

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 gatherin' floozies
Afford to be choosy
And all sneezing darkly
In the dimming divide

I have read the right books
To interpret your looks
You were knocking me down
With the palm of your eye

This was 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 was blue
I am blue and unwell
Made me bolt like a horse

Now it's done
Watch it go
You've changed some
Water ruin from the snow

Am I so dear?
Do I run rare?
You've changed some
Peach, plum, pear