

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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