

Joanna Newsom, Flying A Kite

Dear charming kite
Do litely bite
The foggy fields, the lowing lanes
The rickety roads and the kneeling plains

Oh lazy light
With massive might
You down my dream of snowy cloth
Felt snapping white as albatross
Is bitten by the wind and rocks
Is hushed into the clary moss
Is ushered here to count his loss
My kite, pale cotton, willow cross

You take my tattered fist
It's like a catalyst
It's like a roiling, rising wall of 'Has it come to this?'

If this is medicine, whoa-oh
It tastes like medicine
Just help me get it in

Flying a kite, flying
A kite, flying a
Kite, flying a kite,
Flying a kite, flying a
Kite, flying a kite,
Flying, flying a...
...Kite, oh whoa-oh

Flying a kite, flying
A kite, flying a
Kite, flying a kite,
Flying a kite, flying a
Kite, flying a kite,
Flying, flying a...
...Kite, oh whoa-oh

Oh gnarly night
It's like a dogfight
It's like a cat fight
And if i could just hold you close to me, whoa-oh
I guess I'd hold you close to me
It's like a bull fight

And I say I'd give you a piece of my mind
But I'm giving you a piece of my mind
You blush-ing boy, how could you be so blind?

Flying a kite, flying
A kite, flying a
Kite, flying a kite,
Flying a kite, flying a
Kite, flying a kite,
Flying, flying a...
...Kite
Oh, oh

Flying a kite, flying
A kite, flying a
Kite, flying a kite,
Flying a kite, flying a
Kite, flying a kite,
Flying, flying a...

...Kite, oh whoa-oh

La da da, dee di
Look at my kite fly
Over foggy fields, the pungent pines
The verdant vales, and the vapid vines
And the thousand purple cups of wine
The tearing teeth and the four full tines
The crumpling feast and the dawdling dine
And you do

Get me off the floor
Stand there staring for a minute
Like you never saw a girl before
There is the door

And like the streets are like an open mouth
I head south
And you stand fair and square, and I stand there
Until the fall blots me out

There is no more
The cat and mouse to block the door
There is no more