

Will Oldham, The Brute Choir

Cow-call, and they were all calling together
Describing the way to go
I never hurt someone so young
And I never held someone so sweet
Makes me want to holler with them
All the way down

All the way down
Their voices show the way
How to hold it back
See the end of the day
Shut their mouths, shut their mouths
And rip the pictures down
Withdraw, withdraw, you live so far from town

This is what makes a thing last
Won't make what didn't happen go
Take fear and call it lust
Let me go lay in the snow
I cannot rest
With so many singing so many songs
And what a way of singing

Their voices are bringing trees to their knees
With nothing to say when they're speaking
They're quiet, the choir, their voices go higher
The choir, the choir, their voices go higher