

# 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 gathering floozies  
Afford to be choosy  
And all sneezing darkly  
In the dimming divide And I have read the right book  
To interpret your look  
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 am blue  
I am blue and unwell  
Made me bolt like a horse Now it's done  
Watch it go  
You've changed some  
Water runs from the snow Am I so dear  
Do I run rare  
You've changed some  
Peach, plum, pear  
Peach, plum

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