

# The Decemberists, A Cautionary Song

There's a place your mother goes when everybody else is soundly sleeping  
Through the lights of beacon street  
And if you listen you can hear her weeping, she's weeping  
'Cause the gentlemen are calling and the snow is softly falling on her petticoats  
And she's standing in the harbor and she's waiting for the sailors in the jolly boat  
See how they approach

With dirty hands and trousers torn they grapple, till she's safe within their keeping  
A gag is placed between her lips to keep her sorry tongue from any speaking, or screaming  
And they row her out to packets, where the sailor's sorry racket calls for maidenhead  
And she's scarce above the gunwales, when her clothes fall to a bundle and she's laid in bed on th

And so she goes from ship to ship, her ankles clasped, her arms so rudely pinioned  
Till at last she's satisfied the lot of the marina's teeming minions, in their opinions

And they tell her not to say a thing to cousin, kindred, kith or kin or she'll end up dead  
And they throw her thirty dollars and return her to the harbor where she goes to bed  
And this is how you're fed

So be kind to your mother  
Though she may seem an awful bother  
And the next time she tries to feed you collard greens  
Remember what she does when you're asleep