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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

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