

# The Decemberists, The Legionnaire's Lament

I'm a legionnaire  
Camel in disrepair  
Hoping for a Frigidaire  
To come passing by

I am on reprieve  
Lacking my joie de vivre  
Missing my gay Paris  
In this desert dry

And I wrote my girl  
Told her I would not return  
I've terribly taken a turn  
For the worse now I fear

It's been a year or more  
Since they shipped me to this foreign shore  
Fighting in a foreign war  
So far away from my home

If only summer rain would fall  
On the houses and the boulevards  
And the sidewalk bagatelles, it's like a dream  
With the roar of cars  
And the lulling of the cafe bars  
The sweetly sleeping sweeping of the Seine  
Lord I don't know if I'll ever be back again

Medicating in the sun  
Pinched doses of laudanum  
Longing for old fecundity  
Of my homeland

Curses to this mirage!  
A bottle of ancient Shiraz  
A smattering of distant applause  
Is ringing in my poor ears

On the old left bank  
My baby in a charabanc  
Riding up the width and length  
Of the Champs Elysees

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