

Decemberists

"Yankee Bayonet"

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Heart-carved tree trunk, Yankee bayonet
A sweetheart left behind
Far from the hills of the sea-swelled Carolinas
That's where my true love lies

Look for me when the sun-bright swallow
Sings upon the birch bough high
But you are in the ground with the voles and the
weevils
All a'chew on your bones so dry

But when the sun breaks
To no more bulletin battle-cry
Then will you make a grave
For I will be home then

I will be home then
I will be home then
I will be home then
Then

When I was a girl how the hills of Oconee
Made a seam to hem me in
There at the fair when our eyes caught, careless
Got my heart right pierced by a pin

But oh, did you see all the dead of Manassas
All the bellies and the bones and the bile
Though I lingered here with the blankets barren
And my own belly big with a child

But when the sun breaks
To no more bulletin battle-cry
Then will you make a grave
For I will be home then

I will be home then
I will be home then
I will be home then

Stems and bones and stone walls too
Could keep me from you

Scaly skin is all too few
To keep me from you

But oh, my love, though our bodies may be parted
Though our skin may not touch skin
Look for me with the sun-bright sparrow
I will come on the breath of the wind

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