

Summersong

The Decemberists

Ramblin', where to begin
I taste the summer on your peppery skin
Been saved the warmer the waves
I felt a slip into a watery grave

My girl, linen and curls
Lips parting like a flag all unfurled
She's grand, the bend of her hand
Digging deep into the sweep of the sand

And summer arrives with a length of lights
And summer blows away
And quietly gets swallowed by a wave
It gets swallowed by a wave

Waylay, the din of the day
Boats bobbing in the blue of the bay
In deep far beneath
All the dead sailors slowly slipping to sleep

My girl, linen and curls
Lips parting like a flag all unfurled
She's grand, the bend of her hand
Digging deep into the sweep of the sand

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written by COLIN MELOY
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