The Decemberists, The Hazards of Love 3

Father I'm not feeling well
the flowers me you fed
Tasted spoiled for suddenly
I find that I am dead
But father don't you fear
your children all are here
singing ooooh the hazards of love
Father turn the water down
the basins overflown
the water covers everything
and me left all alone
but papa here in death
I have regained my breath
to sing ooooh the hazards of love
to sing ooooh the hazards of love
Spare the rod, you'll spoil the child
but I prefer the lash
my sisters drowned and poisoned
all of me reduced to ash
and buried in an urn
but father I return
singing ooooh the hazards of love
singing ooooh the hazards of love
the hazards of love
the hazards of love