

## Same Old Man

Joanna Newsom

It's the same old lady putting out the wash  
Standing in the rain in her mackintosh  
Same old lady standing in the rain  
The thought of New York was going insane

Hey little leaf lying on the ground  
Now you're turning slightly brown  
Why don't you come back on the tree  
Turn the color green the way you ought to be

My mind is fading and my body grows weak  
And my lips won't form the words I speak  
And now I'm floating away on a barrel of pain  
New York City won't see me again

It's the same old man sitting at the mill  
The mill will turn in and of its own free will  
I'm certainly glad to be at home  
New York City continues on alone  
I'm certainly glad to be at home  
New York City continues on alone  
New York City continues on alone  
New York City continues