

# Will Oldham, A Whorehouse Is Any House

there's a woman i see at a bar that's near me  
that catches my eye repeatedly  
and so it's ? that i wait until four  
when the bar turns its lights out and closes the door

and then i may follow her cautiously home  
where she would go walking or stumbling alone  
and i can't help but want to see her at her window  
and to want to approach her and stand just alone

and i needed so much to have nothing to touch  
and i wanted so dear to have nothing so near  
and to render the city unbounded and pretty  
so to slip in and out of her and then to slip off

goodbye to the city, goodbye to the girl  
her room is left standing, her room is my world  
and it it she slips into bed without thinking  
and i follow closely for i have been drinking

and slip in beside her and she doesn't stir so  
i settle up closer and warmer to her  
and so the night passes and so the sun comes  
as we sleep and we wander on what we have done

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