

# The Decemberists, Song For Myla Goldberg

Myla Goldberg sets a steady hand upon her brow  
Myla Goldberg hangs a crooked foot all upside down  
It comes around, it comes around, it comes around, it comes around  
It comes around, it comes around, it comes around, it comes around

Pretty hands do pretty things when pretty times arise  
Seraphim in seaweed swim where stick-limbed Myla lies  
It comes around, it comes around, it comes around, it comes around  
It comes around, it comes around, it comes around, it comes around

Still now you're waiting to grow  
Inside you're old  
Sew wings to your pigeon toes  
Put paper to pen and spell out Eliza

We begin with sticky shins, make sticky then our shoes  
Shoes beget to clothes and hat, till sticky's sticking too  
Finiculi, finicula, finiculi, finicula  
Finiculi, finicula, finiculi, finicula

Listen in as shin-kicked Jim relates his story sad  
About a boy who kicked until his shins were all but rubber bands  
But now, I know New York, I need New York, I know I need unique New York  
I know New York, I need New York, I know I need unique New York

Still now you're waiting to grow  
Inside you're old  
Sew wings to your pigeon toes  
Put paper to pen and spell out Eliza  
Eliza  
Eliza

It comes around, it comes around, it comes around