

The Decemberists, The Bagman's Gambit

On the lam from the law
On the steps of the capitol
You shot a plainclothes cop on the ten o'clock
And I saw momentarily
They flashed a photograph, it couldn't be you
You'd been abused so horribly
But you were there in some anonymous room

And I recall that fall
I was working for the government
And in a bathroom stall off the National Mall
How we kissed so sweetly
How could I refuse a favor or two
For a tryst in the greenery
I gave you documents and microfilm, too

And from my ten floor tenement
Where once our bodies lay
How I long to hear you say
No, they'll never catch me now
No, they'll never catch me
No, they cannot catch me now
We will escape somehow, somehow

It was late one night
I was awoken by the telephone
I heard a strangled cry on the end of the line
Purloined in Petrograd
They were suspicious of where your loyalties lay
So I paid off a bureaucrat
To convince your captors there to secret you away

And at the gate of the embassy
Our hands met through the bars
As your whisper stilled my heart
No, they'll never catch me now
No, they'll never catch me
No, they cannot catch me now
We will escape somehow, somehow

And I dreamt one night
You were there in form
Head held high
In uniform

It was ten years on
When you resurfaced in a motorcar
With the wave of an arm
You were there and gone