

# Joanna Newsom, En Gallop

This place is damp and ghostly, I am already gone  
And the halls were lined with the disembodied  
And the dusty wings which fell from flesh  
Gasplessly

And I go where the trees go  
And I walk from a higher education  
For now, and for hire

It beats me but I do not know  
And it beats me but I do not know  
It beats me but I do not know  
I do not know

Palaces and storm clouds  
And the rough straggly sage, and the smoke

And the way it will all come together  
In quietness, and in time

And you laws of property  
Oh, you free economy  
And you unending afterthoughts,  
You could've told me before

Never get so attached to a poem, you  
Forget truth that lacks lyricism, and  
Never draw so close to the heat, that  
You forget that you must eat, oh