

# The Decemberists, Days Of Elaine

Those were the days of Elaine  
That was the phrase that she used to describe to her son  
All the fun she had had

Long before he went away  
Long before days of the dole and the draze and the lull  
But the call never came.

To say, oh oh oh

Loitering lavender park  
Laying about in the day and the dark of a room  
While the noon passes by

Always on verge of collapse  
Mother would quit and then suffer a lapse from the drink  
You would think she was dead

What to say, oh oh oh  
She say, oh oh oh oh

And the time that it takes, will it go so slow?  
She laid on the brakes and she dulled the glow  
Now, doesn't it go so slow?  
When you build it up to tear it down  
You're tearing it down  
You tear it down  
Tear it down  
Those were the days  
Those were the days of Elaine  
The days of Elaine

A lover like Alain Delon  
She followed him blind from saloon to salon  
From the hills to the pills he would take

Father had died in the mines  
Brother had shown no remorse for his crimes  
When they strung him up he got all hung up on the scaffolding

But he say, oh oh oh  
He say, oh oh oh oh

And the time that it takes, well, it goes so slow  
She laid on the brakes and she dulled the glow  
Now, doesn't it go so slow?  
When you build it up to tear it down  
You're tearing it down  
You tear it down  
Tear it down  
Those were the days  
Those were the days of Elaine  
The days of Elaine