

The Decemberists, Leslie Anne Levine

My name is Leslie Anne Levine
My mother birthed me down a dry ravine
My mother birthed me far too soon
Born at nine and dead at noon

Fifteen years gone now
I still wander this parapet
And shake my rattle bone
Fifteen years gone now
I still cling to the petticoats
Of the girl who died with me

On the roof above the streets
The only love I've known is a chimney sweep
Lost and lodged inside a flue
Back in 1842

Fifteen years gone now
I still wail from these catacombs
And curse my mother's name
Fifteen years gone now
Still a wastrel mescalined
Has brought this fate on me

My name is Leslie Anne Levine
I've got no one left to mourn for me
My body lies inside its grave
In a ditch not far away

Fifteen years gone now
I still wander this parapet
And shake my rattle bone
Fifteen years gone now
I still cling to the petticoats
Of the girl who died with me
Who died with me
Who died with me
Who died with me