

Leaving the City

Joanna Newsom

Hay and a clean stall
And ivy on a garden wall
And a sign saying sold
And an old coat for the bad cold

I believe in you
Do you believe in me?
What do you want to do?
Are we leaving the city?

On the black road
Through the gold fields
While the fiends are plowed
Towards what we are allowed

The bridle bends in idle hands
And slows your canter to a trot
We mean to stop in increments
But can't commit, we post and sit in impotence

The harder the hit, the deeper the dent
We seek our name, we seek out fame
In our credentials, paned in glass
Trying to master incidentals

Bleach a collar, leech a dollar
From our cents
The longer you live, the higher the rent
Beneath a pale sky
Beside the red barn
Below the white clouds
Is all we are allowed

Here, the light will seep
And the scythe will reap
And spirit will rend
In counting toward the end

In December of that year
The word came down that she was here
The days were shorter
I was sure if she came round
I'd hold my ground

I can do what they alluded to
A change that came to pass
And spring did range, weeping grass
And sleepless broke
Itself upon my winter glass

And I could barely breathe for seeing
All the splintered light that leaked
A fish is fleeting, launched in flight
Unstaunch daylight, brightly bleeding
Bleached the night with dawn deleting
In that high sun after our good run
When the spirit bends

Beneath knowing it must end

And that is all I want here
To draw my gaunt spirit to bow
Beneath what I am allowed
Beneath what I am allowed