# Walt Whitman's Niece

## Billy Bragg

Last night or the night before that
And I wont say which night
A seaman friend of mine
And Ill not say which seaman
Walked up to a big old building
And I wont say which buildingAnd would have not walked up the stairs
Not to say which stairs
If there had not been two girls
Leaving out the names of those two girlsI recall a door, a big long room
And Ill not tell which room
I remember a deep blue rug
But I cant say which rug
A girl took down a book of poems
Not to say which book of poemsAnd as she read, I laid my head
And I cant tell which head
Down in her lap
And I can't mention which lapMy seaman buddy and his girl moved off
After a couple of pages
And there I was, all night long
Laying and listening and forgetting the poemsAnd as well as I could recall
Or my seaman buddy could recollect
The girl had told us that she was a niece
Of Walt Whitman, but not which nieceAnd it takes a night and a girl
And a book of this kind
A long, long time to find its way backLast night or the night before that
And I wont say which night
A seaman friend of mine
And Ill not say which seaman
Walked up to a big old building
And I wont say which buildingAnd would have not walked up the stairs
Not to say which stairs
If there had not been two girls
Leaving out the names of those two girlsI recall a door, a big long room
And Ill not tell which room
I remember a deep blue rug
But I cant say which rug
A girl took down a book of poems
Not to say which book of poemsAnd as she read, I laid my head
But I cant tell which head

Down in her lap
And I can't mention which lap

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/