

# The Decemberists, Leslie Anne Levine

My name is Leslie Anne Levine  
My mother birthed me down a dry ravine  
My mother birthed me far too soon  
Born at nine and dead at noon

Fifteen years gone now  
I still wander this parapet  
And shake my rattle bone  
Fifteen years gone now  
I still cling to the petticoats  
Of the girl who died with me

On the roof above the streets  
The only love I've known is a chimney sweep  
Lost and lodged inside a flue  
Back in 1842

Fifteen years gone now  
I still wail from these catacombs  
And curse my mother's name  
Fifteen years gone now  
Still a wastrel mescalined  
Has brought this fate on me

My name is Leslie Anne Levine  
I've got no one left to mourn for me  
My body lies inside its grave  
In a ditch not far away

Fifteen years gone now  
I still wander this parapet  
And shake my rattle bone  
Fifteen years gone now  
I still cling to the petticoats  
Of the girl who died with me  
Who died with me  
Who died with me  
Who died with me