

# The Decemberists, We Both Go Down Together

Here on these cliffs of Dover  
So high you can't see over  
And while your head is spinning  
Hold tight, it's just beginning

You come from parents wanton  
A childhood rough and rotten  
I come from wealth and beauty  
Untouched by work or duty

And oh, my love, my love  
And oh, my love, my love  
We both go down together

I found you, a tattooed tramp  
A dirty daughter from the labor camps  
I laid you down on the grass of a clearing  
You wept but your soul was willing

And oh, my love, my love  
And oh, my love, my love  
We both go down together

And my parents will never consent to this love  
But I hold your hand

Meet me on my vast veranda  
My sweet untouched Miranda  
And while the seagulls are crying  
We fall but our souls are flying

And oh, my love, my love  
And oh, my love, my love  
And oh, my love, oh my love  
And oh, my love, my love  
We both go down together