

Fiery Furnaces, The "Norwegian Wood"

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I once had a girl, or should I say, she once had me
She showed me her room, isn't it good, norwegian
wood
She asked me to stay and she told me to sit anywhere
So I looked around and I noticed there wasn't a chair
I sat on a rug, biding my time, drinking her wine
We talked until two and then she said, it's time for bed
She told me she worked in the morning and started to
laugh
I told her I didn't and crawled off to sleep in the bath
And when I awoke I was alone, this bird had flown
So I lit a fire, isn't it good, norwegian wood

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