

# The Decemberists, I Don't Mind

Truly with his thorn in your side and  
You don't know why  
Julie dips her toe in the tide and  
You don't know why  
No she don't know why she got all dolled-up for a suicide  
And when the stage lights dimmed on the fading scrim  
It was morning before the cheering died  
Is it too late to tell you that I don't mind?

King George in imperial robe and a lazy eye  
Knelt down as the semaphore broke on his tawdry bride  
But we don't know why he got all stressed out  
On the motherland  
With his TV sets and his fighter jets  
And the royal ubiquitous handycam.  
Is it too late to tell you that I don't mind?

Here's you with your mom on your back  
Going into the woods  
She's so glad that you're staying on track like a good son should  
But you don't know why you got all choked up when you said goodbye  
And you can hear her still when the nights are still  
All crying out for calamine,  
Is it too late to tell you that I don't mind?