

# The Brute Choir

Will Oldham

Cow-call, and they were all calling together  
Describing the way to go  
I never hurt someone so young  
And I never held someone so sweet  
Makes me want to holler with them  
All the way down

All the way down  
Their voices show the way  
How to hold it back  
See the end of the day  
Shut their mouths, shut their mouths  
And rip the pictures down  
Withdraw, withdraw, you live so far from town

This is what makes a thing last  
Won't make what didn't happen go  
Take fear and call it lust  
Let me go lay in the snow  
I cannot rest  
With so many singing so many songs  
And what a way of singing

Their voices are bringing trees to their knees  
With nothing to say when they're speaking  
They're quiet, the choir, their voices go higher  
The choir, the choir, their voices go higher