

Will Oldham, Whither Thou Goest

A sickroom hush, a holiday glow
Whither thou goest I will go
Whither thou wish inside,
We will follow

It is to be on one thing only
On the road to God knows where
Some are happy, some are late and
Those wish death upon themselves

Here is law, it is spoken in a growl choked
Her paws have strayed in her sleeve
And in my mouth her cloak
The claws swift deny themselves a shallowness
Which recalled the television or the room alone
In which they preened unmoving fours
My loving tongue

Convolutions may arise
The skull is echoing with webs
And the third wave flushed the thing out
Everybody jump and shout
Scream my name above the din,
Above the engine's carnal din
Above the calves who bleed their lungs out
Baa baa, moo moo, baa baa baa