

# The Decemberists, The Hazards of Love 4

Margaret arrayed the rocks around the hull before it was sinking,  
A million stones, a million bones, a million holes within the chinking.  
And painting rings around your eyes these peppered holes so filled with crying.  
A whisper weighed upon the tattered down where you and I were lying.  
Tell me now, tell me this, A forest's son, a river's daughter,  
A willow on the willow wisp, our ghosts will wander all of the water.  
So let's be married here today these rushing waves to bare our witness,  
And we will lye like river stones rolling only where it takes us.

Chorus:

But I pulled you and I called you here,  
And I caught you and I brought you here  
These hazards of love, never more will trouble us.  
Oh Margaret the lapping waves are licking quietly at our ankles  
another bow another breath this brilliant chill's come for the shackle.  
With this long last rush of air we speak our vows and sorry whispers,  
when the waves came crashing down, he closed his eyes and softly kissed her.  
But I pulled you and I called you here,  
And I caught you and I brought you here  
These hazards of love, never more will trouble us.  
And these hazards of love, never more will trouble us.