

# The Decemberists, July, July!

There is a road that meets the road  
That goes to my house  
And how it green grows there  
And we've got special boots  
To beat the path to my house  
And it's careful and it's careful when I'm there

And I say your uncle was a crooked French Canadian  
And he was gut-shot, runnin' gin  
And how his guts were all suspended in his fingers  
And how he held 'em  
How he held 'em, held 'em in

And the water rolls down the drain  
The water rolls down the drain  
Oh what a lonely thing  
In a lonely drain

July, July, July!  
Never seemed so strange  
July, July, July!  
Never seemed so  
It never seemed so strange

This is the story of the road that goes to my house  
And what ghosts there do remain  
And all the troughs that run the length and breadth of my house  
And the chickens how they rattle chicken chains

And we'll remember this when we are old and ancient  
Though the specifics might be vague  
And I'll say your camisole was a sprightly, light magenta  
When in fact it was a nappy, blueish gray

And the water rolls down the drain  
The blood rolls down the drain  
Oh, what a lonely thing  
In a blood red drain

July, July, July!  
Never seemed so strange  
July, July, July!  
Never seemed so  
It never seemed so strange  
It never seemed so strange  
It never seemed so strange  
It never seemed so strange