

Decemberists

"Bachelor And The Bride"

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There's a wrinkle in the water
Where we laid our first daughter
And I think the wind blows so sweetly there
Over there

And the windows and the cinders
And the willows in the timbers
The infernal rattling of the rain
Still remains

But I, said the bachelor to the bride
Am not waiting for tonight
No, I, I will box your ears
And leave you here stripped bare
Stripped bare

Hear the corncrakes and the deer hooves
And the sleet rain on the slate roof
A medallion locked inside her hands
In her hands

And his fingers, are they telling
Of the barren of her belly?
Do his calluses cure her furrowed brow
Even now?

But I, said the bachelor to the bride
Am not waiting for tonight
No, I, I will box your ears
And leave you here stripped bare
Stripped bare
Stripped bare
Stripped bare

But I, said the bachelor to the bride
Am not waiting for tonight
No, I, I will box your ears
And take your tears
And leave you, leave you here stripped bare

