

# Lake Song

The Decemberists

Down by the lake  
We were overturning pebbles  
And upending all the animals alight  
And I took a drag  
From your cigarette and pinched it  
'Tween my finger and my thumb  
Till it died  
And the sun burned low on the radio

Say that you will  
Say you will or will you won't  
Or you whatever you prevaricate  
Your whole life, don't you?

This much I can say:  
I would've waited till the oceans  
Fell Away and all the sunken cities  
Would reveal themselves to you

But you won't, will you?  
Because you never do  
And the sun burned through  
Sweet as honeydew

And I  
Seventeen and terminally fey  
I wrote it down and threw it all away  
Never gave a thought to what I paid  
And you  
All sibylline, reclining in your pew  
You tattered me, you tethered me to you  
The things you would and wouldn't do  
To tell the truth I never had a clue

Now we arise  
To curse those young suburban villains  
And their ill-begotten children from the lawn  
Come to me now  
And on this station wagon window  
Set the ghost of your two footprints  
That they might haunt me when you're gone  
And when the light broke dawn  
You were forever gone

But I remember you:  
You were full  
You were full and sweet as honeydew

And I  
Seventeen and terminally fey  
I wrote it down and threw it all away  
And never gave a thought to what I paid  
All sibylline, reclining in your pew  
You tattered me, you tethered me to you  
The things you would and wouldn't do  
You noticed how I never had a clue  
Never had a clue

You were full and sweet as honeydew  
You were full and sweet as honeydew