

Beatles, Norwegian Wood

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 has flown,
So I lit a fire,
Isn't it good?
Norwegian wood.