"EN GALLOP"
FROM "THE MILK-EYED MENDER"

Joanna Newsom
arr. doublewuzzy

This place is damp and ghostly
I am already gone

And

the halls were lined with the disembodied
and the dusty
wings which fell from flesh
gasp less ly

where the trees go and I walk
from a high-er edu-ca tion for now

and for hire
It beats me but I do not know and it
beats me but I do not know and it

beats me but I do not know, I do not know
Pal a ces and storm

ad lib
clouds and the rough
strag-gly sage and the smoke
and the way

it will all come to-gether in qui-et-ness and in time
And you laws of pro-per-ty

Oh you free e-con-o-my
and you un-end-ing af-ter-thoughts you could have told me be-

fore
Nev-er get so at-ached to a poem you for-get truth, that lacks
lyri-cism and never draw so close to the heat that you forget that you must eat. Oh

Never close to the heat that you forget that you must eat.