

Good Intentions Paving Company

Joanna Newsom

Twenty miles left to the show.
Hello, my old country, Hello.
Stars are just beginning to appear,
and I have never, in my life,
before been here. And it's my heart, not me,
who cannot drive,
at which conclusion you arrived,
watching me sit here, bolt upright,
and cry for no good reason
at the Eastering sky, and the tilt of this strange nation,
and the will to remain for the duration
(waving the flag,
feeling it drag).
Like a bump on a bump on a log, baby;
like I'm in a fistfight with the fog, baby;
step, ball-change, and a pirouette! And I regret
how I said to you,
Honey, just open your heart,
when I've got trouble
even opening a honey jar.
And that, right there, is where we are. I've been fessing, double-fast,
addressing questions nobody asked.
I'll get this joy off of my chest, at last,
and I will love you
till the noise has long since passed. I did not mean to shout. Just drive.
Just get us out, dead of alive.
The road's too long to mention--
Lord, it's something to see!--
laid down by the
Good Intentions Paving Company,
all the way to the thing
we've been playing at, darling.
I can see that you're wearing
your staying-hat, darling. For the time being, all is well.
Won't you love me a spell?
This is blindness beyond all conceiving,
while, behind us, the road is leaving
and leaving, and falling back
like a rope gone slack. Well, I saw straightaway

that the lay was steep,
but I feel for you, honey,
easy as falling asleep.
And that, right there,
is the course I keep. And no amount of talking
is going to soften the fall,
but, like after the rain,
step out of the overhang. That's all.
It had a nice ring to it,
when the old opry house rang,
so, with a solemn auld lang
syne, sealed, delivered,
I sang. And there is hesitation,
and it always remains
(concerning you, me,
and the rest of the gang),
And in our quiet hour,
I feel I see everything,
and am in love
with the hook
upon which everyone hangs. And I know you meant
to show the extent
to which you gave a goddang--
you ranged real hot and real cold,
but I'm sold.
I am at home on that range.
And I do hate to fold,
right here, at the top of my game,
when I've been trying
with my whole heart and soul
to stay right here, in the right lane.
But it can make you feel over, and old
(Lord, you know it's a shame),
when I only want for you to pull over
and hold me,
till I can't remember my own name.

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