

The Decemberists, The Legionnaire's Lament

I'm a legionnaire
Camel in disrepair
Hoping for a Frigidaire
To come passing by

I am on reprieve
Lacking my joie de vivre
Missing my gay Paris
In this desert dry

And I wrote my girl
Told her I would not return
I've terribly taken a turn
For the worse now I fear

It's been a year or more
Since they shipped me to this foreign shore
Fighting in a foreign war
So far away from my home

If only summer rain would fall
On the houses and the boulevards
And the sidewalk bagatelles, it's like a dream
With the roar of cars
And the lulling of the cafe bars
The sweetly sleeping sweeping of the Seine
Lord I don't know if I'll ever be back again

Medicating in the sun
Pinched doses of laudanum
Longing for old fecundity
Of my homeland

Curses to this mirage!
A bottle of ancient Shiraz
A smattering of distant applause
Is ringing in my poor ears

On the old left bank
My baby in a charabanc
Riding up the width and length
Of the Champs Elysees

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