

Norwegian Wood

Nits

I once had a girl
Or should I say, she once had me
She showed me her room
Isn't it good, Norwegian wood

She asked me to stay
And she told me to sit anywhere
So I looked around and I noticed
There wasn't a chair

I sat on a rug biding my time
Drinking her wine
We talked until two and then she said
It's time for bed

She told me she worked in the morning
And started to laugh
I told her I didn't and crawled off to sleep
In the bath

And when I awoke, I was alone
This bird has flown
So I lit a fire
Isn't it good, Norwegian wood