Ribbon Bows

Joanna Newsom

There is a spring, not far from here,
The water runs both sweet and clear--
both sweet and clear, and cold:
could crack your bones
with veins of gold.I stood, a-wagging, at the tap;
just a-waiting on the lagging, rising sap.
I held the cold tin ladle to my lip.
At the Shrine of the Thousand Arms,
I lowered my eyes to sip.What a beautiful day to catch my drift,
or be caught up in it.
You want your love, Love?
Come and get your love;
I only took it back
because I thought you didn't.How my ears did ring,
at the municipal pound,
from that old hangdog
to which I was bound:
curled 'round the bottom rung--
doesn't anybody want you?
Well, come on, darlin.
I could use someone like you around.
I am not like you, I ain't from this place.
And I do reserve the right
to repeat all my same mistakes.
And, in the night, like you,
I certainly bite and chew
what I can find,
and never seem to lose the taste.What a horrible face I feel me make--
For Pete's sake,
what you have told me, I cannot erase!--
(Though I keep on saying,
and I do believe, it is not too late).All day, you're hassling me with trifles:
black nose of the dog, as cold as a rifle,
indicating, with a nudge,
God, No God. God, No God.
Sweet, appraising eye of the dog,
blink once if god,
twice if no god.My mama may be ashamed of me,
with all of my finery:

carrying on,
whooping it up till the early morn,
lost and lorn,
among the madding revelry!
Sure, I can pass.
Honey, I can pass.
Particularly when I start to tip my glass.
I'll be a sport,
and have a go at that old song,
singing unabashed, about
"Them city girls,
with their ribbon bows,
and their fancy sash..."But, though I get so sad
(could swear the night
makes a motion to claim me,
around that second verse),
I reckon I've felt worse,
and still held fast.
But, later on, when I am alone,
alone at last,
then I take my god to task.
I take my god to task.

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