

Clam, Crab, Cockle, Cowrie

Joanna Newsom

That means no
Where I come from
I am cold, out waiting for the day to come I chew my lips
And I scratch my nose
Feels so good to be a rose Oh don't
Don't you lift me up
Like I'm that shy no-no-no-no-no, just give it up Oh there are bats all dissolving in a row
Into the wishy-washy dark that cannot let go Well I cannot let go
So I thank the lord
And I thank his sword
Though it be mincing up the morning, slightly bored
Oh oh oh, morning
Without warning
Like a hole
Oh, and I watch you go There are some mornings when the sky looks like a road
There are some dragons who were built to have and hold
And some machines are dropped from great heights lovingly
And some great bellies ache with many bumblebees
And they sting so terribly I do as I please
And now I'm on my knees
Your skin is something that I stir into my tea
And I am watching you
And you are starry, starry, starry And I'm tumbling down
And I check a frown
That's why I love this town
Well just look around
To see me
Serenaded hourly
Celebrated sourly
Dedicated dourly Waltzing with the open sea
Clam, crab, cockle, cowrie
Will you just look at me! Oh, oh, oh, oh
Oh, oh, oh, oh

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