

# 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...