Harp

That means no where I come from I am cold out waiting for the day to come I chew my lips oh, and I scratch my nose Feels so good to be a rose

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

There are bats all dissolving in a row into the wishy, washy dark that can't let

CLAM, CRAB, COCKLE, COWRIE
FROM "THE MILK-EYED MENDER"

Joanna Newsom
arr. doublewuzzy

Clam, Crab, Cockle, Cowrie
from "The Milk-Eyed Mender"
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2004
And I can-not let go and so I thank the lord Oh, and I thank His sword Though it be
minc-ing up the morn-ing slight-ly bored Oh, woh, oh, morn-ing with-out warn-ing, like a hole, oh, and I watch you
There are some morn-ings when the sky looks like a road There are some
drag-ons who were built to have and hold And some mach-ines are dropped from great heights lov-ing-ly And some great
bell-ies ache with many bumble-bees and they sting so terribly
I do as I please and now I'm on my knees and your skin is something that I stir into my tea and I am watching you and you are starr-y, starr-y, starr-y
And I'm tumb-lin' down, and I check a frown
That's why I love this town Well, just look around To see me ser-e-na-ded hour-ly and
Clam, Crab, Cockle, Cowrie

cel e brat ed sour - ly and ded i-ca - ted dour - ly Waltz-in' with the o pen sea

Clam, crab, cock-le, cow-rie Oh, will you just look at me? Oh woh oh

woh-oooh woh-oooh oh woh-oooh oh, woh Oh woh - oh

woh-oooh woh-oooh oh woh-oooh oh, woh Oh woh - oh
Clam, Crab, Cockle, Cowrie

woh-oh oh woh-oh oh woh-oh oh, woh

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