

Beirut, Cliquot

A plague in the workhouse, a plague on the poor
Now I'll beat on my drum 'til I'm dead
Yesterday, a fever, tomorrow, St. Peter
I'll beat on my drum until then.

But what melody will lead my lover from his bed?
What melody will see him in my arms again?

Set fire to foundation and burn out the station
You'll never get nothing of mine
The pane of my window will flicker and billow
I won't leave a stitching behind

But what melody will lead my lover from his bed?
What melody will see him in my arms again?

I'll sing of the walls of the well and the house at the top of the hill
I'll sing of the bottles of wine that we left on our old windowsill
I'll sing of the years you will spend getting sadder and older
Oh love, and the cold, the oncoming cold