

## **Decemberists, The**

### **"Red Right Ankle"**

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This is the story of your red right ankle  
And how it came to meet your leg  
And how the muscle, bone, and sinews tangled  
And how the skin was softly shed

And how it whispered "Oh adhere to me  
For we are bound by symmetry  
And whatever differences our lives have been  
We together make a limb."  
This is the story of your red right ankle.

This is the story of your gypsy uncle  
You never knew 'cause he was dead  
And how his face was carved and rift with wrinkles  
In the picture in your head.

And remember how you found the key  
To his hideout in the Pyrenees  
But you wanted to keep his secret safe  
So you threw the key away.  
This is the story of your gypsy uncle.

This is the story of the boys who loved you  
Who love you now and loved you then  
Some were sweet, some were cold and snuffed you  
Some just laid around in bed.

Some had crumbled you straight to your knees  
Did it cruel, did it tenderly  
Some had crawled their way into your heart  
To rend your ventricles apart  
This is the story of the boys who loved you  
This is the story of your red right ankle.

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