

Decemberists "Oceanside"

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Sweet Annabelle,
As seen reclining on an ocean swell
As the waves do lather up to lay her down 'til she's fast
and sleeping.
Oh well, I guess I'm something of a ne'er-do-well- who
fell asleep at the pealing of the steeple bell.
I'm on track and keeping.

But oh, if I could only get you oceanside,
to lay your muscles wide,
it'd be heavenly.
& oh, if I could only coax you overboard,
to leave these lulling shores,
to get you oceanside.
Oceanside. Oceanside. oh.

At rising tide, you're looking fresher than a July bride.

We're picking up what our mothers always stigmatized.
The field is right for reaping.
Oh well, I guess I'm something of a ne'er do well,
even though that's something I could never do well.
I'm on track and keeping.

But oh, if I could only get you oceanside,
to lay your muscles wide,
it'd be heavenly.
Oh, if I could only coax you
overboard,
to leave these lulling shores,
to get you oceanside.
Oceanside. Oceanside. oh.

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