

Decemberists, The

"The Hazards of Love 1"

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My true love went riding out in white and green and
grey
Past the pale of Arthur's Wall where she was want to
stray
And there she came upon
A white and wounded fawn
Singing ..ooooh The Hazards of Love

She being full of charity a credit to her sex
Sought to right the fawn's hind legs
When here her plans were vexed
The Taiga shifted strange
The beast began to change
Singing ..ooooh The Hazards of Love
Singing ..ooooh The Hazards of Love
You'll learn soon enough,
The prettiest whistles won't wrestle the thistles undone
Undone

Fifteen lissome maidens lay along in their bower
fourteen occupations paid to pass the idle hour
Margaret heaves a sigh, her hands clapsed to her thigh
Singing ..ooooh the Hazards of Love
Singing ..ooooh the Hazards of Love
You'll learn soon enough
The prettiest whistles won't wrestle the thistles undone
Undone
Undone
Undone

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