

## The Engine Driver

## The Decemberists

I'm an engine driver  
On a long run, on a long run  
Would I work beside her  
She's a long one, such a long one

And if you don't love me let me go  
And if you don't love me let me go

I'm a country lineman  
On a high line, on a high line  
So will be my grandson  
There are powerlines in our bloodlines

And if you don't love me let me go  
And if you don't love me let me go

And I am a writer, writer of fictions  
I am the heart that you call home  
And I've written pages upon pages  
Trying to rid you from my bones  
My bones  
My bones

I'm a money lender  
I have fortunes upon fortunes  
Take my hand for tender  
I am tortured, ever tortured

And if you don't love me let me go  
And if you don't love me let me go

And I am a writer, writer of fictions  
I am the heart that you call home  
And I've written pages upon pages  
Trying to rid you from my bones  
I am a writer, I am all that you have home  
Home  
And I've written pages upon pages  
Trying to rid you from my bones  
My bones  
My bones

(And if you don't love me let me go)  
And if you don't love me let me go  
(And if you don't love me let me go)  
And if you don't love me let me go