

Song For Myla Goldberg

The Decemberists

Myla Goldberg sets a steady hand upon her brow
Myla Goldberg hangs a crooked foot all upside down

It comes around it comes around
It comes around it comes around

Pretty hands do pretty things when pretty times arise
Seraphim and seaweed swim where stick-limbed Myla lies

It comes around it comes around
It comes around it comes around

Still now you're waiting to grow
Inside you're old
Sew wings to your pigeon toes
Put paper to pen
to spell out "Eliza"

We begin with sticky shins make sticky then our shoes
Shoes beget to clothes and hat 'til sticky's sticking too

Finiculi finicula finiculi finicula

Listen in as shin-kicked Jim relates his story sad
About a boy who kicked until his shins were all but rubberbands

But now

I know New York I need New York
I know I need unique New York

Still now you're waiting to grow
Inside you're old
Sew wings to your pigeon toes
Put paper to pen
to spell out "Eliza"
Eliza
Eliza