

Sons and Daughters

The Decemberists

When we arrive sons and daughters
We'll make our homes on the water
We'll build our walls of aluminum
We'll fill our mouths with cinnamon now

These currents pull us 'cross the border
Steady your boats arms to shoulder
'Til tides all pull our hull aground
Making this calm harbor now home

Take up your arms sons and daughters
We will arise from the bunkers
By land, by sea, by dirigible
We'll leave our tracks untraceable now

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Hear all the bombs, they fade away
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Hear all the bombs, they fade away

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