

Don't Carry It All

The Decemberists

Here we come to a turning of the season
Witness to the arc towards the sun
A neighbor's blessed burden within reason
Becomes a burden borne of all and one

And nobody, nobody knows
Let the yoke fall from our shoulders
Don't carry it all, don't carry it all
We are all our hands and holders
Beneath this bold and brilliant sun
And this I swear to all

A monument to build beneath the arbors
Upon a plinth that towers t'wards the trees
Let every vessel pitching hard to starboard
Lay its head on summer's freckled knees

Chorus

A there a wreath of trillium and ivy
Laid upon the body of a boy
Lazy will the loam come from its hiding
And return this quiet searcher to the soil

So raise a glass to turnings of the season
And watch it as it arcs towards the sun
And you must bear your neighbor's burden within reason
And your labors will be born when all is done

Chorus