

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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