

# 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