

# Autumn

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Driven through by her own sword  
Summer died last night, alone  
Even the ghosts huddled up for warmth  
Autumn has come to my hometown

Friendly voices, dead and gone,  
Singing, Star of the country down  
Even the ghosts help raise the barn  
Here, now, in my hometown

When, out of the massing that bodes and bides in the cold west  
Flew a waxwing, who froze and died against my breast  
And all the while, rain, like a weed in the tide  
Swans and lists, down on the gossiping lawns  
Saying tsk tsk tsk

I may have changed, it's hard to gauge  
Time won't account for how I've aged  
Would I could tie your lying tongue  
Who says that leaving keeps you young

I have got no control  
Over my heart, over my mind  
Over the hills, the rainclouds roll  
I'll winter here, wait for a sign

To cast myself out, over the water  
Riven like a wishbone  
You'd hardly guess  
I was my own mother's daughter  
I ain't naturally given to roam  
And I lay low, when I return  
And I move like a gurney  
Whose wheels are squeaking

Alone, here in my home  
And I laugh when you speak of my pleasure-seeking  
Among the tall pines, along the lay-lines  
Here, where the loon keens  
There, where the moon leans  
There, where I know my violent love lays  
Down in a row of silent, dove-gray days  
Here, in a row of silent, dove-gray days

Wherever I go, I am snowbound  
By thoughts of him whom I would shun  
I loved them all, one by one  
Cannot gain ground, cannot outrun

But time marches along  
You can't always stick around  
But, when the final count is done  
I will be in my hometown  
I will be in my hometown