

Decemberists

"Culling Of The Fold"

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Cut him up, boy
You've got to cut him up, boy.
He's a wicked disgrace,
And he said it to your face
You better cut him up boy.

Take by the teeth,
Get him down on his knees,
With your hands all shaking,
That'll teach him how to take it,
Gotta cut him up, boy.
(And how...)

Ply her heart with gold and silver.

Take your sweetheart down to the river.

Dash her on the paving stones,
It may break your heart to break her bones,
But someone's got to do the culling...
Of the fold.
(Oh, oh oh.)

Cut him up, girl.
Really cut him up girl
He lives by himself,
In a hole in a wall
You've got to cut him up, girl.

You can take him in a stitch,
Dump his body in a ditch
Leave his limbs all naked,
That'll teach him how to take it,
Better cut him up girl.
(And how...)
Ply her heart with gold and silver.

Take your sweetheart down to the river.

Dash her on the paving stones,
It may break your heart to break her bones,
But someone's got to do the culling...

Of the fold.
(Oh..)

Listen up boy,
And listen up girl.
It's a shallow little trench,
And it's giving off a stench.
It's a shallow little world.

Feeling down in the face,
Could you use a little space?
When the radio crackles,
And the in-laws cackle.

Better cut him up boy,
And cut him up, girl.

Ply her heart with gold and silver.

Take your sweetheart down to the river.

Dash her on the paving stones,
It may break your heart to break her bones,
But someone's got to do the culling...
Of the fold.
Oh, the culling...
Of the fold.
(Oh, oh, oh, oh!)

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