

## **Decemberists "Chimbley Sweep"**

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I am a chimbley, a chimbley sweep  
No bed to lie, no shoes to hold my feet  
On a rooftop, in dead of night  
You'll hear me cry, I'll shake you from your sleep

To hear me weep, your day will come indeed  
For I am a poor and a wretched boy  
A chimbley, chimbley sweep

I am an orphan, an orphan boy  
I've known no love, I've seen no mother's joy  
A dirty doorstep, my cradle lay  
My fortunes made, I'll shake you from your sleep

To hear me weep, your day will come indeed  
For I am a poor and a wretched boy  
A chimbley, chimbley sweep

"Oh, lonely urchin," the widow cries  
"I've not been swept since the day my husband died"  
Her cheeks are blushing, her legs lay bare  
And shipwrecked there, I'll shake you from your sleep

To hear me weep, your day will come indeed  
For I am a poor and a wretched boy  
A chimbley, chimbley sweep  
For I am a poor and a wretched boy  
A chimbley, chimbley sweep

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