"En Gallop"

Joanna Newsom

This place is damp and ghostly
I am already gone
And the halls were lined
With the disembodied
And the dustly wings
Which fell from flesh
GasplesslyAnd I go
Where the trees go
And I walk
From a higher education
For now and for hireIt beats me
But I do not know
And it beats me
But I do not know
It beats me
But I do not know
I do not knowPalaces and stormclouds
And the rough, straggly sage, and the smoke
And the way it will all come together
In quietness and in time
And you laws of property
oh you free economy
And you unending afterthoughts
You could've told me beforeNever get so attached to a poem
You forget truth that lacks lyricism
And never draw so close to the heat
That you forget that you must eat

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