

## Won't Want for Love (Margaret in the Taiga)

The Decemberists

Gentle leaves, gentle leaves  
Please array a path for me  
The woods are blowing thick and fast around

Columbine, Columbine  
Please alert this love of mine  
Let him know his Margaret comes along

And all this stirring inside my belly  
Won't quell my want for love  
And I may swoon from all this swelling  
But I won't want for love

Mistlethrush, Mistlethrush  
Lay me down in the underbrush  
My naked feet grow weary with the dusk

Willow Boughs, Willow Boughs,  
Make a bed to lay me down  
Let your branches bow to cradle us

And all this stirring inside my belly  
Won't quell my want for love  
And I may swoon from all this swelling  
But I won't want for love

Oh, my own true love  
Oh, my own true love  
Can you hear me, love?  
Can you hear me, love?

And all this stirring inside my belly  
Won't quell my want for love  
And I may swoon from all this swelling  
But I won't want for love

Won't want for love...  
Won't want for love...  
Won't want for love...