

# Apology Song

## The Decemberists

I'm really sorry, Steven, but your bicycle's been stolen.  
I was watching it for you 'til you came back in the fall.  
I guess I didn't do such a good job after all.  
I was feeling really sorry, Steven, and I spent all morning grieving.

And everybody's saying that you'll take the news gracefully.  
Somehow, I don't think I'll be getting off that easily.

I meant her no harm when I left her unlocked outside the Orange Street Food Farm.  
I was just running in, didn't think I'd be that long.  
I came back, she was gone and all that was there was some bored old dog,  
Leashed up to the place where your bicycle had been.  
I guess we'll never see poor Madeline again.

Let this be consolation, Steven, that all the while you were in England,  
I treated her with care and respect and gave her lots of love,  
And I was usually pretty good 'bout locking her up. Where has she gone?  
Well, I bet she's on the bottom of the French Town Pond, rudely abused on some heshner's joy ride.  
So I wrote you this song in the hopes that you'd forgive me even though it was wrong,  
Being so careless with a thing so great and taking your poor Madeline away.

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