

Won't Want for Love (Margaret in the Taiga)

The Decemberists

Gentle leaves, gentle leaves
Please array a path for me
The woods are blowing thick and fast around

Columbine, Columbine
Please alert this love of mine
Let him know his Margaret comes along

And all this stirring inside my belly
Won't quell my want for love
And I may swoon from all this swaying
But I won't want for love

Mistlethrush, Mistlethrush
Lay me down in the underbrush
My naked feet grow weary with the dusk

Willow Boughs, Willow Boughs,
Make a bed to lay me down
Let your branches bow to cradle us

And all this stirring inside my belly
Won't quell my want for love
And I may swoon from all this swaying
But I won't want for love

Oh, my own true love
Oh, my own true love
Can you hear me, love?
Can you hear me, love?

And all this stirring inside my belly
Won't quell my want for love
And I may swoon from all this swaying
But I won't want for love

Won't want for love
Won't want for love
Won't want for love

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