

"En Gallop"

Joanna Newsom

This place is damp and ghostly
I am already gone
And the halls were lined with the disembodied...
...And dusty wings, which fell from flesh
Gasp-less-ly And I go where the trees are
And I walk from a higher education
For now, and for hire It beats me but I do not know
It beats me but I do not know
It beats me but I do not know
I do not know
Palaces and storm clouds
The rough straggly sage and the smoke
And the way it will all come together
In quietness, in time Bitch, you laws of property
Bitch, you free economy
Bitch, you unending afterthoughts
You could've told me before Never get so attached to a poem, you
Forget truth that lacks lyricism,
Never draw so close to the heat that
You forget that you must eat, oh In order to make
The music
Seems I must break so many things
Turn over
Like bracken and sea shrap-nel
Graced by the tongue of the beetle-green sea
Let each note be
A full-bodied song
Enough fingers
Enough toes
Skin to cover
The wreck-age
Bloody beat
Enough belly
Enough feet

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