

The Decemberists, Lake Song

Down by the lake
We were overturning pebbles
And upending all the animals alight
And I took a drag
From your cigarette and pinched it
'Tween my finger and my thumb
Till it died
And the sun burned low on the radio

Say that you will
Say you will or will you won't
Or you whatever you prevaricate
Your whole life, don't you?

This much I can say:
I would've waited till the oceans
Fell Away and all the sunken cities
Would reveal themselves to you

But you won't, will you?
Because you never do
And the sun burned through
Sweet as honeydew

And I
Seventeen and terminally fey
I wrote it down and threw it all away
Never gave a thought to what I paid
And you
All sibylline, reclining in your pew
You tattered me, you tethered me to you
The things you would and wouldn't do
To tell the truth I never had a clue

Now we arise
To curse those young suburban villains
And their ill-begotten children from the lawn
Come to me now
And on this station wagon window
Set the ghost of your two footprints
That they might haunt me when you're gone
And when the light broke dawn
You were forever gone

But I remember you:
You were full
You were full and sweet as honeydew

And I
Seventeen and terminally fey
I wrote it down and threw it all away
And never gave a thought to what I paid
All sibylline, reclining in your pew
You tattered me, you tethered me to you
The things you would and wouldn't do
You noticed how I never had a clue
Never had a clue
You were full and sweet as honeydew
You were full and sweet as honeydew