

## The Decemberists

### "The Hazards of Love 3"

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Father I'm not feeling well  
The flowers me you fed  
Tasted spoiled for suddenly  
I find that I am dead  
But father don't you fear  
Your children all are here  
Singing ooooh the hazards of love

Father turn the water down  
The basins overflown  
The water covers everything  
And me left all alone  
But papa here in death  
I have regained my breath  
To sing ooooh the hazards of love  
To sing ooooh the hazards of love

Spare the rod, you'll spoil the child  
But I prefer the lash  
My sisters drowned and poisoned  
All of me reduced to ash  
And buried in an urn  
But father I return  
Singing ooooh the hazards of love  
Singing ooooh the hazards of love  
The hazards of love  
The hazards of love

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