

# 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