

Decemberists "January Hymn"

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On a winter's Sunday I go
To clear away the snow
And green the ground below

April all an ocean away
Is this the better way to spend the day?
Keeping the winter at bay

What were the words I meant to say before you left?
When I could see your breath lead
Where you were going to
Maybe I should just let it be
And maybe it will all come back to me
Sing: O January O

How I lived a childhood in snow

And all my teens in tow
Stuffed in strata of clothes

Pale the winter days after dark
Wandering the gray memorial park
A fleeting beating of hearts

What were the words I meant to say before she left?
When I could see her breath lead
Where she was going to
Maybe I should just let it be
And maybe it will all come back to me
Sing: O January O

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