

**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 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 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.