

## Owen Pallett

### "Furniture"

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Try, try, try to arrange me  
But there's no romance in my blood  
Try, try, you'll never persuade me  
My only tears fall with the rain

My father had a dozen wives  
And a child by every one  
I am from about, umm, number five  
So don't expect me to stay with anyone

Try, try, try to arrange me  
But there's no romance in my blood  
Try, try, you'll never persuade me  
My only tears fall with the rain

My mother never takes a break  
From her pining after furniture  
Every moment on her feet is torture  
And I share her love of wine and cake  
And taking advantage of amateurs

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