

## Decemberists, The "Oceanside"

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Sweet Anabelle  
As seen reclining on an ocean swell  
As the Waves do lather up  
and lay her down  
'til she's fast and sleeping  
Oh well  
I guess I'm something of a neer-do-well  
who fell asleep at the pealing of the steeple bell

I'm on track and keeping but oh  
If I could only get you ocean side  
stretch your muscles wide  
it'd be heavenly  
And Oh  
If I could only coax you overboard  
to leave these lolling shores  
and get you oceanside.

At Rising tide  
You're looking fresher than a July bride  
We're picking up what our mothers always stigmatized.  
The field is right or reaping  
Oh well  
I guess I'm nothing but a neer-do-well  
(Even though that's something I could never do well)  
I'm on track and keeping.

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