

## **Decemberists, The**

### **"The Engine Driver"**

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I'm an engine driver  
on a long run,  
on a long run.  
Would I were beside her:  
she's a long one,  
such a long one.

And if you don't love me, let me go.  
And if you don't love me, let me go.

I'm a county lineman  
on the high line,  
on the high line.  
So will be my grandson:  
there are powerlines  
in our bloodlines.

And if you don't love me, let me go.  
And if you don't love me, let me go.

And I am a writer,  
writer of fictions,  
I am the heart that you call home.  
And I've written pages upon pages  
trying to rid you from my bones,  
my bones, my bones.

I'm a money-lender:  
I have fortunes  
upon fortunes.  
Take my hand for tender.  
I am tortured,  
ever tortured.

And if you don't love me, let me go.  
And if you don't love me, let me go.

And I am a writer,  
writer of fictions,  
I am the heart that you call home.  
And I've written pages upon pages

trying to rid you from my bones.  
I am writer,  
I am all that you have hoped of.  
And I've written pages upon pages  
trying to rid you from my bones,  
my bones, my bones.

And if you don't love me, let me go.  
And if you don't love me, let me go.

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