Go Long

Joanna Newsom

Last night again
you were in my dreams
Several expendable limbs were at stake
You were a prince, spinning rims
all sentiments Indian given and half baked
I was brought in on a palanquin
made of the many bodies of beautiful women
brought to this place to be examined
swaying on the elephant, a princess of India
We both want the very same thing
we are praying I am the one to save you
but you don't even own your own violence
run away from home your beard is still blue
With the loneliness of you mighty men
with your jaws and fists, and guitars and pens
and your sugar lip, but I've never been
to the fire pits with you mighty men
Who made you this way?
Who made you this way?
Who is going to bear your beautiful children?
You think you can just stop
when you're ready for a change
who will take care of you
when you're old and dying?
You burn in the Mekong
to prove your worth
Go long, go long,
right over the edge of the earth
You have been wronged, tore up since birth
you have done harm, others have done worse
Will you tuck your shirt?
Will you leave it loose?
You're badly hurt, you're a silly goose
you're caked in mud, and in blood, and worse
chew your bitter cud, grope your little nurse
Do you know why my ankles are bound in gauze?
Sickly dressage, a princess of Kentucky
in the middle of the woods which were the probable cause
we danced in the loft like two panting monkeys

I will give you a call for one last hurrah
and if this tale is tall, forgive my scrambling
but you keep palming along the wall
moving at a blind crawl, but always rambling
Wolf spider crouch, in your funnel nest
if I knew you once, now I know you less
in the sinking sand, where we've come to rest
Have I had a hand in your loneliness?
When you leave me alone in this old palace of yours
it starts to get to me, I take to walking
what a woman does is open doors
and it is not a question of locking or unlocking
I have never seen such a terrible room
gilded with the gold teeth of the women who've loved you
and though I die, Magpie, this I bequeath
by any other name, a Jay is still blue
With the loneliness of you mighty men
with your mighty kiss
that might never, never end
while so far away, in the seat of the West
burns the fount of the heat of that loneliness
There's a man who only will speak in code
backing slowly, slowly down the road
May he master everything that such men may know
about loving, and letting go

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