

The Kingston Trio, 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 was a chair.
I sat on a rug, biding my time, drinking her wine. We talked until two, and then she said, "It's time to go."
She told me she worked in the morning and started to laugh. I told her I didn't and crawled off to sleep.
Then when I awoke, I was alone. This bird had flown. So, I lit a fire. Isn't it good, Norwegian wood?
Isn't it good, Norwegian wood?