

Decemberists, The

"Dear Avery"

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Dear Avery, I think of you only
Were you waving, were you dead on the vine
Oh Avery, I think of you lonely
But I could just grab you by the nape of your neck

There are times life will rattle your bones
And will bend your limbs
You're still far away the boy you've ever been
So you bend back and shake at the frame
Of the frame you made
But don't you shake alone
Please Avery, come home

Headstrong, you and your long arms
Listing lazily on the cusp of your tease
But you were my Avery and when you needed saving
I could just grab you by the nape of your neck

There are times life will rattle your bones
And will bend your limbs
You're still far away the boy you've ever been
So you bend back and shake at the frame
Of the frame you made
But don't you shake alone
Please Avery, come home
Don't you shake alone
Please Avery, come home
Come home

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