

# Bruce Springsteen, Winter Song

From their northeast source the sour wind roars  
Bear gifts fresh from the valley waters.  
Hallow echoes strip Pennsylvania mountain walls  
With their corsets and their old Betsy ruffle  
And their slips with pearly white.  
They stand bulging up against the screen door,  
A banshee &quot;Good night.&quot;

Summer's sweet and she brings me water,  
But give me Winter, that old icy whore.  
While Summer lies meek and follows orders,  
Winter cries &quot;Me!&quot; and pulls you through the door.

The limp milk tramp cries metal-flake tears.  
They drip like honey down &quot;momma's leg.&quot;  
You lay watchin' them off. Eat a hole in his cloth.  
He'll ask, but he don't beg.  
Said I'd like to the mademoiselle  
Who holds the keys to all these doors around the waist  
And rings the bell.

Summer's sweet and she brings me water,  
But give me Winter, that old icy whore.  
Summer lies meek and follows orders,  
Winter cries &quot;Me!&quot; and pulls you through the door.

With scufflin' sound, the knot-voiced matron makes her rounds,  
Knockin' on each and every door.  
With a look like white heat, she sways, salty, sweet  
And leads me 'cross her Persian floor.  
She squeeze' my hand and before her I stood.  
I was scared. It was dark, but it was good.

Summer's sweet and she brings me water,  
But give me Winter, that old icy whore.  
While Summer lies meek and follows orders,  
Winter cries &quot;Me!&quot; and pulls me through her door.