

Carolina Low

The Decemberists

I am a boy
From the high country
And I've got a little love
For the offering

I come down from the mountain
Bow to the sea
And Carolina low
I will carry thee

Gonna take you up
Gonna take you 'round
Well your poor little pant legs
Are dragging down

Did you crack your lip?
Did you skin your knee?
And Carolina low
I will carry thee

What is sealed with a handshake
Is spoiled with a kiss
You got an ugly little mouth, boy
It's come to this

I'm bound for the hilltop
Gonna make it bleed
And Carolina low
I will carry thee

I am a boy
From the high country
And I got a little love
For the offering
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And I got a little love
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