

# 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  
All your clothes...