

## The Things I Say

Joanna Newsom

If I have the space of half a day  
I'm ashamed of half the things I say  
I'm ashamed to have turned out this way  
And I desire to make amends

But it don't make no difference, now  
And no one's listening, anyhow  
And lists of sins and solemn vows  
Don't make you any friends

There's an old trick played  
When the light and the wine conspire  
To make me think I'm fine  
I'm not, but I have got half a mind  
To maybe get there, yet

When the sky goes pink in Paris, France  
Do you think of the girl who used to dance  
When you'd frame her moving within your hands  
Saying "This I won't forget"

What happened to the man you were  
When you loved somebody before her?  
Did he die?  
Or does that man endure, somewhere far away?

Our lives come easy and our lives come hard  
We carry them like a pack of cards:  
Some we don't use, but we don't discard  
But keep for a rainy day