

The Decemberists

"The Legionnaire's Lament"

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I'm a legionnaire
Camel in disrepair
Hoping for a frigidaire to come passing by
I am on reprieve
Lacking my joie de vive
Missing my gay paris
In this desert dry

And I wrote my girl
Told her I would not return
Terribly taken a turn
For the worse now I fear

It's been a year or more
Since they shipped me to this foreign shore
Fighting in a foreign war
So far away from my home

If only summer rain would fall
On the houses and the boulevards
And the side walk bagatelles it's like a dream
With the roar of cars
And the lulling of the cafe bars,
The sweetly sleeping sweeping of the Seine.
Lord I don't know if I'll ever be back again.

La la la la dam
La la la low

Medicating in the sun
Pinched doses of laudanum
Longing for the old fecundity of my homeland
Curses to this mirage!
A bottle of ancient Chiraz
A smattering of distant applause
Is ringing in my poor ears

On the old left bank
My baby in a charabanc
Riding up the width and length
Of the Champs Elysees

If only summer rain would fall
On the houses and the boulevard
And the side walk bagatelles it's like a dream
With the roar of cars
And the lulling of the cafe bars
The sweetly sleeping sweeping of the Seine
Lord I don't know if I'll ever be back again

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With the roar of cars
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The sweetly sleeping sweeping of the Seine
Lord I don't know if I'll ever be back again...

Be back again,
Be back again,
I'll be back again

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