

# Same Old Man

**Joanna Newsom**

It's the same old lady, putting out the wash  
Standing in the rain, in her mackintosh  
Same old lady standing in the rain  
The thought of New York was going insaneHey little leaf, lying on the ground  
Now you're turning slightly brown  
Why don't you get up on the tree  
Turn the color green the way you ought to beMy mind is failing and my body grows weak  
My lips won't form the words I speak  
I'm floating away on a barrel of pain  
New York City won't see me againIt's the same old man, sitting by the mill  
Mill-wheel turning of its own free will  
I'm certainly glad to be home  
New York City continues on alone

Songwriters

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