

## Decemberists "Cautionary Song"

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There's a place your mother goes  
When everybody else is soundly sleeping  
Through the lights of beacon street  
And if you listen, you can hear her weeping

She's weeping, 'cause the gentlemen are calling  
And the snow is softly falling on her petticoats  
And she's standing in the harbour  
And she's waiting for the sailors in the jolly boat  
See how they approach

With dirty hands and trousers torn they grapple  
Till she's safe within their keeping  
A gag is placed between her lips  
To keep her sorry tongue from any speaking  
Or screaming and they row her out to packets where

The sailor's sorry racket calls for maidenhead  
And she's scarce above the gunwales  
When her clothes fall to a bundle  
And she's laid in bed on the upper deck

And so she goes from ship to ship  
Her ankles clasped, her arms so rudely pinioned  
Till at last she's satisfied the lot of the  
Marina's teeming minions and their opinions

And they tell her not to say a thing to cousin  
Kindred, kith or kin or she'll end up dead  
And they throw her dirty dollars  
And return her to the harbor where she goes to bed

And this is how you're fed  
So be kind to your mother, though she may seem  
An awful bother and the next time she tries to feed you  
Collard greens, remember what she does when you're  
asleep

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