

# Here I Dreamt I Was an Architect

The Decemberists

And here I dreamt I was a soldier  
And I marched the streets of birkenau  
And I recall in spring  
The perfume that the air would bring  
To the indolent town  
Where the barkers call the moon down  
The carnival was ringing loudly now  
And just to lay with you  
There's nothing that I wouldn't do  
Save lay my rifle down

And try one, and try two  
Guess it always comes down to  
Alright, it's okay, guess it's better to turn this way

And I am nothing of a builder  
But here I dreamt I was an architect  
And I built this balustrade  
To keep you home, to keep you safe  
From the outside world  
But the angles and the corners  
Even though my work is unparalleled  
They never seemed to meet  
This structure fell about our feet  
And we were free to go

And try one, and try two  
Guess it always comes down to  
Alright, okay, guess it's better to turn this way

And here in spain I am a spaniard  
I will be buried with my marionettes  
Countess and courtesan  
Have fallen 'neath my tender hand  
When their husbands werenot around  
But you, my soiled teenage girlfriend  
Or are you furrowed like a lioness  
And we are vagabonds  
We travel without seatbelts on  
We live this close to death

And try one, and try two  
Guess it always comes down to  
Alright, it's okay, guess it's better to turn this  
But I won, so you lose  
Guess it always comes down to  
Alright, it's okay, guess it's better to turn this way