

Peach Plum Pear
Joanna Newsom

verse

Db

A

Gb

we speak in the store i m a sensitive bore, you seem markedly more and i m

B

oozing surprise

and it s late in the day and you re well on your way, what s golden went gray
and i m suddenly shy
And the gathering 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.

Go Na na na na na na na na na na
na na na na na na na na na na
na na na na na na na na na

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.

I was blue and unwell,
made me bolt like a horse.

ooh, Na na na na na na na na na na
na na na na na na na na na na
na na na na na na na na na

Now it s done.
Watch it go.
You ve changed some.
Water run from the snow.

Am I so dear?
Do I run rare?
And you ve changed some:

peach, plum, pear.