

# Will Oldham, (Thou Without) Partner

Nighttime's the right time to pull all the dimes from your pocket  
Nighttime's the right time to climb on the rocket  
Nighttime's the right time to pull your shoulder out of its socket  
Nighttime's the right time to learn a new language

Cosmonauts flying, cosmonauts dying  
You picked a fine time to tell me it was time to find me a new wife  
You picked a fine way to tell me that today would be the last day  
When is the first day you'll repay the money that you owe me?  
A sisterly severance, a cutting of cookies, adios fraternos

When will she run to me?  
When will she come to me?  
O buenos dias  
O buenas noches

No mercy you have shown me  
How could a woman with so much to live for have so many children?  
When time came to call names she bolted and left me an unlabelled burden  
I'm bound to my time like cukes to a new brine, or brawn to an old one  
Besides I have no time to explain how I have been feeling

Cosmonauts flying, cosmonauts dying  
Astronauts starving, astronauts leaving  
No more hospitality, no more hospitals at all  
When was the first time you realized the next time would be the last time?