

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
Gaspingly

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