Decemberists, The "Down By The Water"

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See this ancient riverbed See where all the follies led Down by the water and Down by the old main drag

I was just some towhead teen Feeling round for fingers to get in between Down by the water and Down by the old main drag

The season rubs me wrong
The summer swells anon
So knock me down, tear me up,
But I would bear it all broken just to fill my cup
Down by the water and
Down by the old main drag

Sweet descend this rabble round The pretty little patter of a seaboard town Rolling in the water and Rolling down the old main drag

All dolled up in gabardine
The last flashing lee to appear nineteen
Queen of the water and
Queen of the old main drag

The season rubs me wrong
The summer swells anon
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But I would bear it all broken just to fill my cup
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