A Cautionary Song
The Decemberists

[Intro]
Em/A (x4)

[Verse]
Em/A **A/D**
There s a place your mother goes, when everybody else is soundly sleeping
Em
Through the lights of beacon street
A
And if you listen you can hear her weeping,
B **C**
She s weeping, cause the gentlemen are calling
G
And the snow is softly falling on her petticoats.
C
And she s standing in the harbour
G
And she s waiting for the sailors in the jolly boat.
B
See how they approach
With dirty hands and trousers torn they grapple til she s safe
within their keeping
A gag is placed between her lips to keep her sorry tongue from
any speaking, or screaming
And they row her out to packets where the sailor s sorry racket
calls for maidenhead
And she s scarce above the gunales when her clothes fall to a
bundle and she s laid in bed on the upper deck

[Interlude]
Am **B** **Am** **B**
La la la la laa,la la la laa,

[Verse]
And so she goes from ship to ship, her ankles clasped, her arms
so rudely pinioned
 Til at last she s satisfied the lot of the marina s teeming
minions, in their opinions
And they tell her not to say a thing to cousin, kindred, kith or
kin or she ll end up dead
And they throw her thirty dollars and return her to the harbour
where she goes to bed, and this is how your fed
Am **B**
So be kind to your mother, though she may seem an awful bother,
Am **B**
and the next time she tries to feed you collard greens,
B **Em**

Remember what she does when you re asleep