

## **Decemberists**

# **"The Bachelor And The Bride"**

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There's a wrinkle in the water  
where we laid our first daughter  
And I think the wind blows so sweetly there  
Over there  
And the windows and the cinders  
And the willows in the timbers  
The infernal rattling of the rain  
still remains

"But I" said the bachelor to the bride  
"Am not waiting for tonight.  
No, I will box your ears  
and leave you here stripped bare."

Hear the corncrakes and the deerhooves  
And the sleet rain on the slate roof  
A medallion locked inside her hand  
in her hand  
And his fingers are they telling  
of the barren of her belly  
And his callouses cure her furrowed brow  
even now

"But I," said the bachelor to the bride  
"am not waiting for tonight.  
No, I will box your ears  
and leave you here stripped bare."

"But I," said the bachelor to the bride  
"am not waiting for tonight.  
No, I will box your ears  
and take your tears  
and leave you, leave you here  
stripped bare."

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