Clementine

The Decemberists

You slept in your overalls
After the wrecking ball
Bereft you of house and home
And left you with sweet fuck-all
So we got in your car
With our kickabout hearts
And we hollared out 'sweet clementine'

Tell your mom to marry us
A candle to carry us
With cans on our bicycle fenders
So sweet and hilarious
And we'll find us a home
Built of packaging foam
That will be there 'til after we die

And, I'll play the clarinet
Use clamshells for castinets
We play with our bags on our shoulders
My sweet lady lioness
And I watch as you sleep
So indelibly deep
An I hum to you sweet clementine

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written by SMITH, STEVEN P.
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