

Billy Bragg and Wilco, Walt Whitman's Niece

Last night or night before that (I won't say which night)
A seaman friend of mine (I'll not say which seaman)
Walked up to a big old building (I won't say which building)
And would not have walked up the stairs (not to say which stairs)
If there had not have been two girls (leaving out the names of those two girls)

And I recall a door, a big long room (I'll not tell which room)
I remember a deep blue rug (but I can't say which rug)
A girl took down a book of poems (not to say which book of poems)
And as she read I laid my head (and I can't tell which head)
Down in her lap (and I can mention which lap)

Well, my seaman buddy and his girl moved off after a couple of pages
And there I was, all night long
Laying and listening and forgetting the poems

And as well as I could recall
Or my seaman buddy could recollect
The girl had told us that she was a niece of Walt Whitman
But not which niece

And it takes a night and a girl
And a book of this kind
A long long time to find its way back

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