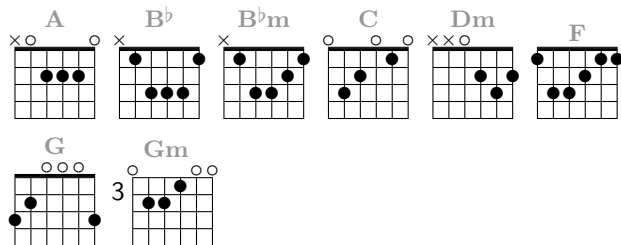

The Decemberists - The Legionnaire's Lament



I'm a legionnaire, camel in disrepair,
Hoping for a Frigidaire to come passing by.
I am on reprieve, lacking my joie de vivre,
Missing my gay Pari in this desert dry.

And I wrote my girl, told her I would not return,
I've terribly taken a turn for the worse now, I fear.
It's been a year or more
Since they shipped me to this foreign shore,
Fighting in a foreign war,
So far away from my home.

If only some rain would fall on the houses and the
boulevards
And the sidewalk bagatelles (it's like a dream).
With a roar of cars and the lolling of the cafe bars
The weetyly sleeping sweeping of the Seine.
Lord, I don't know if I'll ever be back again.
La Da Dum Dum La Da Da Dum

Medicating in the sun with pinch doses of laudanum,
Longing for the old fecundity of my homeland.
Curses to this mirage! A bottle of ancient Shiraz!
The smattering of distant applause is ringing in my poor
ears.
On the old left bank, my baby in a charabanc,
Riding up the width and length of the Champs Elysee.

[Chorus]
