

Decemberists

"Leslie Ann Levine"

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My name is Leslie Anne Levine
My mother birthed me down a dry ravine
My mother birthed me far too soon
Born at nine and dead at noon

Fifteen years gone now, I still wander this parapet
And shake my rattled bone
Fifteen years gone now, I still cling to the petticoat
Of the girl who died with me

On the roof above the streets
The only love I've known is a chimney sweep
Lost him lodged inside a flue
Back in 1842

Fifteen years gone now, I still wail from these
catacombs
And curse my mother's name
Fifteen years gone now, still a wastrel mÃ©sallied
Has brought this fate on me

My name is Leslie Anne Levine
I've got no one left to mourn for me
My body lies inside its grave
In a ditch not far away

Fifteen years gone, I still wander this parapet
And shake my rattled bone
Fifteen years gone now, I still cling to the petticoat
Of the girl who died with me

Who died with me
Who died with me
Who died with me

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