

## Whither Thou Goest

Will Oldham

A sickroom hush, a holiday glow  
Whither thou goest I will go  
Whither thou wish inside,  
We will follow

It is to be on one thing only  
On the road to God knows where  
Some are happy, some are late and  
Those wish death upon themselves

Here is law, it is spoken in a growl choked  
Her paws have strayed in her sleeve  
And in my mouth her cloak  
The claws swift deny themselves a shallowness  
Which recalled the television or the room alone  
In which they preened unmoving fours  
My loving tongue

Convolutions may arise  
The skull is echoing with webs  
And the third wave flushed the thing out  
Everybody jump and shout  
Scream my name above the din,  
Above the engine's carnal din  
Above the calves who bleed their lungs out  
Baa baa, moo moo, baa baa baa