

Decemberists, The

"Here I Dreamt I Was an Architect"

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And here I dreamt I was a soldier
And I marched the streets of Birkenau
And I recall in spring
The perfume that the air would bring
To the indolent town
Where the barkers call the moon down
The carnival was ringing loudly now
And just to lay with you
There's nothing that I wouldn't do
Save lay my rifle down

And try one, and try two
Guess it always comes down to
Alright, it's ok, guess it's better to turn this way

And I am nothing of a builder
But here I dreamt I was an architect
And I built this balustrade
To keep you home, to keep you safe
From the outside world
But the angles and the corners,
Even though my work is unparalleled,
They never seemed to meet
This structure fell about our feet
And we were free to go

And try one, and try two
Guess it always comes down to
Alright, ok, guess it's better to turn this way

And here in Spain I am a Spaniard
I will be buried with my marionettes
Countess and courtesan
Will fall beneath my tender hand
When their husbands were not around
But you, my soiled teenage girlfriend
Or are you furrowed like a lioness
And we are vagabonds
We travel without seatbelts on
We live this close to death

And try one, and try two
I guess it always comes down to
Alright, it's ok, guess it's better to turn this
But I won, so you lose
Guess it always comes down to
Alright, it's ok, guess it's better to turn this way

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