Down By The Water

The Decemberists

See this ancient riverbed
See where all our follies are led
Down by the water and down by the old main drag

I was just some towhead teen
Feeling 'round for fingers to get in between
Down by the water and down by the old main drag

The season rubs me wrong
The summer swells anon
So knock me down, tear me up
But I would bear it all broken just to fill my cup
Down by the water and down by the old main drag

Sweet descend this rabble round
The pretty little patter of a seaport town
Rolling down the water and rolling down the old main drag

All dolled up in gabardine
The last flashing lee to appear nineteen
Queen of the water and queen of the old main drag

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