

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