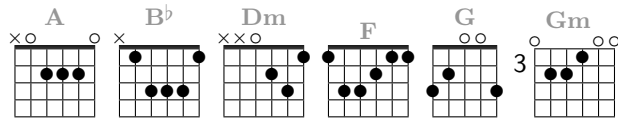


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## The Decemberists - A Cautionary Song



Intro: Dm x4

<sup>Dm</sup>  
There's a place your mother goes, when everybody else  
is soundly <sup>G</sup> sleeping

<sup>Dm</sup>  
Through the lights of Beacon street

And if you listen you can hear her <sup>G</sup> weeping,

She's <sup>A</sup> weeping, cause the <sup>Bb</sup> gentlemen are calling

And the <sup>Bb</sup> snow is softly falling on her <sup>F</sup> petticoat

And she's standing in the harbor

And she's waiting for the sailors in the <sup>F</sup> jolly boat

See how <sup>A</sup> they approach

<sup>Dm</sup>  
With dirty hands and trousers torn they grapple til  
she's safe within their <sup>G</sup> keeping

<sup>Dm</sup>  
A gag is placed between her lips to keep her sorry  
tongue from

Any <sup>G</sup> speaking, or screaming <sup>A</sup> <sup>Bb</sup>

And they row her out to packets where the sailor's sorry  
racket

Calls for <sup>Bb</sup> maidenhead

And she's scarce above the gunwales when her <sup>F</sup> clothes  
fall to a

Bundle and she's <sup>A</sup> laid in bed on the upper deck

<sup>Gm</sup>  
La la la la laa, la la la laa,

<sup>Gm</sup>  
La la la la laa, la la la

<sup>Dm</sup>  
And so she goes from ship to ship, her ankles clasped,  
her arms so rudely <sup>G</sup> pinioned

<sup>Dm</sup>  
Til at last she's satisfied the lot of the marina's teeming

<sup>G</sup>  
Minions, in their <sup>A</sup> opinions <sup>Bb</sup>

And they tell her not to say a thing to <sup>F</sup> cousin, kindred,  
kith or

Kin or she'll <sup>Bb</sup> end up dead

And they throw her thirty dollars and <sup>F</sup> return her to the  
harbor

Where she <sup>A</sup> goes to bed, and this is how your fed

<sup>Gm</sup>  
So be kind to your mother, though she may <sup>A</sup> seem an

awful bother,

and the next time she tries to feed you collard <sup>A</sup> greens,

Remember what she does when you're asleep <sup>A</sup> <sup>Dm</sup>

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