

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?