The Decemberists, From My Own True Love (Los

Four score years, living down in this rainswept town Sea salt tears, swimming 'round as the rain comes down

Mr. Postman, do you have a letter for me? Mr. Postman, do you have a letter for me? A letter for me From my own true love Lost at sea Lost at sea

Mr. Postman, do you have a letter for me? Mr. Postman, do you have a letter for me? A letter for me From my own true love Lost at sea Lost at sea