

Peach, Plum, Pear

Joanna Newsom

We speak in the store
I'm a sensitive bore
You seem markedly more
And I'm oozing surprise But it's late in the day
And you're well on your way
What was golden went gray
And I'm suddenly shy And the gathering floozies
Afford to be choosy
And all sneezing darkly
In the dimming divide And I have read the right book
To interpret your look
You were knocking me down
With the palm of your eye
Na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na This is unlike the story
It was written to be
I was riding its back
When it used to ride me And we were galloping manic
To the mouth of the source
We were swallowing panic
In the face of its force And I am blue
I am blue and unwell
Made me bolt like a horse Na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na Now it's done
Watch it go
You've changed so
Water runs from the snow
Am I so dear
Do I run rare
You've changed so
Peach, plum, pear
Peach, plum

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