

Sergio Mendes, Norwegian Wood

He asked me to stay and he told me to sit anywhere
But I looked around and I noticed there wasn't a chair

I once had a guy
Or should I say
He once had me

He showed me his room
Isn't it good
Norwegian wood?

He asked me to stay and he told me to sit anywhere
But I looked around and I noticed there wasn't a chair

I sat on the rug
Biding my time
Drinking his wine

We talked until two
And then he said
It's time for bed

He told me he worked in the morning and started to laugh
I told him I didn't and crawled out to sleep in the bath

And, when I awoke
I was alone
This bird had flown

So, I lit a fire
Isn't it good
Norwegian wood?

He asked me to stay and he told me to sit anywhere
But I looked around and I noticed there wasn't a chair

I sat on the rug
Biding my time
Drinking his wine

We talked until two
And then he said
It's time for bed