Soft As Chalk

Joanna Newsom

So, so long ago, and so far away
When time was just a line
That you fed me when you wanted to stay
We'd talk as soft as chalk
Till morning came,
Pale as a pearl
No time, no time
Now I have got all the time in the worldSay, honey did you belong to me?
Tell me, honey, was your heart at rest
When, darlin all the morning doves were howling out
Their song of love, oh godawful lawlessness?
Lawlessness.
Say honey, did you belong to me?
Tell me, darlin, did I pass the test?
I lay as still as death until the dawn
Whereupon I rested from your godawful lawlessness.
Lawlessness!I roamed around the tidy grounds
Of my dapple sanatorium
Coat-less I sit, among the moles adrift
And I dote upon my pinesap gum.
And the light through the pines in brassy tines
Lays over me, dim as rum
Thick as molasses, and so time passes
And so my heart, tomorrow comesAnd I see you leaning out back with the crickets
Loyal heart marking the soon-ness, darkness tonight.
Still the morning doves will summon us their song of love
Never dulling lawlessness. Lawlessness!Well over and over we're up and down, around,
Trying to sound out or guess the reasons.
I sleep like a soldier without breath
But there's no treason where there is only lawlessness.
Lawlessness!In the last week of the last year, I was aware.
Took a blind shot across the creek at the black bear.
When he roused me in the night
And left me cowering with my light, calling out...
Who is there? Who's there? Who IS there?Well I watched you sleep, repeating my prayers.
You give love a little shove and it becomes... terror.
And now I am calling in sadness, beyond anger and beyond fear
Who is there? Who's there? And who IS there???I glare and nod like the character, God,
Bearing down upon our houses and lawns.

I knew a little bit, and darling you were it,
And, darling, now it is long gone.
Sweetheart, you your clean bright start,
Back there behind the hill and the dell.
In the state line of twelve I'll be thinking on you,
Yes I'll be thinking and be wishing you well.
We land, I stand, but I wait for the sound of the bell.
I have to catch a cab and my bags are at the carousel.
And then, I'll just spend time alone, one lonely tale....You morning dove!

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