

Clam, Crab, Cockle, Cowrie

[Joanna Newsom](#)

That means no
Where I come from
I am cold
Out waiting for the day to come
I chew my lips
And I scratch my nose
Feels so good to be a rose Oh don't, don't you lift me up
Like I'm that shy
No no no no no
Just give it up
There are bats all dissolving in a row
Into the wishy-washy dark that can't let go
I cannot let go
So I thank the Lord
And I thank his sword
'Tho it be mincing up the morning, slightly bored Oh, oh morning without warning like a hole
And I watch you go There are some mornings when the sky looks like a road
There are some dragons who were built to have and hold
And some machines are dropped from great heights lovingly
And some great bellies ache with many bumblebees
And they sting so terribly I do as I please
Now I'm on my knees
Your skin is something that I stir into my tea
And I am watching you
And you are starry, starry, starry
And I'm tumbling down
And I check a frown
It's why I love this town
Well, just look around
Just see me serenaded hourly !
And celebrated sourly :
Dedicated dourly
Waltzing with the open sea
Clam, crab, cockle, cowrie
Oh will you just look at me

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