

## The Decemberists "Oceanside"

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Sweet Annabelle,  
As seen reclining on an ocean swell  
As the waves do lather up to lay her down 'til she's fast  
and sleeping.  
Oh well, I guess I'm something of a ne'er-do-well- who  
fell asleep at the pealing of the steeple bell.  
I'm on track and keeping.

But oh, if I could only get you oceanside,  
To lay your muscles wide,  
It'd be heavenly.  
& oh, if I could only coax you overboard,  
To leave these lulling shores,  
To get you oceanside.  
Oceanside. Oceanside. oh.

At rising tide, you're looking fresher than a July bride.  
We're picking up what our mothers always stigmatized.  
The field is right for reaping.  
Oh well, I guess I'm something of a ne'er do well,  
Even though that's something I could never do well.  
I'm on track and keeping.

But oh, if I could only get you oceanside,  
To lay your muscles wide,  
It'd be heavenly.  
Oh, if I could only coax you  
Overboard,  
To leave these lulling shores,  
To get you oceanside.  
Oceanside. Oceanside. oh.

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