

Decemberists, The

"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 (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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