

# The Decemberists, Odalisque

They've come to find you, Odalisque  
As the light dies horribly  
On a fire escape, you are  
All rare and resolved to drop

And when they find you, Odalisque  
They will rend you terribly  
Stitch from stitch, till all  
Your linen limbs will fall

Lazy lady had a baby girl  
And a sweet sound it made  
Raised on pradies, peanut shells and dirt  
In the railroad cul-de-sac

And what do we do with ten baby shoes  
A kit bag full of marbles  
And a broken billiard cue?  
What do we do?

Fifteen stitches will mend those britches right  
And then rip them down again  
Sapling switches will rend those rags all right  
What a sweet sound it makes

And what do we do with ten dirty Jews  
A thirty-ought full of rock salt  
And a warm afternoon?  
What do we do?

Lay your belly under mine  
You're naked under me, under me  
Such a filthy dimming shine  
The way you kick and scream, kick and scream

And what do we do with ten baby shoes  
A kit bag full of marbles  
And a broken billiard cue?  
What do we do?

Lazy lady had a baby girl  
And a sweet sound it made