

The Things I Say

Joanna Newsom

If I have the space of half a day
I'm ashamed of half the things I say
I'm ashamed to have turned out this way
And I desire to make amends

But it don't make no difference, now
And no one's listening, anyhow
And lists of sins and solemn vows
Don't make you any friends

There's an old trick played
When the light and the wine conspire
To make me think I'm fine
I'm not, but I have got half a mind
To maybe get there, yet

When the sky goes pink in Paris, France
Do you think of the girl who used to dance
When you'd frame her moving within your hands
Saying "This I won't forget"

What happened to the man you were
When you loved somebody before her?
Did he die?
Or does that man endure, somewhere far away?

Our lives come easy and our lives come hard
We carry them like a pack of cards:
Some we don't use, but we don't discard
But keep for a rainy day