

## **Decemberists**

# **"Song For Myla Goldberg"**

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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 'til sticky's sticking too

Finiculi, finicula, finiculi, finicula  
Finiculi, finicula, finiculi, finicula

Listen in as shin-kicked Jim  
Relates his story sad  
'Bout 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

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