

# The Decemberists, The Hazards of Love 2

And here I am  
softer than a shower  
and here I am  
to garland you with flowers  
to lay you down  
in clover bed  
the stars a roof  
above our heads  
and all my life  
I never felt the tremor  
and all my life  
that now disturbs my fingers  
I lay you down  
in clover bed  
the stars a roof  
above our heads  
And we'll lie 'til the Corn Crake crows  
Bereft of the weight of our summer clothes  
and I'd wager all  
The hazards of love  
The hazards of love  
And take my hand  
and cradle it in your hand  
and take my hand  
to feel the pull of quicksand  
I lay you down  
in clover bed  
the stars a roof  
above our heads  
And we'll lie 'til the Corn Crake crows  
Bereft of the weight of our summer clothes  
and I'd wager all  
The hazards of love  
The hazards of love  
The hazards of love  
The hazards of love