

# The Decemberists, Margaret in Captivity

I have snipped your wingspan  
My precious captive swan  
Here all clipped of (?)  
Your spirit won't last long  
Don't you lift a finger  
Don't you snap and jaw  
Limber limbs akimbo  
Rest till rubbing raw  
Oh my own true love! Oh my own true love!  
Can you hear me, love? Can you hear me, love?  
Don't hold out for rescue  
None can hear your call  
Till I have wrest and wrecked you  
Behind these fortress walls  
Oh my own true love! Oh my own true love!  
Can you hear me, love? Can you hear me, love?