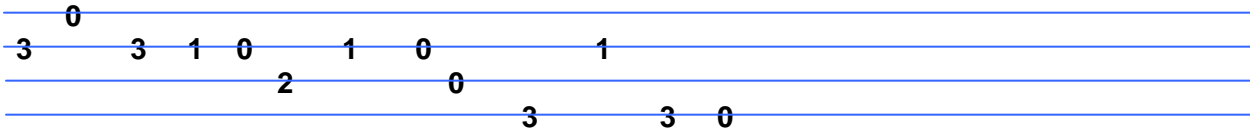
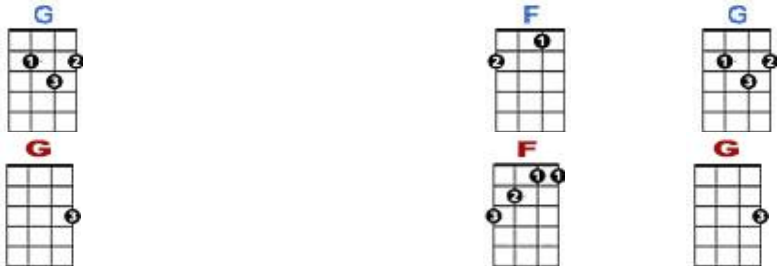
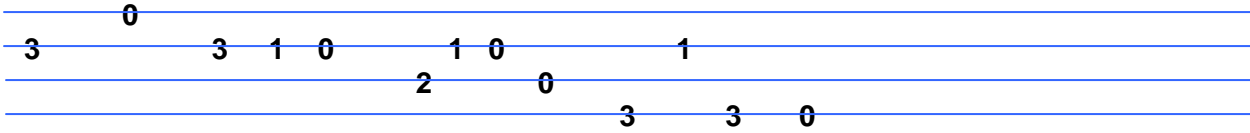
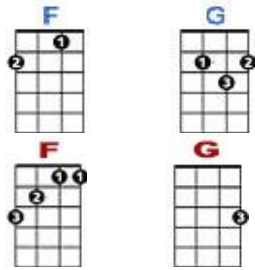


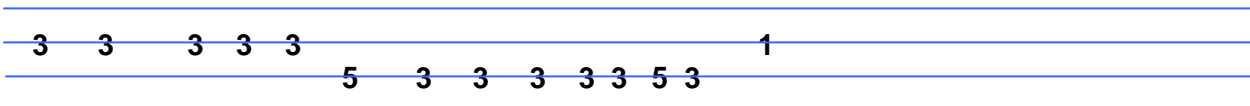
Norwegian Wood by The Beatles



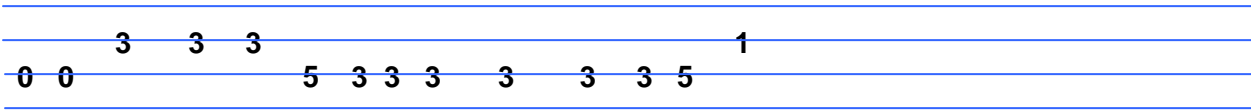
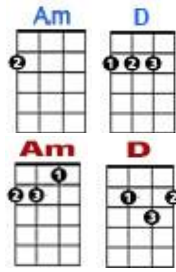
I once had a girl, or should I say, she once had me



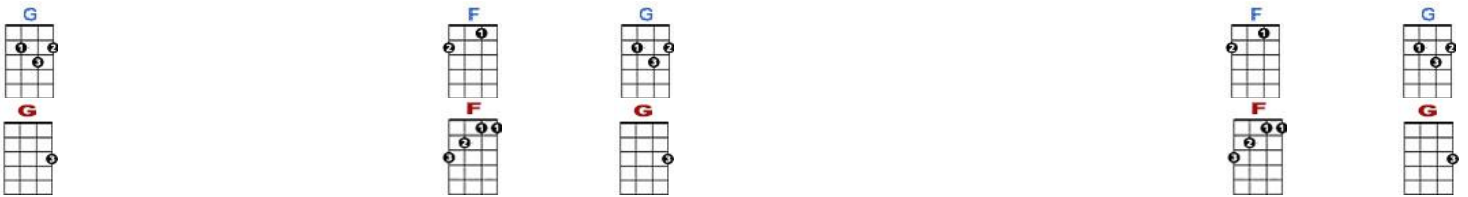
She showed me her room, isn't it good, Norwegian wood



She asked me to stay and she told me to sit any – where



So I looked around and I noticed there wasn't a chair.



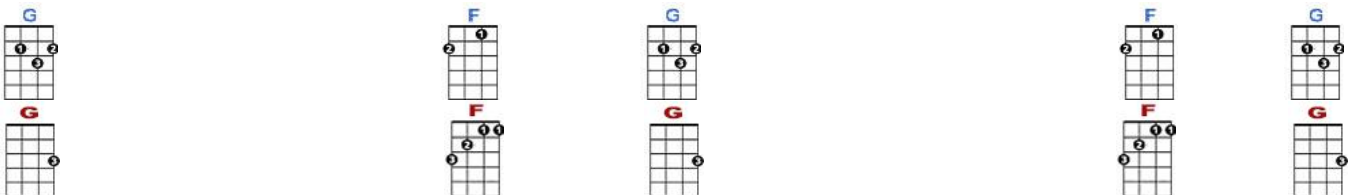
I sat on a rug, biding my time, drinking her wine. We talked until two, and then she said, it's time for bed.



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.