

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