

# A Pin-Light Bent

[Joanna Newsom](#)

My life comes and goes  
My life comes and goes  
Short flight, free rows  
I lie down and dozeMy life came and went  
My life came and went  
Short flight, free descent  
Poor flight attendantBut the sky, over the ocean  
And the ocean, skirting the city  
And the city, bright as a garde  
(When the garden woke to meet me)  
From that height was a honeycomb  
Made of light from those funny homes, intersected  
Each enclosed, anelectric and aloneIn our lives is a common sense  
That relies on the common fence  
That divides, and attends  
But provides scant defense  
From the great light that shine through a pin-hole  
When the pin-light calls itself selfhood  
And the selfhood inverts on a mirror  
In an Amora Obscura

Songwriters

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