

# 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