

The Decemberists, Summersong

Ramblin', where to begin?
I taste the summer on your peppery skin.
Been saved, the warmer the waves
I felt us slip into a watery grave, oh

Oh ho ho
La di dada da
Oh ho ho

My girl, linen and curls
Lips parting like a flag'll unfurl
She's grand, the bend of her hand
Digging deep into the sweep of the sand, oh

Oh ho ho
La di dada da
Oh ho ho

And summer arrives
With a length of lights
And summer blows away
And quietly gets swallowed by a wave
It gets swallowed by a wave

Waylay the din of the day
Boats bobbing in the blue of the bay
In deep far beneath
All the dead sailor slowly slipping to sleep, oh

Oh ho ho
La di dada da
Oh ho ho

My girl, linen and curls
Lips parting like a flag'll unfurl
She's grand, the bend of her hand
Digging deep into the sweep of the sand, oh

Oh ho ho
La di dada da
Oh ho ho

And summer arrives
With a length of lights
And summer blows away
And quietly gets swallowed by a wave
It gets swallowed by a wave (x3)