

Decemberists

"The Bandit Queen"

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As the sun is sinking low
And the evening's tucked in tow
On the horizon, my true love I see
She ain't fancy, she ain't fine
While her fingers number only nine
She's the belle of the ball of the insurgency

She's my Bandit Queen, laying beneath the moon
In a bandit cave, a blanket laid for two
If I could find a way to your hideaway by the sea
O Bandit Queen, steal away to me

Somewhere in a mountain, by a starry water fountain
In an alcove hid by some trees
Amidst a pile of treasure, reclining at her leisure
My ladylove sniffs as the breeze

And sitting up, she adjusts her turban
And takes another swig from a bottle of bourbon
And listening to the whistling of a train in station
Odds are it will never reach its destination

'Cause the Bandit Queen, astride her steed will ride
O let me be the one to lay within your theivin' arms
tonight

She's my Bandit Queen, laying beneath the moon
In a bandit cave, there's a blanket laid for two
If I could find a way to your hideaway by the sea
O Bandit Queen, steal away to me
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