

The Decemberists

"The Hazards of Love 1"

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My true love went riding out
In white and green and gray
Past the pale of office wall
Where she was want to stray
And there she came upon
A white and wounded faun

Singing
Oh, oh
The hazards of love

She, being full of charity,
A credit to her sex
Sought to right the faun's hind legs
When here her plans were vexxed
The tiger shifted strange
The beast began to change

Singing
Oh, oh
The hazards of love
Singing
Oh, oh oh oh
The hazards of love
You'll learn soon enough
The prettiest whistles won't wrestle the thistles undone
Undone

Fifteen lithsome maidens lay
Along in their bower
Fourteen occupations pay
To pass the idle hour

Margret heaves a sigh
Her hands clasped to her thigh

Singing
Oh, oh
The hazards of love
Singing
Oh, oh oh oh

The hazards of love
You'll learn soon enough
The prettiest whistles won't wrestle the thistles undone
Undone
Undone
Undone
Undone

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