

# Walt Whitman's Niece

Wilco

Last night or the night before that  
I won't say which night  
A seaman friend of mine  
I'll not say which seaman  
Walked up to a big old building  
I won't say which building  
And 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 girls I recall a door, a big long room  
I'll not tell which room  
I remember a deep blue rug  
But I can't say which rug  
A girl took down a book of poems  
Not to say which book of poems  
And as she read, I lay my head  
And I can't tell which head  
Down in her lap, and I can mention which lap My seaman buddy and girl moved off  
After a couple of pages and there I was  
All night long, laying and listening  
And forgetting the poems  
And as well as I could recall  
Or my seaman buddy could recollect  
My girl had told us that she was a niece  
Of Walt Whitman, but now which niece  
And it takes a night and a girl  
And a book of this kind  
A long long time to find its way back

Songwriters

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