

The Decemberists, Culling Of The Fold

Cut him up boy
You've got to cut him up boy
He's a wicked disgrace
And he said it to your face
You better cut him up boy

Take him by the teeth
Get him down on his knees
With your hands all shaking
That'll teach him how to take it

Gotta cut him up boy
And how

Ply her heart with gold and silver
And take your sweetheart down to the river
Dash her on the paving stones
It may break your heart
To break her bones
But someone's got to do, the culling of the fold

Cut him up girl
Really cut him up girl
He lives by himself in a hole in a wall,
You've gotta cut him up girl

You can take him in a stitch
Dump his body in a ditch
Leave his limbs all naked
That'll teach him how to take it

Better cut him up girl
And how

Ply her heart with gold and silver
And take your sweetheart down to the river
Dash her on the paving stones
It may break your heart
To break her bones
But someone's got to do, the culling of the fold

Listen up boy
And listen up girl
It's a shallow little trench
And it's giving off a stench

It's a shallow little world

Feeling down in the face
Could you use a little space
When the radio crackles
And the inlaws cackle

You better cut him up boy
And cut him up girl

Ply her heart with gold and silver
And take your sweetheart down to the river
Dash her on the paving stones
It may break your heart
To break her bones
But someone's got to do, the culling of the fold