

# Yankee Bayonet (i Will Be Home Then)

## The Decemberists

Heart-carved tree trunk, Yankee bayonet  
A sweetheart left behind  
Far from the hills of the sea-swelled Carolinas  
That's where my true love lies

Look for me when the sun-bright swallow  
Sings upon the birch bough high  
But you are in the ground with the voles and the weevils  
All a'chew on your bones so dry

But when the sun breaks  
To no more bulletin battle-cry  
Then will you make a grave  
For I will be home then

I will be home then  
I will be home then  
I will be home then  
Then

When I was a girl how the hills of Oconee  
Made a seam to hem me in  
There at the fair when our eyes caught, careless  
Got my heart right pierced by a pin

But oh, did you see all the dead of Manassas  
All the bellies and the bones and the bile  
Though I lingered here with the blankets barren  
And my own belly big with a child

But when the sun breaks  
To no more bulletin battle-cry  
Then will you make a grave  
For I will be home then

I will be home then  
I will be home then  
I will be home then

Stems and bones and stone walls too

Could keep me from you  
Scaly skin is all too few  
To keep me from you

But oh, my love, though our bodies may be parted  
Though our skin may not touch skin  
Look for me with the sun-bright sparrow  
I will come on the breath of the wind

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