

# 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