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The 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

Pretty hands do pretty things when pretty times arise Seraphim and seaweed swim where stick-limbed Myla lies

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 To 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

Listen in as shin-kicked Jim relates his story sad About a boy who kicked until his shins were all but rubberbands But now

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 To spell out "Eliza" Eliza

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