

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