

Decemberists

"Eli, The Barrow Boy"

Visit "[Eli, The Barrow Boy](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Eli, the barrowboy, you're the old town
Sells coal and marigolds and he cries out all down the
day
Below the tamarac she is crying
Corn cobs and candlewax for the buying, all down the
day

Would I could afford to buy my love a fine robe
Made of gold and silk arabian thread
She is dead and gone and lying in a pine grove
And I must push my barrow all the day
And I must push my barrow all the day

Eli, the barrowboy, when they found him

Dressed all in corduroy, he had drowned in the river
down the way
They laid his body down in a churchyard
But still when the moon is out, with his pushcart, he
calls down the day

Would I could afford to buy my love a fine gown
Made of gold and silk arabian thread
But I am dead and gone and lying in a church ground
But still I push my barrow all the day
Still I push my barrow all the day

Visit [Decemberists](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.