The Decemberists, The Gymnast, High Above Th

The gymnast, high above the ground,
Limbers up and falls timber down
Ankles splayed and all tied
The gymnast long has arrived
Lazy, your long sister lays
Waiting out this long light brigade
Prayed for snow a long time
And lazy, it long has arrived

Through the tarlatan holes
You've been slipping, been slipping away
And the weather will hold
It's been ever so, ever so gray
La dee da dum.

And here as we're coming down
We're sounding out: it's a terrible, terrible tide
As it lights upon your eye

But there on the motorway, reeks of marmalade,
It's a chemical, chemical kind
As it lights upon your eye
Lights upon your eye

The bosun calls upon the quay
Compass gone, he long has lost his way
To lighthouse shine, to calm tide
The bosun long has arrived

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You've been slipping, been slipping away
And the weather will hold
It's been ever so, ever so gray

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April marches on
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