

# Sadie

## Joanna Newsom

Sadie, white coat,  
carry me home.  
Bury this bone,  
take this pinecone.

Bury this bone  
to gnaw on it later; gnaw on the telephone.  
'Till then, we pray & suspend  
the notion that these lives do never end.

And all day long we talk about mercy:  
lead me to water lord, I sure am thirsty.  
Diwn in the ditch where I nearly served you,  
up in the clouds where he almost heard you

And all that we built,  
and all that we beeathed,  
and all that we spilt, or pulled up like weeds  
is piled up in back;  
it burns irrevocably.  
(we spoke up in turns,  
'till the silence crept over me)

Bless you  
and I deeply do  
no longer resolute  
and I call to you

But the water go so cold,  
and you do lose  
what you don't hold.

This is an old song,  
these are old blues.  
This is not my tune,  
but it's mine to use.  
And the seabirds  
where the fear once grew  
will flock with a fury,

and they will bury what'd come for you

Down where I darn with the milk-eyed mender  
you and I, and a love so tender,  
is stretched-on the hoop where I stitch-this addage:  
"Bless this house and its heart so savage."

And all that I want, and all that I need  
and all that I've got is scattered like seed.  
And all that I knew is moving away from me.  
(and all that I know is blowing  
like tumbleweed)

And the mealy worms  
in the brine will burn  
in a salty pyre,  
among the fauns and ferns.

And the love we hold,  
and the love we spurn,  
will never grow cold  
only taciturn.

And I'll tell you tomorrow.  
Sadie, go on home now.  
Belss those who've sickened below;  
bless us who've chosen so.

And all that I've got  
and all that I need  
I tie in a knot  
that I lay at your feet.  
I have not forgot,  
but a silence crept over me.  
(So dig up your bone,  
exhume your pinecone, my sadie)

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Lyrics submitted by Nads.

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