

## **The Decemberists**

### **"Clementine"**

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You slept in your overalls  
After the wrecking ball  
Bereft you of house and home  
And left you with sweet fuck-all  
So we got in your car  
With our kickabout hearts  
And we hollared out 'sweet clementine'

Tell your mom to marry us  
A candle to carry us  
With cans on our bicycle fenders  
So sweet and hilarious  
And we'll find us a home  
Built of packaging foam  
That will be there 'til after we die

And, I'll play the clarinet  
Use clamshells for castinets  
We play with our bags on our shoulders  
My sweet lady lioness  
And I watch as you sleep  
So indelibly deep  
An I hum to you sweet clementine

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