

Decemberists, The

"Summersong"

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Rambling, where to begin
I taste the summer on your peppery skin
been saved, the warm of the waves
I felt us slip into a watery grave
my girl, linen and curls,
lips parting like a flag all unfurled
she's grand, the bend of her hand
digging deep into the sweep of the sand
and summer arrives with a length of lights
and summer blows away
and quietly gets swallowed by a wave
waylaid, the din of the day,
folks bobbing in the blue of the bay
in deep, far beneath
all the dead sailors slowly slipping to sleep
my girl, linen and curls
lips parting like a flag all unfurled
she's grand, the bend of her hand
digging deep into the sweep of the sand
and summer arrives with a length of lights
and summer blows away
and quietly gets swallowed by a wave

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