

# 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  
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