

Margaret in Captivity

The Decemberists

I have snipped your wingspan,
My precious captive swan.
Here, all clipped of kickstand
Your spirit won't last long.

Don't you lift a finger.
Don't you snap and jaw.
Limber limbs akimbo,
Restful rubbing raw

Oh my own true love!
Oh my own true love!
Can you hear me love?
Can you hear me love?

Don't hold out for rescue.
None can hear your call,
Till I have wrest and wrecked you
Behind these fortress walls.

Oh my own true love!
Oh my own true love!
Can you hear me love?
Can you hear me love?

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