

July, July!

The Decemberists

There is a road that meets the road
That goes to my house
And how it green grows there
And we've got special boots
To beat the path to my house
And it's careful and it's careful when I'm there

And I say your uncle was a crooked french Canadian
And he was gut-shot runnin' gin
And how his guts were all suspended in his fingers
And how he held 'em
How he held 'em held, 'em in

And the water rolls down the drain, the water rolls down the drain,
Oh what a lonely thing! in a lonely drain!

July, July, July! never seemed so strange

This is the story of the road that goes to my house
And what ghosts there do remain
And all the troughs that run the length and breadth of my house
And the chickens how they rattle chicken chains

And we'll remember this when we are old and ancient
Though the specifics might be vague
And I'll say your camisole was sprightly light magenta
When in fact it was a nappy blueish grey

And the water rolls down the drain
The blood rolls down the drain
Oh what a lonely thing
In a blood red drain

July, July, July! it never seemed so strange

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