

The Decemberists, The Engine Driver

I'm an engine driver
On a long run, on a long run
Would I work beside her
She's a long one, such a long one

And if you don't love me, let me go
And if you don't love me, let me go

I'm a county lineman
On the high line, on the high line
So will be my grandson
There are power lines in our bloodlines

And if you don't love me, let me go
And if you don't love me, let me go

And I am a writer
A writer of fictions
I am the heart that you call home
I've written pages upon pages
Trying to rid you from my bones
My bones, my bones

I'm a moneylender
I have fortunes upon fortunes
Take my hand for tender
I am tortured, ever tortured

And if you don't love me, let me go
And if you don't love me, let me go

And I am a writer
Writer of fictions
I am the heart that you call home
I've written pages upon pages
Trying to rid you from my bones

I am a writer
I am all that you have known
And I've written pages upon pages
Trying to rid you from my bones
My bones, my bones

(And if you don't love me, let me go)
And if you don't love me, let me go
(And if you don't love me, let me go)
And if you don't love me, let me go