We Both Go Down Together

The Decemberists

Here on these cliffs of Dover
So high you can't see over
And while your head is spinning
Hold tight, it's just beginning

You come from parents wanton
A childhood rough and rotten
I come from wealth and beauty
Untouched by work or duty

And oh, my love, my love
And oh, my love, my love
We both go down together

I found you, a tattooed tramp
A dirty daughter from the labour cans
I laid you down on the grass of a clearing
You wept but your soul was willing

And oh, my love, my love
And oh, my love, my love
We both go down together

And my parents will never consent to this love
But I hold your hand

Meet me on my vast veranda
My sweet, untouched Miranda
And while the seagulls are crying
We fall but our souls are flying

And oh, my love, my love
And oh, my love, my love
And oh, my love, oh my love
And oh, my love, my love
We both go down together

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written by COLIN MELOY
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