

Jackrabbits

Joanna Newsom

I was tired of being drunk.
My face cracked like a joke.
So I swung through here
like a brace of jackrabbits,
with their necks all broke. I stumbled at the door with my boot,
and I knocked against the jamb.
and I scrabbled at your chest, like a mute,
with my fists of ham.
trying to tell you that I am
telling you I can--
I can
love you again;
love you again. I'm squinting towards the East.
My faith makes me a dope.
But you can take my hand,
in the darkness, darling,
like a length of rope.
I shaped up overnight, you know,
the day after she died.
when I saw my heart,
and I'll tell you, darling,
it was open wide.
what with telling you I am
telling you I can--
I can
love you again;
love you again. It can have no bounds, you know.
It can have no end.
You can take my hand
in the darkness, darling,
when you need a friend.
And it can change in shape or form,
but never change in size.
Well the water, it ran deep, my darling,
where it don't run wide. The feather of a hawk was bound,
bound around my neck;
a poultice made of fig,
the eager little vultures pecked.
And a verse I read in jest

in Matthew, spoke to me;
said There's a flame that moves
like a low-down pest
and says, You will be freeonly, tell me that I can
tell me that I can:
I can love you again;
love you again.

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