

## The Decemberists "Summersong"

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Rambling, where to begin?  
I tasted summer on your peppery skin  
Been saved, the warm of the waves  
I felt a slip into a watery grave

My girl, linen and curls  
Lips parting like a flag all unfurled  
She's grand, the bend of her hand  
Digging deep into the sweep of the sand

And summer arrives with a length of light  
And summer blows away and quietly gets swallowed by  
a wave

Waylaid, the din of the day  
Boats bobbing in the blue of the bay  
In deep, far beneath  
All the dead sailors slowly slipping to sleep

My girl, linen and curls  
Lips parting like a flag all unfurled  
She's grand, the bend of her hand  
Digging deep into the sweep of the sand

And summer arrives with a length of light  
And summer blows away and quietly gets swallowed by  
a wave  
It gets swallowed by a wave  
It gets swallowed by a wave  
It gets swallowed by a wave

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