

We All, Us Three, Will Ride

Will Oldham

In a small far room the bed is set
With trinkets all surrounding
Yet lone it rests, so dry it sets
With souls aside abiding
There moves legs warm and close inside
No, no leg braces a hello
And pictures on walls where paint is lame
Where sinks are friendly running

Reflect, reflect metal cast
My toe has long been swollen
My knees are blue, my eyes are too
My love has not forgotten
Will come, will come, o he will come
And make me have a baby
Then I foresee we all, us three, will ride and all together

The hills have eyes, their trees have lives
Disjointed like a hero
No saga told, no things unfold
To make the ride much finer
The length is fine, his hand in mine
Does someone hear our chatter
A lover's laugh, a bleeding calf
A dog out in the harbor