Bridges and Balloons
From "The Milk-Eyed Mender"

Joanna Newsom
arr. doublewuzzy

Harp

F

We sailed away on a winter's day
With fate as malleable as clay
But ships are fallible I say,
And the nautical, like all things, fades,
And I can recall our caravel:
A little wicker beetle shell
With four fine
masts and lateen sails
Its bearings on Cair Paravel
Oh my love,
Oh it was a funny little thing
t'have seen
The sight of
bridges and balloons makes calm canaries irritable
and they caw and claw all afternoon

and dirigibles

A loom of metals

worth of milky moon
thim-ble

Oh my love,
Oh it was a fun-ny lit-tle thing
to be the ones

r'have seen

Oh my

love,
Oh it was a fun-ny lit-tle thing, it was a fun-ny, fun-ny lit-tle thing
Bridges and Balloons