

Joanna Newsom, Sadie

Sadie
White coat
You carry me home
And bury this bone
And take this pinecone

Bury this bone
To gnaw on it later, gnawing on the telephone
Until then, we pray and suspend
The notion that these lives do never end

And all day long we talk about mercy
Lead me to water, Lord, I sure am thirsty
Down in the ditch where I nearly served you
Up in the clouds where he almost heard you

And all that we built
And all that we breathed
And all that we spilt
Or pulled up like weeds
Is piled up in back
And it burns irrevocably

We spoke up in turns
'Til the silence crept over me

And bless you
And I deeply do
No longer resolute
Oh, and I call to you

But the water got so cold
And you do lose
What you don't hold

This is an old song
These are old blues
And this is not my tune
But it's mine to use
And the seabirds
Where the fear once grew
Will flock with a fury
And they will bury
What'd come for you

And down where I darn with the milk-eyed mender
You and I, and a love so tender
Stretched on a hoop where I stitch this adage
Bless our house and its heart so savage

And all that I want
And all that I need
And all that I've got
Is scattered like seed
And all that I knew
Is moving away from me

And all that I know
Is blowing like tumbleweed

And the mealy worms
In the brine will burn
In a salty pyre
Among the fauns and ferns

And the love we hold
And the love we spurn
Will never grow cold
Only taciturn

And I'll tell you tomorrow
Oh Sadie, go on home now
And bless those who've sickened below
And bless us who have chosen so

And all that I've got
And all that I need
I tie in a knot
And I lay at your feet
And I have not forgot
But a silence crept over me

So dig up your bone
Exhume your pinecone, Sadie