She's so strange

Well, Marie, you know, she's the queen of all the stallions  
And I'm her prince of mules  
And one of her principal fools  
Marie, she's got the claws of a falcon  
And she's perched on my shoulder, and slowly digging in  
But she, oh she can be so strange sometimes  
Like at night ...  
Or when the neighbors come to dine  
Marie, she skins me alive  
Burns her initials in my hide and then leaves me all alone  
Branded to the bone

And my heart pounds like her horses  
Oh, stampeding on the range  
Marie knows all the sources  
And she shoots me with her pain  
And for her, I take it, Lord, down in my veins

And I watch her dance like some berserk fairy  
All across the concrete prairies of Bleecker Street  
Marie, she can be so strange But she's the only lonely cowgirl on my range