

Holly Palmer, Scandinavian Ladies

I used to see these Scandinavian looking ladies
All the way down half a crowded block
And I used to chase those yellow headed ladies
But it was never you on my block

I used to press my nose against the stone cold glass
At Fireside's liquor store
At the coin-op laundromat, on 15th and Montana
At sweet Suzy Q's up around the corner

The way you call to the woods
Is how the woods call back to you

I used to hear the front door slam
I'd run right out into the street
Doing that crazy dance
Spinning left to right
My head in my hands
My momma left me alone tonight
And she always said
The way you call to the woods
Is how the woods call back to you

How am I gonna get my work done
With you looking at me?
I bring home the bacon
Fry it up in a pan
I wear that sweet perfume
To find myself a better man

The way you call to the woods
Is how the woods call back to you