

Decemberists, The

"The Chimbley Sweep"

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I am a chimbley, a chimbley sweep
No bed to lie, no shoes to hold my feet
On a rooftop in dead of night
You'll hear me cry I'll shake you from your sleep

To hear me weep. Your day will come indeed.
For I am a poor and a wretched boy,
A chimbley, chimbley sweep.

I am an orphan, an orphan boy
I've known no love; I've seen no mother's joy
A dirty doorstep, my cradle lay
My fortunes made I'll shake you from your sleep

To hear me weep. Your day will come indeed.
For I am a poor and a wretched boy,
A chimbley, chimbley sweep.

"Oh, lonely urchin," the widow cries
"I've not been swept since the day my husband died."
Her cheeks are blushing, her legs lay bare
And shipwrecked there I'll shake you from your sleep

To hear me weep
Your day will come indeed
For I am a poor and a wretched boy,
A chimbley, chimbley sweep.
For I am a poor and a wretched boy,
A chimbley, chimbley sweep.

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