

# The Book of Right-On

[Joanna Newsom](#)

We should shine a light on, a light on  
And the Book of Right-On's right-on, it was right-on We should shine a light on, a light on  
And the Book of Right-On's right-on, it was right-on I killed my dinner with karate  
Kick 'em in the face, taste the body  
Shallow work is the work that I do Do you want to sit at my table?  
My fighting fame is fabled  
And fortune finds me fit and able  
And you do say, oh, oh  
That you do pray, oh, oh  
And you say that you're okay And do you want to run with my pack?  
Do you want to ride on my back?  
Pray that what you lack does not distract And even when you run through my mind  
Something else is in front, oh, you're behind  
And I don't have to remind you to stick with your kind And you do say, oh, oh  
That you do pray, oh, oh  
And you say that you're okay And even when you touch my face  
You know your place  
And even when you touch my face  
You know your place  
And we should shine a light on, a light on  
And the Book of Right-On's right-on, it was right-on And we should shine a light on, a light on  
And the book of Right-On's right-on, it was right-on

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