

## **Decemberists**

### **"Red Right Ankle"**

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This is the story of your red right ankle  
And how it came to meet your leg  
And how the muscle bone and sinews tangled  
And how the skin was softly shed  
And how it whispered,  
"Oh, adhere to me for we are bound by symmetry  
And whatever differences our lives have been  
We together make a limb"  
This is the story of your red right ankle

This is the story of your gypsy uncle  
You never knew cause he was dead  
And how his face was carved an ripped with wrinkles  
In the picture in your head  
And remember how you found the key  
To his hide-out in the Pyrenees,

But you wanted to keep his secret safe,  
So you threw the key away?  
This is the story of your gypsy uncle

This is the story of the boys who loved you  
Who love you now and loved you then  
And some were sweet and some were cold and  
snuffed you  
And some just layed around in bed  
And some, they crumbled you straight to your knees  
Did it cruel, did it tenderly  
Some they crawled their way into your heart  
To rend your ventricles apart  
This is the story of the boys who loved you  
This is the story of your red right ankle

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