

# The Gymnast, High Above the Ground

The Decemberists

The gymnast, high above the ground,  
Limbers up and falls timbers down.  
Ankles splayed and all tied.  
The gymnast long has arrived.

Lazy, your long sister lays  
Waiting out this long light brigade.  
Prayed for snow a long time.  
And lazy, it long has arrived.

Through the tarlatan holes  
You've been slipping, been slipping away  
And the weather will hold  
It's been ever so, ever so gray.

But here as we're coming down  
And we're sounding out:  
it's a terrible, terrible tide  
As it lights upon your eye

But there on the motorway,  
reeks of marmalade  
It's a chemical, chemical kind  
As it lights upon your eye  
Lights upon your eye

The bosun calls upon the quay.  
Compass gone, he long has lost his way  
To lighthouse shine, to calm tide.  
The bosun long has arrived.

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You've been slipping, been slipping away  
And the weather will hold  
It's been ever so, ever so gray

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