

# Joanna Newsom, Emily

The meadowlark and the chim-choo-ree and the sparrow  
Set to the sky in a flying spree, for the sport of the pharaoh  
A little while later the Pharisees dragged a comb through the meadow  
Do you remember what they called up to you and me in our window?

There is a rusty light on the pines tonight  
Sun pouring wine, lord, or marrow  
Into the bones of the birches  
And the spires of the churches  
Jutting out from the shadows  
And the yoke, and the axe, and the old smokestacks and the bale and the barrow  
And everything sloped like it was dragged from a rope  
In the mouth of the south below

We've seen those mountains kneeling, felten and grey  
We thought our very hearts would up and melt away  
From the snow in the night time  
Just going, And going  
And the stirring of wind chimes  
In the morning, In the morning  
Helps me find my way back in  
From the place where I have been

And, Emily - I saw you last night by the river  
I dreamed you were skipping little stones across the surface of the water  
Frowning at the angle where they were lost, and slipped under forever,  
In a mud-cloud, mica-spangled, like the sky'd been breathing on a mirror

Anyhow - I sat by your side, by the water  
You taught me the names of the stars overhead that I wrote down in my ledger  
Though all I knew of the rote universe were those pleiades loosed in december  
I promised you I'd set them to verse so I'd always remember

That the meteorite is a source of the light  
And the meteor's just what we see  
And the meteoroid is a stone that's devoid of the fire that propelled it to thee

And the meteorite's just what causes the light  
And the meteor's how it's perceived  
And the meteoroid's a bone thrown from the void that lies quiet in offering to thee

You came and lay a cold compress upon the mess I'm in  
Threw the window wide and cried; Amen! Amen! Amen!  
The whole world - stopped - to hear you hollering  
You looked down and saw now what was happening

The lines are fadin' in my kingdom  
Though I have never known the way to border 'em in  
So the muddy mouths of baboons and sows and the grouse and the horse and the hen  
Grove at the gate of the looming lake that was once a tidy pen  
And the mail is late and the great estates are not lit from within  
The talk in town's becoming downright sickening

In due time we will see the far butte lit by a flare  
I've seen your bravery, and I will follow you there  
And row through the night time  
Gone healthy, Gone healthy all of a sudden  
In search of the midwife  
Who could help me, Who could help me  
Help me find my way back in  
There are worries where I've been

Say, say, say in the lee of the bay; don't be bothered  
Leave your troubles here where the tugboats shear the water from the water

Flanked by furrows, curling back, like a match held up to a newspaper  
Emily, they'll follow your lead by the letter  
And I make this claim, and I'm not ashamed to say I know you better  
What they've seen is just a beam of your sun that banishes winter

Let us go! Though we know it's a hopeless endeavor  
The ties that bind, they are barbed and spined and hold us close forever  
Though there is nothing would help me come to grips with a sky that is gaping and yawning  
There is a song I woke with on my lips as you sailed your great ship towards the morning

Come on home, the poppies are all grown knee-deep by now  
Blossoms all have fallen, and the pollen ruins the plow  
Peonies nod in the breeze and while they wetly bow, with  
Hydrocephalitic listlessness ants mop up-a their brow

And everything with wings is restless, aimless, drunk and dour  
The butterflies and birds collide at hot, ungodly hours  
And my clay-colored motherlessness rangily reclines  
Come on home, now! All my bones are dolorous with vines

Pa pointed out to me, for the hundredth time tonight  
The way the ladle leads to a dirt-red bullet of light  
Squint skyward and listen - Loving him, we move within his borders:  
Just asterisms in the stars' set order

We could stand for a century  
Starin' With our heads cocked  
In the broad daylight at this thing  
Joy Landlocked  
In bodies that don't keep  
Dumbstruck with the sweetness of being Till we don't be Told take this, Eat this

Told, the meteorite is the source of the light  
And the meteor's just what we see  
And the meteoroid is a stone that's devoid of the fire that propelled it to thee

And the meteorite's just what causes the light  
And the meteor's how it's perceived  
And the meteoroid's a bone thrown from the void that lies quiet in offering to thee