

The Decemberists, O New England

Wed come seven hours down
Took the blue line to see where we hopped out
And I was only joking, I was only joking
And I was only trying to get a laugh

You say this was the furthest that we had come
We traveled so far to watch it fall undone
And I had lost my token, you were looking bent and broken
Staring sideways with the rain coming down

But I am so enthralled
O New England
La da dum dum
O New England
La da dum dum

This here is the fable of a failed attempt
To find new life in a love in the seat of its origin
From Long to Coney Island, from Mid to West to Upper Highland
And all I got is this ill-gotten full color souvenir

The new millennium in New York
And all of New England
La da dum dum
O New England
La da dum dum

O New England
In the face of your empire
I think I'd rather just wait in the car
And return to the turnpike
Watching New England's skyline sinking below
Sinking below

Wed come seven hours down
Wed come seven hours down, down
Wed come seven hours down
Wed come seven hours down, down