

## Fiery Furnaces, The "Whistle Rhapsody"

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The isolated lady  
An isolated old lady  
A dignified dame who keeps her own counsel  
In love with the out-of-the-way  
Identifying with the unfamiliar  
Contemptuously turns her back on the wicked world  
With its vulgar delusions and correspondingly  
Scorns its regard

Our lady alone  
With her scarf over her head  
And her pricey purse over her shoulder strap  
Wonders up at the heavens  
And for yesterday yearns  
The days of old

Often, she surrounds herself with  
Like-minded bluestockings  
And together they regret the dear beloved  
Simple folk struggle with their own confused  
Concerns, still

But she puts her pity on pause  
And withdrawn from the delicate  
And uncorrupted by the crude  
She resigns even her/ own  
Designs-  
Then all at once  
Brings in a breath  
Purses her purple  
Her honey-black lips  
And lets loose a high  
And round and resonant  
And glad and grave  
And westward, whistle

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