

Decemberists, The

"Sons And Daughters"

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When we arrive
Sons & daughters
We'll make our homes on the water
We'll build our walls of aluminum
We'll fill our mouths with cinnamon now

These currents pull us 'cross the border
Steady your boats
Arms to shoulder
'till tides are pulled
Hold our grounds
Making this cold harbor now home

Take up your arm
Sons and daughters
We will arise from the bunkers
By land, by sea, by dirrigible
We'll leave our tracks untraceable now

When we arrive
Sons and daughters
We'll make our lives on the water
We'll build our walls of aluminum
We'll fill our mouths with cinnamon now

When we arrive
Sons and daughters
We'll make our homes on the water
We'll build our walls of aluminum
We'll fill our mouths with cinnamon now

When we arrive
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When we arrive
Sons and daughters
We'll make our homes on the water
We'll build our walls of aluminum

We'll fill our mouths with cinnamon now

Here all the bombs fade away
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