Peach, Plum, Pear

Joanna Newsom

We speak in the store I'm a sensitive bore You seem markedly more And I'm oozing surprise

But it's late in the day And you're well on your way What was golden went gray And I'm suddenly shy

And the gatherin' floozies Afford to be choosy And all sneezing darkly In the dimming divide

I have read the right books To interpret your looks You were knocking me down With the palm of your eye

This was unlike the story It was written to be I was riding its back When it used to ride me

And we were galloping manic To the mouth of the source We were swallowing panic In the face of its force

And I was blue I am blue and unwell Made me bolt like a horse

Now it's done Watch it go You've changed some Water ruin from the snow

Am I so dear? Do I run rare? You've changed some Peach, plum, pear