

The Decemberists, Days Of Elaine

Those were the days of Elaine
That was the phrase that she used to describe to her son
All the fun she had had

Long before he went away
Long before days of the dole and the draze and the lull
But the call never came.

To say, oh oh oh

Loitering lavender park
Laying about in the day and the dark of a room
While the noon passes by

Always on verge of collapse
Mother would quit and then suffer a lapse from the drink
You would think she was dead

What to say, oh oh oh
She say, oh oh oh oh

And the time that it takes, will it go so slow?
She laid on the brakes and she dulled the glow
Now, doesn't it go so slow?
When you build it up to tear it down
You're tearing it down
You tear it down
Tear it down
Those were the days
Those were the days of Elaine
The days of Elaine

A lover like Alain Delon
She followed him blind from saloon to salon
From the hills to the pills he would take

Father had died in the mines
Brother had shown no remorse for his crimes
When they strung him up he got all hung up on the scaffolding

But he say, oh oh oh
He say, oh oh oh oh

And the time that it takes, well, it goes so slow
She laid on the brakes and she dulled the glow
Now, doesn't it go so slow?
When you build it up to tear it down
You're tearing it down
You tear it down
Tear it down
Those were the days
Those were the days of Elaine
The days of Elaine