The Decemberists "The Hazards Of Love 1 (The Prettiest Whistles Won't Wrestle The Thistles Undone)"

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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
Saught 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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