

Decemberists

"Shanty For The Arethusa"

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We set to sail on a packet full of spice, rum and tea-leaves.

We've emptied out all the bars and the bowery hotels.

Tell your daughters do not walk the streets alone tonight

Tell your daughters do not walk the streets alone tonight.

To tell the tale of the jewess and the mandarin chinese boy

He led her down from her gilded canopy of cloth.

And through her blindfold she could make out the figures there before her

And how the air was thick with incense, cardamom and myrrh.

So goodnight, boys, goodnight

Say goodnight, boys, goodnight

We set to sail on the clipper that's bound for South Australia

The weather's warm there, the natives are dark and nubile.

But if you listen, quiet, you can hear the footsteps on the cross-trees

The ghosts of sailors passed, their spectral bodies clinging to the shrouds.

So goodnight, boys, goodnight

Say goodnight, boys, goodnight.

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