

# The Decemberists, The Bandit Queen

As the sun is sinking low  
and the evening's tucked in tow  
On the horizon, my true love I see.  
She ain't fancy, she ain't fine  
While her fingers number only nine  
She's the belle of the ball of the insurgency.

She's my Bandit Queen, lain beneath the moon  
In a bandit cave, a blanket laid for two  
If I could find a way to your hideaway by the sea  
O Bandit Queen, steal away to me.

Somewhere on a mountain, by a starry water fountain  
In an alcove hid by some trees  
Amidst a pile of treasure, reclining at her leisure,  
My ladylove sniffs as the breeze.

And sitting up, she adjusts her turban  
And takes another swig from a bottle of bourbon  
And listening to the whistling of a train at station  
Odds are it will never reach its destination.

'Cause the Bandit Queen, astride her steed will ride  
O let me be the one to lay within your theivin' arms tonight.

She's my Bandit Queen, lain beneath the moon  
In a bandit cave, there's a blanket laid for two  
If I could find a way to your hideaway by the sea  
O Bandit Queen, steal away to me.