

The Decemberists, The Hazards of Love 1

My true love went riding out
in white and green and gray
past the pale of office wall
where she was want to stray
and there she came upon
a white and wounded faun

Singing

Oh, oh

the hazards of love
she, being full of charity,
a credit to her sex
saught to right the faun's hind legs
when here her plans were vexxed
The tiger shifted strange
the beast began to change

Singing

Oh, oh

The hazards of love

Singing

Oh, oh oh oh

The hazards of love

You'll learn soon enough

The prettiest whistles won't wrestle the thistles undone

Undone

Fifteen lithsome maidens lay

along in their bower

fourteen occupations pay

to pass the idle hour

Margret heaves a sigh

Her hands clasped to her thigh

Singing

Oh, oh

The hazards of love

Singing

Oh, oh oh oh

The hazards of love

you'll learn soon enough

The prettiest whistles won't wrestle the thistles undone

undone

undone

undone

undone