

# 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