

# Bridges and Balloons

[Joanna Newsom](#)

We sailed away on a winter's day  
With fate as malleable as clay  
But ships are fallible, I say  
And the nautical, like all things, fades  
And I can recall our caravel  
A little wicker beetle shell  
With four fine masts and lateen sails  
Its bearings on Cair Paravel  
Oh, my love  
Oh, it was a funny little thing  
To be the ones to have seen  
The sight of bridges and balloons  
Makes calm canaries irritable  
And they caw and claw all afternoon  
Catenaries and dirigibles  
Brace and buoy the living room  
A loom of metal, warp, woof, wimble  
And a thimble's worth of milky moon  
Can touch hearts larger than a thimble  
Oh, my love  
Oh, it was a funny little thing  
To be the ones to have seen  
Oh, my love  
Oh, it was a funny little thing  
It was a funny, funny little thing

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