

A Cautionary Song

The Decemberists

There's a place your mother goes when everybody else is soundly
sleeping
Through the lights of beacon street
And if you listen you can hear her weeping,
She's weeping, cause the gentlemen are calling
And the snow is softly falling on her petticoats.
And she's standing in the harbour
And she's waiting for the sailors in the jolly boat.
See how they approach

With dirty hands and trousers torn they grapple 'til she's safe
within their keeping
A gag is placed between her lips to keep her sorry tongue from
any speaking, or screaming
And they row her out to packets where the sailor's sorry racket
calls for maidenhead
And she's scarce above the gunwales when her clothes fall to a
bundle and she's laid in bed on the upper deck

And so she goes from ship to ship, her ankles clasped, her arms
so rudely pinioned
'Til at last she's satisfied the lost of the marina's teeming m
inions, and their opinions

And they tell her not to say a thing to cousin, kindred, kith o
r kin or she'll end up dead
And they throw her thirty dollars and return her to the harbour
where she goes to bed, and this is how your fed

So be kind to your mother, though she may seem an awful bother,
and the next time she tries to feed you collard greens,
Remember what she does when you're asleep