

Decemberists, The

"I Don't Mind"

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Truly with his thorns in your side and
you don't know why.
Julie dips her toe in the tide and
she don't know why
No she don't know why she got all dolled-up for a
suicide
And when the stage lights dimmed on the fading scrim
it was morning before the cheering died
Is it too late to tell you that I don't mind?

King George in imperial robe and a lazy eye
kneels down as this semafore broke on his tawdsy
bride.
But we don't know why he got all stressed out
on the motherland
With his t.v. sets and his fighter jets
and the royal ubiquitous handycam.
Is it too late to tell you that I don't mind?

There's you with your mom on your back
going into the woods.
She's so glad that you're staying on track like a good
son should
But you don't know why you got all worked up when you
said goodbbbye
And you can hear her still when the nights are still
crying out for calomine,
Is it too late to tell you that I don't mind

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