

## Will Oldham "Old Jerusalem"

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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

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