

# The Decemberists, Eli, The Barrow Boy

Eli, the barrow boy  
Of the old town  
Sells coal and marigolds  
And he cries out  
All down the day

Below the tamaracks  
He is crying:  
Corn cobs and candle wax for the buying!"  
All down the day

Would I could afford to buy my love a fine robe  
Made of gold and silk Arabian thread?  
But she is dead and gone and lying in a pine grove  
And I must push my barrow all the day  
And I must push my barrow all the day";

Eli, the barrow boy  
When they found him  
Dressed all in corduroy  
He had drowned in  
The river down the way

They laid his body down in a church yard  
But still when the moon is out  
With his push cart  
He calls down the day

Would I could afford to buy my love a fine gown  
Made of gold and silk Arabian thread?  
But I am dead and gone and lying in a church ground  
And still I push my barrow all the day  
Still I push my barrow all the day";