

## Joanna Newsom "Jackrabbits"

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I was tired of being drunk.  
My face cracked like a joke.  
So I swung through here  
like a brace of jackrabbits,  
with their necks all broke.

I stumbled at the door with my boot,  
and I knocked against the jamb.  
and I scrabbled at your chest, like a mute,  
with my fists of ham.  
trying to tell you that I am  
telling you I can--  
I can  
love you again;  
love you again.

I'm squinting towards the East.  
My faith makes me a dope.  
But you can take my hand,  
in the darkness, darling,  
like a length of rope.  
I shaped up overnight, you know,  
the day after she died.  
when I saw my heart,  
and I'll tell you, darling,  
it was open wide.  
what with telling you I am  
telling you I can--  
I can  
love you again;  
love you again.

It can have no bounds, you know.  
It can have no end.  
You can take my hand  
in the darkness, darling,  
when you need a friend.  
And it can change in shape or form,  
but never change in size.  
Well the water, it ran deep, my darling,  
where it don't run wide.

The feather of a hawk was bound,  
bound around my neck;  
a poultice made of fig,  
the eager little vultures pecked.  
And a verse I read in jest  
in Matthew, spoke to me;  
said There's a flame that moves  
like a low-down pest  
and says, You will be free

only, tell me that I can  
tell me that I can:  
I can love you again;  
love you again.

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