

Milton Nascimento, Norwegian Wood (This Bird Has Flown)

I once had a girl, or should I say, she once had me
She showed me her room, isn't it good, norwegian wood?

She asked me to stay and she told me to sit anywhere
So I looked around and I noticed there wasn't a chair

I sat on a rug, biding my time, drinking her wine
We talked until two and then she said: It's time for bed!

She told me she worked in the morning and started to laugh
I told her I didn't and crawled off to sleep in the bath

And when I awoke I was alone, this bird had flown
So lit a fire. Isn't it good, norwegian wood?