

## 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