

# The Decemberists, Clementine

You slept in your overalls  
After the wrecking ball  
Bereft you of house and home  
And left you with sweet &quot;fuck all&quot;;

So we got in your car  
With our kick-about arts  
And we hollered out, &quot;sweet Clementine&quot;;

Tell your mom to marry us  
A candle to carry us  
With cans on our bicycle fenders  
So sweet and hilarious

And we'll find us a home  
Built of packaging foam  
That will be there till after we die

And I'll play the clarinet  
Use clam shells for castanets  
We play with our bags on our shoulders  
My sweet lady lioness

And I watch as you sleep  
So indelibly deep  
and I hum to you, sweet Clementine