

Will Oldham, Marriage

Just coming into where I store my hair
Just in the rift of golden brown
Opening up a hole of light
A swallowing epic as we fuse
No children had sighed
Though listening we hear them

So we die
Who has the blues
Not I

Check him in another time
And stand him in the new way
You and me sister
Going to hang on to a bigger day
Closer to joining
Closer to death
Clear the streets for us

See if they have any water
in that house down the road
And i will wait here for you
And watch the women roll by
And if you don't come back soon
I'll pass out right here and die

And so i die
Who has the blues
Not I