

# Joanna Newsom, The Fray

Autumn of the ninth inning  
And we drive straight through the crowd  
First it was what I call quiet  
Then it was biblically loud

You should have seen how they tumbled  
You should have seen how they danced  
You should have seen them all luscious and lean  
As they flew by the seat of their pants

It was not the boilin' frustration  
It was not that I cannot care less  
It was not the face of that reverent place  
In a horrible state of undress

I moved in a way I call mindless  
I flatter myself and move true  
I carved out a 'J' in the spectators' fray  
Because that's just a thing that we do

Yes, I carved out my name in the ninth of the game  
Because that's just a thing that we do