

# The Hazards of Love 1 (The Prettiest Whistles Won't Wrestle the Thistles

The Decemberists

My true love went riding out  
In white and green and gray  
Past the pale of office wall  
Where she was want to stray  
And there she came upon  
A white and wounded fawn

Singing

"Oh, oh

The hazards of love"

She, being full of charity,  
A credit to her sex  
Sought to right the fawn's hind legs  
When here her plans were vexed  
The taiga shifted strange  
The beast began to change

Singing

"Oh, oh

The hazards of love"

Singing

"Oh, oh oh oh

The hazards of love"

You'll learn soon enough

The prettiest whistles won't wrestle the thistles undone

Undone

Fifteen lithesome maidens lay  
Along in their bower  
Fourteen occupations paid  
To pass the idle hour  
Margaret heaves a sigh  
Her hands clasped to her thigh

Singing

"Oh, oh

The hazards of love"

Singing

"Oh, oh oh oh

The hazards of love"

You'll learn soon enough

The prettiest whistles won't wrestle the thistles undone

Undone

Undone

Undone

Undone