

The Decemberists, The Wanting Comes in Waves

Colin:

Mother I can hear your foot-fall now
Soft disturbance in the dead-fall how
It proceeds you like a black smoke pall
Still the wanting comes in waves
And you delivered me from danger then
Pulled my cradle from the reedy glen
Swore to save me from the world of men
Still the wanting comes in waves
In waves
And waves
And the wanting comes in waves
And the wanting comes in waves
And I want this night
And I want this night

Oh

Shara:

How I made you
I wrought you, I pulled you
From war I labored you
From cancer I cradled you
And now
This is how I am repaid
This is how I am repaid
Remember when I found you
The miseries that hounded you
And I gave you motion
Anointed with lotions
And now
This is how I am repaid
This is how I am repaid

Colin:

Mother hear this proposition right
Grant me freedom to enjoy this night
And I'll return to you at break of light
For the wanting comes in waves
And waves
And waves
Still the wanting comes in waves
Still the wanting comes in waves
Still the wanting comes in waves
And you owe me life
And you owe me life

Shara:

And if I grant you this favor to hand you
Your life for the evening
I will retake by morning
And so
Consider it your debt repaid
Consider it your debt repaid
Repaid
Repaid