

Yankee Bayonet (I Will Be Home Then)

The Decemberists

Heart-carved tree trunk, Yankee bayonet
A sweetheart left behind
Far from the hills and the seas-filled Carolinas,
That's where my true love lies.

Look for me when the sun-bright swallow
Sings upon the birch bough high.
But you are in the ground with the wolves and the weevils
I will chew on the bone so dry.

But when the sun breaks
To no more bullets in Battle Creek
Then will you make a grave?
For I will be home then,
I will be home then,
I will be home then,
I will be home then,
Then.

When I was a girl, how the hills of Aconie
Made us seem to hem me in.
There, at the fair, where our eyes met careless
Got my heart right pierced by a pin.

But oh, did you see all the dead of Manassas,
All the bellies and the bones and the bile?
No, I lingered here with the blankets barren
And my own belly big with child.

But when the sun breaks
To no more bullets in Battle Creek
Then will you make a grave?
For I will be home then,
I will be home then,
I will be home then,
I will be home then,
Then.

Stems and stones and stone walls too
Keep me from you
This skein of skin is all too few
To keep me from you!

Oh my love, though our bodies may be parted,
Though our skin may not touch skin.
Look for me with the sun-bright sparrow,
I will come on the breath of the wind.