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 had flown  
So I lit a fire, isn't it good, Norwegian wood?