

## **Decemberists, The**

### **"Yankee Bayonet"**

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Heart-carved tree trunk, Yankee bayonet  
A sweetheart left behind  
Far from the hills and the seas-filled Carolinas,  
That's where my true love lies.

Look for me when the sun-bright swallow  
Sings upon the birch bough high.  
But you are in the ground with the wolves and the  
weevils  
all a chew on the bone so dry.

But when the sun breaks  
To no more bullets in Battle Creek  
Then will you make a grave?  
For I will be home then,  
I will be home then,  
I will be home then,  
Then.

When I was a girl, how the hills of Aconie  
Made a seam to hem me in.  
There, at the fair, where our eyes caught careless  
Got my heart right pierced by a pin.

But oh, did you see all the dead of Manassas,  
All the bellies and the bones and the bile?  
No, I lingered here with the blankets barren  
And my own belly big with child.

But when the sun breaks  
To no more bullets in Battle Creek  
Then will you make a grave?  
For I will be home then,  
I will be home then,  
I will be home then,  
Then.

Stems and stones and stone walls too  
Keep me from you

This skein of skin is all too few  
To keep me from you!

Oh my love, though our bodies may be parted,  
Though our skin may not touch skin.  
Look for me with the sun-bright sparrow,  
I will come on the breath of the wind.

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