

The Decemberists, Bridges And Balloons

We sailed away on a winter's day
With fate as malleable as clay
But ships are fallible, I say
And the nautical, as all things, fade
But I do recall our caravel
A little wicker beetle shell
With four fine masts and lateen sails
It's bearings on Cair Paravel

Oh, my love
Oh, it was a funny little thing
To be the ones to see

The sight of bridges and balloons
Makes calm canaries irritable
And they caw and claw all afternoon
Catenaries and dirigibles
Brace and buoy the living room
A loom of metals warp woof wimble
And a thimble's worth of milky moon
Can beat hearts larger than a thimble

Oh, my love
Oh, it was a funny little thing
To be the ones to see

Oh, my love
Oh, it was a funny little thing
It was a funny, funny little thing