

Bonnie 'Prince' Billy, A Minor Place

Well I've been to a minor place
and I can say I like its face
if I am gone and with no trace
I will be in a minor place

well I put the shoes in line
separate the women mine
as we do what we do fine
so victorious, so benign

chorus

only take the weather warm
and the job that does me harm
since the scars of last year's storm
rest like maggots on my arm

chorus

thank you man if for the thought
that all my loving can be bought
was wisely in your gullet caught
before my loyalty you sought

chorus

o it's not a desert nor a web
nor a tomb where I lay dead
minor in a sound alone
yes a clear commanding tone

singing from my little point
and aching in my every joint
I thank the world it will anoint me
if I show it how I hold it