

# Will Oldham, We All, Us Three, Will Ride

In a small far room the bed is set  
With trinkets all surrounding  
Yet lone it rests, so dry it sets  
With souls aside abiding  
There moves legs warm and close inside  
No, no leg braces a hello  
And pictures on walls where paint is lame  
Where sinks are friendly running

Reflect, reflect metal cast  
My toe has long been swollen  
My knees are blue, my eyes are too  
My love has not forgotten  
Will come, will come, o he will come  
And make me have a baby  
Then I foresee we all, us three, will ride and all together

The hills have eyes, their trees have lives  
Disjointed like a hero  
No saga told, no things unfold  
To make the ride much finer  
The length is fine, his hand in mine  
Does someone hear our chatter  
A lover's laugh, a bleeding calf  
A dog out in the harbor