

Only Skin

Joanna Newsom

Only Skin And there was a booming above you
That night, black airplanes flew over the sea
And they were lowing and shifting like
 Beached whales
 Shelled snails
As you strained and you squinted to see
The retreat of their hairless and blind cavalry You froze in your sand shoal
 Prayed for your poor soul
Sky was a bread roll, soaking in a milk-bowl
And when the bread broke, fell in bricks of wet smoke
My sleeping heart woke, and my waking heart spoke And there was a silence you took to mean something:
 Run, sing
 For alive you will evermore be
And the plague of the greasy black engines a-skulkin'
 Has gone east
 While you're left to explain them to me
Released from their hairless and blind cavalry With your hands in your pockets, stubbily running
 To where I'm unfresh, undressed and yawning
 Well, what is this craziness? This crazy talking?
You caught some small death when you were sleepwalking It was a dark dream, darlin', it's over
 The firebreather is beneath the clover
 Beneath his breathing there is cold clay, forever
A toothless hound-dog choking on a feather But I took my fishingpole (fearing your fever)
 Down to the swimminghole, where there grows bitter herb
 That blooms but one day a year by the riverside - i'd bring it here:
 Apply it gently
To the love you've lent me While the river was twisting and braiding, the bait bobbed
 And the string sobbed, as it cut through the hustling breeze
 And I watched how the water was kneading so neatly
 Gone treacly
 Nearly slowed to a stop in this heat
- in a frenzy coiling flush along the muscles beneath Press on me: we are restless things
 Webs of seaweed are swaddling
 And you call upon the dusk
 Of the musk of a squid
Shot full of ink, until you sink into your crib Rowing along, among the reeds, among the rushes
 I heard your song, before my heart had time to hush it!
 Smell of a stone fruit being cut and being opened
 Smell of a low and of a lazy cinder smoking And when the fire moves away

Fire moves away, son
Why would you say
I was the last one? Scrape your knee; it is only skin
Makes the sound of violins
And when I cut your hair, and leave the birds all of the trimmings
I am the happiest woman among all women And the shallow
Water
Stretches as far as I can see
Knee-deep, trudging along
The seagull weeps; "so long" I'm humming a threshing song
Until the night is over
Hold on!
Hold on!
Hold your horses back from the fickle dawn I have got some business out at the edge of town
Candy weighing both of my pockets down
'Til I can hardly stay afloat, from the weight of them
(and knowing how the common-folk condemn
What it is I do, to you, to keep you warm
Being a woman, being a woman) But always up the mountainside you're clambering
Groping blindly, hungry for anything:
Picking through your pocket linings - well, what is this?
Scrap of sassafras, eh sisyphus? I see the blossoms broke and wet after the rain
Little sister, he will be back again
I have washed a thousand spiders down the drain
Spiders ghosts hang soaked and dangelin'
Silently from all the blooming cherry trees
In tiny nooses, safe from everyone
- nothing but a nuisance; gone now, dead and done
Be a woman, be a woman! Though we felt the spray of the waves
We decided to stay till the tide rose too far
We weren't afraid, cause we know what you are
And you know that we know what you are Awful atoll
O, incalculable indiscreetness and sorrow!
Bawl, bellow:
Sibyl sea-cow, all done up in a bow Toddle and roll;
Teeth an impalpable bit of leather
While yarrow, heather and hollyhock
Awkwardly molt along the shore Are you mine?
My heart?
Mine anymore? Stay with me for awhile
That's an awfully real gun
I know life will lay you down
As the lightning has lately done Failing this, failing this,
Follow me, my sweetest friend
To see what you anointed in pointing your gun there Lay it down! Nice and slow!

There is nowhere to go, save up
Up where the light, undiluted, is weaving in a drunk dream
At the sight of my baby, out back:
Back on the patio watching the bats bring night in
- while, elsewhere, estuaries of wax-white
Wend, endlessly, towards seashores unmapped
Last week our picture window produced a half-word
Heavy and hollow, hit by a brown bird
We stood and watched her gape like a rattlesnake
And pant and labour over every intake
I said a sort of prayer for some sort of rare grace
Then thought I ought to take her to a higher place
Said: "dog nor vulture nor cat shall toy with you
And though you die, bird, you will have a fine view"
Then in my hot hand
She slumped her sick weight
We tramped through the poison oak
Heartbroke and inchoate
The dogs were snapping
And you cuffed their collars
While I climbed the tree-house
Then how I hollered!
Well she'd lain, as still as a stone, in my palm, for a lifetime or two
Then, saw the treetops, cocked her head and
up and flew
(while, back in the world that moves, often
According to the hoarding of these clues
Dogs still run roughly around
Little tufts of finch-down)
And the cities we passed were a flickering wasteland
But his hand in my hand made them hale and harmless
While down in the lowlands the crops are all coming;
We have everything
Life is thundering blissful towards death
In a stampede of his fumbling green gentleness
You stopped by, I was all alive
In my doorway, we shucked and jived
And when you wept, I was gone:
See, I got gone when I got wise
But I can't with certainty say we survived
Then down, and down
And down, and down
And down, and deeper
Stoke without sound
The blameless flames
You endless sleeper
Through fire below, and fire above, and fire within
Sleeped through the things that couldn't have been if you hadn't have been
And when the fire moves away
Fire moves away, son
And why would you say
I was the last one?
All my bones they are gone, gone, gone
Take my bones, I don't need none
Cold, cold cupboard, lord, nothing to chew on!
Suck all day on a cherry stone
Dig a little hole, not three inches round

Spit your spit in a hole in the ground
Weep upon the spot for the starving of me!
Till up grow a fine young cherry tree
Well when the bough breaks, what'll you make for me?
A little willow cabin to rest on your knee
What'll I do with a trinket such as this?
Think of your woman, who's gone to the west
But I'm starving and freezing in my measly old bed!
Then i'll crawl across the salt flats to stroke your sweet head
Come across the desert with no shoes on!
I love you truly, or I love no-one
Fire

Moves

Away
Fire moves away, son
Why would you say
That I was the last one?
Last one
Clear the room! There's a fire, a fire, a fire
Get going, and I'm going to be right behind you
And if the love of a woman or two, dear,
Couldn't move you to such heights, then all I can do
Is do, my darling, right by you

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