

The Decemberists, Sons And Daughters

When we arrive, sons & daughters
We'll make our homes on the water
We'll build our walls with aluminum
We'll fill our mouths with cinnamon, now

These currents pull us 'cross the border
Steady your boats, arms to shoulder
'til tides'll pull our hull to ground
Making this cold harbor now home

Take up your arms, sons and daughters
We will arise from the bunkers
By land, by sea, by dirigible
We'll leave our tracks untraceable, now

"(In a two-part Round)"
When we arrive, sons and daughters
We'll make our homes on the water
We'll build our walls with aluminum
We'll fill our mouths with cinnamon, now

"(In a three-part Round)"
When we arrive, sons and daughters
We'll make our homes on the water
We'll build our walls with aluminum
We'll fill our mouths with cinnamon, now

"(In a four-part Round)"
When we arrive, sons and daughters
We'll make our homes on the water
We'll build our walls with aluminum
We'll fill our mouths with cinnamon, now

"(In a four-part Round)"
When we arrive, sons and daughters
We'll make our homes on the water
We'll build our walls with aluminum
We'll fill our mouths with cinnamon, now

Hear all the bombs fade away "(x20)"