

The Decemberists, Like A Lion

How it delighted,
born so black and cold
and admired
like yours...
like yours...
How it delighted us,
hands over hand
like a lion...
like a lion...
Still watching the world go down.
Still watching it all go 'round.
And the time stands still
'till now.
And it all stands still;
somehow you thought it never would...