

Goose Eggs

[Joanna Newsom](#)

If I had the space of half a day
I'm ashamed of half the things I say
I'm ashamed to have turned out this way
Well I desire to make amends But it don't make no difference now
And no one's listening anyhow
And lists of sins and a solemn vow
Can't make you any friends There's an old trick played when the light and the wine
Conspire to make me think I'm fine
I'm not but I have got half a mind
To maybe get there yet When the sky goes pink in Paris, France Do you think of the girl who used to dance
When you'd frame her moving within your hands
Saying this I won't forget What happened to the man you were
When you loved somebody before her
Did you die or does that man endure
Somewhere far away? Our lives come easy and our lives come hard
And we carry them like a pack of cards
Some we don't use but we don't discard
And we keep for a rainy day

Songwriters

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