

Decemberists, The

"Don't Carry It All"

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Here we come to a turning of the season,
Witness to the arc towards the sun,
The neighbors' blessed burden within reason,
Becomes a burden borne of all in one,
But nobody nobody knows,
Let the yoke fall from our shoulders,
Don't carry it all don't carry it all,
We are all our hands in holders,
Beneath this bold and brilliant sun,
But this I swear to all

A monument to build beneath the arbors,
upon a cliff the that towers towards the trees,
but every vessel pitching hard to starboard,
lay it's head on summers freckled knees,
and nobody nobody knows,
let the yoke fall from our shoulders,
don't carry it all don't carry it all,
we are all our hands in holders,
beneath this bold and brilliant sun,
this I swear to all, this I swear to all

Buried wreath of trillium and ivy,
laid upon the body of the boy,
lazy will the long come from it's hiding,
return his quiet certitude to the soil,
so raise a glass to turnings of the season,
and watch it as it arcs towards the sun,
and you must bear your neighbors burden within
reason,
and your labors will be borne when all is done,
and nobody nobody knows,
let the yoke fall from our shoulders,
don't carry it all don't carry it all,
we are all our hands in holders,
beneath this bold and brilliant sun

and this I swear to all
and this I swear to all
and this I swear to all

to all
to all
to all

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