

# Sadie

## Joanna Newsom

Sadie  
White coat  
You carry me home  
And bury this bone  
And take this pineconeBury this bone  
To gnaw on it later, gnawing on the telephone  
And 'till then, we pray and suspend  
The notion that these lives do never endAnd all day long we talk about mercy  
Lead me to water Lord, I sure am thirsty  
Down in the ditch where I nearly served you  
Up in the clouds where he almost heard youAnd all that we built  
And all that we breathed  
And all that we spilt  
Or pulled up like weeds  
Is piled up in back  
And it burns irrevocablyAnd we spoke up in turns  
'Till the silence crept over meAnd bless you  
And I deeply do  
No longer resolute  
Oh, and I call to youBut the water go so cold  
And you do lose  
What you don't holdThis is an old song  
These are old blues  
And this is not my tune  
But it's mine to use  
And the seabirds  
Where the fear once grew  
Will flock with a fury  
And they will bury  
What'd come for youAnd down where I darn with the milk-eyed mender  
You and I, and a love so tender  
Stretched-on the hoop where I stitch-this addage  
"Bless our house and its heart so savage."And all that I want  
And all that I need  
And all that I got  
Is scattered like seed  
And all that I knew  
Is moving away from meAnd all that I know  
Is blowing like tumbleweedAnd the mealy worms

In the brine will burn  
In a salty pyre  
Among the fauns and ferns And the love we hold  
And the love we spurn  
Will never grow cold  
Oh, only taciturn And I'll tell you tomorrow  
Oh Sadie, go on home now  
And bless those who've sickened below  
And bless us who have chosen so And all that I got  
And all that I need  
I tie in a knot  
And I lay at your feet  
And I have not forgot  
But a silence crept over me So dig up your bone  
Exhume your pinecone, Sadie

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