

# The Decemberists, Billy Liar

Billy Liar's got his hands in his pockets  
Staring over at the neighbor's, knickers down  
He's got his knickers down

So the summer is eternity for you?  
Sleeping in until your father's shaking you down  
He's shaking you down

And the mail room shift gets a real short shrift  
As you dole out the packages, no-one seems to want you around  
All skulking around

Let your legs loll on the lino  
Till your sinews spoil  
Will you stay here, for awhile, dear  
Till the radio plays something familiar?  
Plays something familiar

All a-drifting, he's a no good boy-o  
Sent a-fishing for a whalebone corset frame  
His only catch all day

So he sits and lets the current take him  
A gentle breeze will leave his pants in disarray  
And at his ankles laid

As he drifts to sleep with a moan and a weep  
He is decked by a Japanese geisha with a garland of pearls  
How she twists and twirls!

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