

## The Decemberists

# "The Hazards Of Love 4 (The Drowned)"

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Margaret arrayed the rocks around the hull before it  
was sinking,  
A million stones, a million bones, a million holes within  
the chinking.

And painting rings around your eyes these peppered  
holes so filled with crying.  
A whisper weighed upon the tattered down where you  
and I were lying.

Tell me now, tell me this, A forest's son, a river's  
daughter,  
A willow on the willow wisp, our ghosts will wander all of  
the water.

So let's be married here today these rushing waves to  
bare our witness,  
And we will lye like river stones rolling only where it  
takes us.

But I pulled you and I called you here,  
And I caught you and I brought you here  
These hazards of love, never more will trouble us.

Oh Margaret the lapping waves are licking quietly at  
our ankles  
Another bow another breath this brilliant chill's come  
for the shackle.

With this long last rush of air we speak our vows and  
sorry whispers,  
When the waves came crashing down, he closed his  
eyes and softly kissed her.

But I pulled you and I called you here,  
And I caught you and I brought you here  
These hazards of love, never more will trouble us.  
And these hazards of love, never more will trouble us.

