

The Decemberists, Oceanside

Sweet Anabelle
As seen reclining on an ocean swell
As the waves do lather up to lay her down
'til she's fast
And sleeping, oh well
I guess I'm something of a ne'er-do-well
Who fell asleep at the pealing of the steeple bell
I'm on track and keeping but oh

If I could only get you oceanside
To lay your muscles wide
It'd be heavenly

Oh
If I could only coax you overboard
To leave these lolling shores
To get you oceanside.
Oceanside
Oceansi-i-ide

At rising tide
You're looking fresher than a July bride
We're picking up what our mothers always stigmatized
The field is right for reaping, oh well
I guess I'm something of a ne'er-do-well
Even though that's something I could never do well
I'm on track and keeping, but oh

If I could only get you ocean side
To lay your muscles wide
It'd be heavenly

Oh
If I could only coax you overboard
To leave these lolling shores
To get you oceanside.
Oceanside
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