

Joanna Newsom, Bridges And Balloons

We sailed away on a winter's day
With fate as malleable as clay
But ships are fallible, I say
And the nautical, like all things, fades and I
Can recall our caravel:
A little wicker beetle shell
With four fine masts and lateen sails
Its bearings on Cair Paravel

Oh my love
Oh it was a funny little thing
To be the ones to've seen

The sight of bridges and balloons
Makes calm canaries irritable
And they caw and claw all afternoon
Catenaries and dirigibles
Brace and buoy the living-room
A loom of metal, warp woof wimble
And a thimblesworth of milky moon
Can touch hearts larger than a thimble

Oh my love
Oh it was a funny little thing
To be the ones to've seen

Oh my love
Oh it was a funny little thing
It was a funny funny little thing