

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