

## **The Decemberists**

### **"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 (x2)

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 (x2)

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 (x2)

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 (x2)

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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