The Decemberists, Isn't it a Lovely Night?

Isn't a lovely night and so alive with fireflies providing us their holy light and here we made a bed of boughs and thistle down that we had found to lay upon the dewey ground and isn't it a lovely day we got in from our play isn't it? a sweet little baby and wasn't it a lovely breeze that swept the leaves of arbor reeves and bent a brush of blushing knees and here we died our little deaths and we were left to catch our breaths so swiftly lifting from our chests and isn't a lovely way we got in from our play isn't it? a sweet little baby