

Decemberists

"The Hazards of Love 3"

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Father I'm not feeling well, the flowers me you fed
Tasted spoiled for suddenly I find that I am dead
But father don't you fear your children all are here

Singing oh, the hazards of love

Father turn the water down the basin's overflown
The water covers everything and me left all alone
But papa here in death I have regained my breath
To sing oh, the hazards of love
To sing oh, the hazards of love

Spare the rod, you'll spoil the child but I prefer the lash
My sisters drowned and poisoned all and me reduced
to ash
And buried in an urn but father I return

Singing oh, the hazards of love
Singing oh, the hazards of love
The hazards of love
The hazards of love

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