

Joanna Newsom, Clam, Crab, Cockle, Cowrie

That means no
Where I come from
I am cold, out waiting for the day to come

I chew my lips
And I scratch my nose
Feels so good to be a rose

Oh don't
Don't you lift me up
Like I'm that shy no-no-no-no-no, just give it up

See, there are bats all dissolving in a row
Into the wishy-washy dark that can't let go

I cannot let go
So I thank the lord
And I thank his sword
Though it be mincing up the morning, slightly bored

Oh oh oh, morning
Without warning
Like a hole
Oh, and I watch you go

There are some mornings when the sky looks like a road
There are some dragons who were built to have and hold
And some machines are dropped from great heights lovingly
And some great bellies ache with many bumblebees
And they sting so terribly

I do as I please
Now I'm on my knees
Your skin is something that I stir into my tea
And I am watching you
And you are starry, starry, starry

(and you will never
Ever know how
Very sorry you will be
... I am)

And I'm tumbling down
And I check a frown
That's why I love this town
Well just look around
To see me serenade it hourly
Celebrated sourly
Dedicated dourly

Waltzing with the open sea
Clam, crab, cockle, cowrie
Will you just look at me!

Oh, oh, oh, oh
Oh, oh, oh, oh