

All Your Clothes

Martha Wainwright

Where've you been these days?
I thought I saw you underneath the vines
I look for you there
Makes more sense than looking to the sky

I see they've cut your hair and grown between your eyes
I hope your body doesn't mind the cold
It always preferred the sunshine

Can we pretend we're talking
I'll answer for you if you don't mind
The baby's doing fine
My marriage is failing but I keep trying all the time

All your clothes
I thought I could donate them to a theatre
They'd make up the wardrobe
To a great play a cast of characters, unknown
Who never took for granted, a sight, a sound, the smell of a rose

I hear you got lots of friends
But I'm worried you can't hear music anymore
It never occurred to me
Until I heard Dr. John sing that song
And you played through his fingers on the piano
Honky Tonk a little stride
You could even swing
Maybe not, I can't remember
I can't remember anything

All your clothes
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