

Sons & Daughters

The Decemberists

D G
When we arrive sons and daughters
D G
We'll make our homes on the water
D G
We'll build our walls aluminum
D G
We'll fill our mouths with cinnamon now

D G
These currents pull us 'cross the border
D G
Steady your boats arms to shoulder
D G
'til tidal pull
D G
Making this cold harbour now home

D G
Take up your arm sons and daughters
D G
We will arise from the bunkers
D G
By land, by sea, by dirigible
D G
We'll leave our tracks untracable now

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Hear/here all the bombs fade away