

The Hazards of Love 3 (Revenge!)

The Decemberists

Father I'm not feeling well
The flowers me you fed
Tasted spoiled for suddenly
I find that I am dead
But father don't you fear
Your children all are here
Singing oooh the hazards of love

Father turn the water down
The basins overflown
The water covers everything
And me left all alone
But papa here in death
I have regained my breath
To sing oooh the hazards of love
To sing oooh the hazards of love

Spare the rod, you'll spoil the child
But I prefer the lash
My sisters drowned and poisoned
All of me reduced to ash
And buried in an urn
But father I return
Singing oooh the hazards of love
Singing oooh the hazards of love
The hazards of love
The hazards of love