

Decemberists, The

"The Gymnast, High Above the Ground"

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The gymnast, high above the ground,
Limbers up and falls timber town
Ankles splayed and all tied
The gymnast long has arrived
Lasy, your long sister lays
Waiting out this long light brigade
Prayed for snow a long time
And lazy, it long has arrived

Through the tarlatan holes
You've been slipping, been slipping away
And the weather will hold
It's been ever, so ever, so gray

And here as we're coming down
We're sounding out: it's a terrible, terrible tide
As it lights upon your eye

But there on the motorway, reeks of marmalade,
It's a chemical, chemical kind
As it lights upon your eye...
Lights upon your eye

The bosun calls upon the quay
Compass gone, he long has lost his way
To lighthouse shine, to calm tide
The bosun long has arrived

Through the tarlatan holes
You've been slipping, been slipping away
And the weather will hold
It's been ever, so ever, so gray

And here as we're coming down
We're sounding out: it's a terrible, terrible tide
As it lights upon your eye

But there on the motorway, reeks of marmalade,
It's a chemical, chemical kind
As it lights upon your eye...
Lights upon your eye

April marches on
April marches on
April marches on
April marches on

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