

The Gymnast, High Above the Ground

The Decemberists

The gymnast, high above the ground,
Limbers up and falls timbers down.
Ankles splayed and all tied.
The gymnast long has arrived.

Lazy, your long sister lays
Waiting out this long light brigade.
Prayed for snow a long time.
And lazy, it long has arrived.

Through the tarlatan holes
You've been slipping, been slipping away
And the weather will hold
It's been ever so, ever so gray.

But here as we're coming down
And we're sounding out:
it's a terrible, terrible tide
As it lights upon your eye

But there on the motorway,
reeks of marmalade
It's a chemical, chemical kind
As it lights upon your eye
Lights upon your eye

The bosun calls upon the quay.
Compass gone, he long has lost his way
To lighthouse shine, to calm tide.
The bosun long has arrived.

Through the tarlatan holes,
You've been slipping, been slipping away
And the weather will hold
It's been ever so, ever so gray

But here as we're coming down
And we're sounding out:
it's a terrible, terrible tide
As it lights upon your eye

But there on the motorway,
reeks of marmalade
It's a chemical, chemical kind
As it lights upon your eye
Lights upon your eye