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The Decemberists "Sons And Daughters"

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When we arrive, sons & daughters
We'll make our homes on the water
We'll build our walls of aluminum
We'll fill our mouths with cinnamon now

These currents pull us 'cross the border Steady your boats, arms to shoulder 'Til tides are pulled our hull aground Making this calm harbor now home

Take up your arms, sons and daughters We will arise from the bunkers By land, by sea, by dirigible We'll leave our tracks untraceable now

When we arrive, sons & daughters We'll make our homes on the water We'll build our walls of aluminum We'll fill our mouths with cinnamon now

When we arrive, sons & daughters We'll make our homes on the water We'll build our walls of aluminum We'll fill our mouths with cinnamon now

When we arrive, sons & daughters We'll make our homes on the water We'll build our walls of aluminum We'll fill our mouths with cinnamon now

When we arrive, sons & daughters
We'll make our homes on the water
We'll build our walls of aluminum
We'll fill our mouths with cinnamon now

Hear all the bombs, they fade away Hear all the bombs, they fade away

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