

Joanna Newsom, Cassiopeia

Feel the mattress tense beneath me
Like the muscle of nonsleepy
Feathers flexing will defeat me
And it vexes me completely

And the hexes heat covertly
Like a slow low-flying turkey
Like a Texan drying jerky
But his meaty mitts can't hurt me

With my steely will compounded
In a mighty mound that's hounded
By the snap your steel string sounded
Just before your snores unwound it

And in store are dreams so daring
That the night can't stop from staring
I'll swim sweetly as a herring
Through the ether, not despairing

Go to sleep, you stunning sky
Gently creep cunning by
A quiet hum is amplified
By your thumb
That you suck dry

Hundred raging waters snare the lonely sigh
Hold your breath and clasp at Cassiopeia

Hundred raging waters snare the lonely sigh
Hold your breath and clasp at Cassiopeia
Cassiopeia, Cassiopeia
Oh oh, Cassiopeia