

Yankee Bayonet (I Will Be Home Then)

The Decemberists

Heart carved tree trunk Yankee bayonet
A sweetheart left behind
Far from the hills of the sea-swaled Carolinas
That's where my true love lies

Look for me when the sun bright swallow
Sings upon the birch bow high
But you are in the ground with the wolves and the weevils
All a-chew on your bones so dry

But when the sun breaks
To no more bullets in Battlecreek
Then will you make a grave?
For I will be home then
I will be home then
I will be home then
I will be home then
Then

When I was a girl how the hills of Oconee
Made a seam to hem me in
And there at the fair when our eyes caught, careless,
Got my heart right pierced by a pin

But oh, did you see all the dead of Manassas?
All the bellies and the bones and the bile
No, I lingered here with the blankets barren
And my own belly big with child

But when the sun breaks
To no more bullets in Battlecreek
Then will you make a grave?
For I will be home then
I will be home then
I will be home then
I will be home then

And stems and bones and stonewalls too
Could keep me from you
The skein of skin is all too few

To keep me from you

But oh, my love, though our bodies may be parted

Though our skin may not touch skin

Look for me with the sun bright sparrow

I will come on the breath of the wind

Lyrics submitted by Bethany.

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