

# The Decemberists, Won't Want for Love

Gentle leaves, gentle leaves  
Please array a path for me  
The woods are blowing thick and fast around  
Columbine, Columbine  
Please alert this love of mine  
Let him know his Margaret comes along  
And all this stirring inside my belly  
won't quell my want for love  
And I may swoon from all this swaying  
But I won't want for love  
Mistlethrush, Mistlethrush  
Lay me down in the underbrush  
My naked feet grow weary with the dusk  
Willow Boughs, Willow Boughs,  
Make a bed to lay me down  
Let your branches bow to cradle us  
And all this stirring inside my belly  
won't quell my want for love  
And I may swoon from all this swaying  
But I won't want for love  
Oh, my own true love  
Oh, my own true love  
Can you hear me, love?  
Can you hear me, love?  
And all this stirring inside my belly  
won't quell my want for love  
And I may swoon from all this swaying  
But I won't want for love  
Won't want for love...  
Won't want for love...  
Won't want for love...