

## The Fray

Joanna Newsom

bottom of the ninth inning  
at which I stray through the crowd  
first it was what I call quiet  
then it was biblically loud

you should have seen how they tumbled  
you should have seen how they danced  
you should have seen them all luscious and lean  
as they flew by the seat of their pants

it was not the boilin' frustration  
it was not "they cannot care less"  
it was not the face of that reverent place  
In the horrible state of undress

I moved in a way I call mindless  
I flatter myself a move true  
I carved out a "J" in the spectators' fray  
because that's just the thing that we do

yes, I carved out my name in the ninth of the game  
because that's just a thing that we do