

## Joanna Newsom "Clam Crab Cockle Cowrie"

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That means no  
Where I come from  
I am cold  
Out waiting for the day to come  
I chew my lips  
And I scratch my nose  
Feels so good to be a rose

Oh don't, don't you life me up  
Like I'm that shy  
No no no no no  
Just five it up  
There are bats all dissolving in a row  
Into the wishy-washy dark that can't let go  
I cannot let go  
So I thank the Lord  
And I thank his sword  
'Tho it be mincing up the morning, slightly bored

Oh, oh morning without warning like a hole  
And I watch you go

There are some mornings when the sky looks like a  
road  
There are some dragons who were built to have and  
hold

And some machines are dropped from great heights  
lovingly  
And some great bellies ache with many bumblebees  
And they sting so terribly

I do as I please  
Now I'm on my knees  
Your skin is something that I stir into my tea  
And I am watching you  
And you are starry, starry, starry  
And I'm tumbling down  
And I check a frown  
It's why I love this town  
Well, just look around  
Just see me serenaded hourly !

And celebrated sourly :  
Dedicated dourly  
Waltzing with the open sea  
Clam, crap, cockle, cowrie  
Oh will you just look at me

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