

## **The Decemberists**

### **"Eli, The Barrow Boy"**

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Eli, the barrowboy, you're the old town  
Sells coal and marigolds and he cries out all down the  
day  
Below the tamarac she is crying  
Corn cobs and candlewax for the buying, all down the  
day

Would I could afford to buy my love a fine robe  
Made of gold and silk arabian thread  
She is dead and gone and lying in a pine grove  
And I must push my barrow all the day  
And I must push my barrow all the day

Eli, the barrowboy, when they found him  
Dressed all in corduroy, he had drowned in the river  
down the way  
They laid his body down in a churchyard  
But still when the moon is out, with his pushcart, he  
calls down the day

Would I could afford to buy my love a fine gown  
Made of gold and silk arabian thread  
But I am dead and gone and lying in a church ground  
But still I push my barrow all the day  
Still I push my barrow all the day

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