

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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