

The Decemberists, Clementine

You slept in your overalls
After the wrecking ball
Bereft you of house and home
And left you with sweet "fuck all";

So we got in your car
With our kick-about arts
And we hollered out, "sweet Clementine";

Tell your mom to marry us
A candle to carry us
With cans on our bicycle fenders
So sweet and hilarious

And we'll find us a home
Built of packaging foam
That will be there till after we die

And I'll play the clarinet
Use clam shells for castanets
We play with our bags on our shoulders
My sweet lady lioness

And I watch as you sleep
So indelibly deep
and I hum to you, sweet Clementine