

## The Decemberists

### "Song For The 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 arrive.  
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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