Eli, The Barrow Boy

The Decemberists

Eli, the barrow boy
Of the old town
Sells coal and marigolds
And he cries out
All down the day

Below the tamaracks
He is crying:
Corn cobs and candle wax for the buying
All down the day

Would I could afford to buy my love a fine robe
Made of gold and silk Arabian thread
She is dead and gone and lying in a pine grove
And I must push my barrow all the day
And I must push my barrow all the day

Eli, the barrow boy
When they found him
Dressed all in corduroy
He had drowned in
The river down the way

They laid his body down in a church yard
But still when the moon is out
With his push cart
He calls down the day

Would I could afford to buy my love a fine gown
Made of gold and silk Arabian thread
But, I am dead and gone and lying in a church ground
And still I push my barrow all the day
Still I push my barrow all the day

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