

The Decemberists, Constantinople

O, the minarets of Constantinople
Are plated gold, ivory and opal
Their cupolas all onion domed and light

And the magistrate of Constantinople
Has made a match; his family was hopeful
Their daughter would be promised a wedding night

But the Sultan's weary bride, she won't be wed tonight
Nor fall beneath a canopy to lie
For far across the town, her lover's lying drowned
And painted by the Bosphorus in blue
And there's nothing for a broken heart to do.

Down the dirty streets of Constantinople
The beggars weep, their hands all wide open
Their severed leper limbs all swing and sway.

At a windowsill in Constantinople
Our Hero sighs to melodies noteful
And gazes on the walls that hold his love.

But the Sultan's weary bride, she won't be wed tonight
Nor fall beneath a canopy to lie
For far across the town, her lover now is drowned
And painted by the Bosphorus in blue
And there's nothing for a broken heart to do.
No, there's nothing for a broken heart to do.
Except cry.