

The Decemberists, The Bachelor And The Bride

There's a wrinkle in the water
Where we laid our first daughter
And I think the wind blows so sweetly there
Over there

And the windows and the cinders
And the willows in the timbers
The infernal rattling of the rain
Still remains

""But I," said the bachelor to the bride,
"Am not waiting for tonight
No,I, I will box your ears
And leave you here stripped bare"
stripped bare"

Hear the corncrakes, and the deer hooves
And the sleet rain on the slate roof
A medallion locked inside her hands
In her hands

And his fingers, are they telling
Of the barren of her belly?
Do his calluses cure her furrowed brow?
Even now?

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