

# The Decemberists, The Rake's Song

I had entered into a marriage  
In the summer of my twenty-first year  
And the bells rang for our wedding  
Only now do I remember it clear  
Alright, alright, alright  
No more a rake and no more a bachelor  
I was wedded and it whetted my thirst  
Until her womb start spilling out babies  
Only then did I reckon my curse  
Alright, alright, alright  
Alright, alright, alright  
First came Eziah with his crinkled little fingers  
Then came Charlotte and that wretched girl Dawn  
Ugly Myfanwy died on delivery  
Mercifully taking her mother along  
Alright, alright, alright  
What can one do when one is widower  
Shamefully saddled with three little pests  
All that I wanted was the freedom of a new life  
So my burden I began to divest  
Alright, alright, alright  
Alright, alright, alright  
Charlotte I buried after feeding her foxglove  
Dawn was easy, she was drowned in the bath  
Eziah fought but was easily bested  
Burned his body for incurring my wrath  
Alright, alright, alright  
And that's how I came your humble narrator  
To be living so easy and free  
Expect you think that I should be haunted  
But it never really bothers me  
Alright, alright, alright  
Alright, alright, alright