

## Joanna Newsom "Bridges And Balloons"

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We sailed away on a winter's day  
With fate as malleable as clay  
But ships are fallible, I say  
And the nautical, like all things, fades and I  
Can recall our caravel:  
A little wicker beetle shell  
With four fine maste and lateen sails  
Its bearings on Cair Paravel

Oh my love  
Oh it was a funny little thing  
To be the ones to've seen

The sight of bridges and balloons  
Makes calm canaries irritable

They caw and claw all afternoon "Catenaries and  
dirigibles  
Brace and buoy the living-room  
A loom of metal, warp woof wimble"  
And a thimblesworth of milky moon  
Can touch hearts larger than a thimble

Oh my love  
Oh it was a funny little thing  
To be the ones to've seen

Oh my love  
Oh it was a funny little thing  
It was a funny funny little thing

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