

Mistral

The Decemberists

So we already wrecked the rental car
And I've already lost my way
But feet entombed in this cursed bar
For a day, anyway
So lay me down on the cobblestone
And then furrow this aching jet
The streets are built on ancient gold
And the crib, and the will

Woah, the mistral
Blown it all away
Woah, the mistral
Blown away
Woah, the mistral
Blown it all away
Wanna blow, wanna blow, wanna blow

So it's me and you and the baby boy
And the fort's shed away
Breaking out a little joy
Blown away, back in stance

Woah, the mistral
Blown it all away
Woah, the mistral
Blown away
Woah, the mistral
Blown it all away
Wanna blow, wanna blow, wanna blow
Woah, the mistral
Blown it all away
Woah, the mistral
Blown away
Woah, the mistral
Blown it all away
Wanna blow, wanna blow, wanna blow

Woah, the mistral
Blown it all away
Woah, the mistral
Blown away