

Clam, Crab, Cockle, Cowrie

by Joanna Newsom

♩ = appr. 79

That means no where I come from I am cold, out waiting for the day to come, I chew my

5 lips and I scratch my nose feels so good to be a rose

9 Oh, don't, don't you lift me up, like I'm that shy no-no-no-no just give it

13 up, see there are bats all dissolving in a row, Oh, into the wishy-washy dark they can all let

17 go, I can all let go so I thank the Lord and I thank his sword Though it be

21 mincing up the morning slightly bored Oh oh oh, morning without warning like a hole Oh, and i watch you

25 go There are some mornings when the sky looks like a road, there are some

29 dragons who were built to have and hold and some machines are dropped from great high lovingly And some great

33 bellies ache with many bumblebees and they sting so terribly I do as I

37 please now I'm on my knees your skin is something that I stir into my teeth and I am

41 watching you and you are starry, starry, starry And i'm tumbling

45 down And i check a frown Well, just look around That's why i love this

49 town To see me; Serenaded hourly Celebrated sourly Dedicated dourly

53 Waltzing with the open sea Clam, crab, cockle, cowrie Will you just look at

58 me! oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh oh, oh

63 oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh oh, oh oh, oh, oh

68 oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh oh, oh, oh mmmmm