

## **Decemberists, The**

### **"The Bachelor and the Bride"**

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There's a wrinkle in the water  
Where we laid our first daughter  
And I think the wind blows sweetly there.  
Over there.

And the windows and the cinders  
And the willows in the timbers.  
The infernal rattling of the rain  
Still remains.

"But I..." said the bachelor to the bride,  
"...Am not waiting for tonight.  
No, I, I will box your ears and leave you here stripped  
bare."

Hear the corncrakes and the deerhooves  
And the sleet rain on the slate roof  
A medallion locked inside her hands  
In her hands

And his fingers, are they telling  
Of the barren of her belly?  
Do his calluses cure her furrowed brow?  
Even now?

"But I..." said the bachelor to the bride,  
"...Am not waiting for tonight.  
No, I, I will box your ears and leave you here stripped  
bare."

Stripped bare... stripped bare... stripped bare....

But I..." said the bachelor to the bride,  
"...Am not waiting for tonight.  
No, I, I will box your ears and take your tears and leave  
you,  
leave you here,  
stripped bare."

