

# 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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