Isn't It A Lovely Night?

The Decemberists

Isn't a lovely night
And so alive
With fireflies
Providing us their holy light

And here we made a bed of boughs
And thistle down
That we had found
To lay upon the Dewey ground

And isn't it a lovely day
We got in from our play
Isn't it?
A sweet little baby

And wasn't it a lovely breeze
That swept the leaves
Of arbor reeves
And bent a brush of blushing knees

And here we died our little deaths
And we were left to catch our breaths
So swiftly lifting from our chests

And isn't a lovely way
We got in from our play
Isn't it?
A sweet little baby

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