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...