

Will Oldham, Old Jerusalem

Trouble has caused me so much grief
I am waiting for when I can go home
Time when a room was closer than my friends
And I can get some shooting done

But then I hear a footstep on the stairs
The whole thing shatters and I scream out your name
And you come running
O it is always the same

Time passes and the room goes dark
I expect to see your figure standing naked over me
With a mole on your neck and a wry way of holding
Wide the ceiling of my darkened path

Then we mingle our limbs, I hear all calling
When we swim and we buckle, and I emote
It is the only time to catch it so
So we may as well rest, and let it go

We're gonna be rejoined
And the children will love it
All my brothers and my sisters resting holy above it
Let us wallow, let us play, this is our god's day
Let us wallow, let us play, this is our god's day