

I Don't Mind

The Decemberists

Truly, with his thorn in your side
And you don't know why
Julie dips her toe in the tide
And she don't know why
No, she don't know why she got
All dolled up for a suicide
And when the stage lights dimmed on the fading scrim,
It was morning before the cheering died

Is it too late to tell you that I don't mind?

King George in imperial robe
And a lazy eye
Knelt down as the semaphore broke
On his tawdry bride
But we don't know why he got
All stressed out on the motherland
With his T.V. sets and his fighter jets
And the royal ubiquitous handycam

Is it too late to tell you that I don't mind?

Here's you with your mom on your back
Going into the woods
She's so proud that you're staying on track
Like a good son should
But you don't know why you got
All choked up when you said goodbye
And you can hear her still when the nights are still
All crying out for calamine

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