

Walt Whitman's Niece

Billy Bragg & Wilco

Last night or the night before that
And I won't say which night
A seaman friend of mine
And I'll not say which seaman
Walked up to a big old building
And I won't say which building
And would have not walked up the stairs
Not to say which stairs
If there had not been two girls
Leaving out the names of those two girls
I recall a door, a big long room
And I'll not tell which room
I remember a deep blue rug
But I can't say which rug
A girl took down a book of poems
Not to say which book of poems
And as she read, I laid my head
And I can't tell which head
Down in her lap
And I can't mention which lap
My seaman buddy and his girl moved off
After a couple of pages
And there I was, all night long
Laying and listening and forgetting the poems
And as well as I could recall
Or my seaman buddy could recollect
Of Walt Whitman, but not which niece
And it takes a night and a girl
And a book of this kind
A long, long time to find it's way back
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