

The Decemberists, Annan Water

annan water
you loom so deep and wide
I'll cross over
if you would stem the tide
build a boat
that I might thwart the other side
to reach the farther shore
where my true love lies in wait for me
in wait for me
in wait for me
in wait for me
Oh, gray river
your waters ramble while
the horses shiver
and bide against the bridal
but I will cross
if mine own horse is pulled from me
though my mother cries that if I try
I sure will drown it be
Will drown it be
will drown it be
will drown it be
but if you cull
and let me pass
you may render me a wreck
when I come back
so calm your waves
and slow the churn
and you may have my precious bones on my return
annan water
oh hear my true love's call
hear her holler
above your water's pall
god, that I could
that my two arms could give me way
and I would cross your breath
and rest my breast about her amber ring
her amber ring
her amber ring
But if you cull
and let me pass
you may render me a wreck
when I come back
so calm your waves
and slow the churn
and you may have my precious bones
on my
on my
Return