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

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