

Joanna Newsom - Emily
Misc Unsigned Bands

EMILY - Joanna Newsom

This is just a few changes to another tab for this song which I think sounds better.

to Ian.C for the original.

Tuning: Standard

D# **Gm** **F** **Cm**
The meadowlark and the chim-choo-ree and the sparrow
Set to the sky in a flying spree, for the sport over the pharaoh
Little while later the Pharisees dragged comb through the meadow
Do you remember what they called up to you and me, in our window?
there is a rusty light on the pines tonight sun pouring wine, lord, or marrow
down into the bones of the birches and the spires of the churches jutting out
from the shadows
the oak, and the axe, and the old smokestacks and the bale and the barrow
and everything sloped like it was dragged from a rope in the mouth of the south
below

G# **C** **G** **Am**
we ve seen those mountains kneeling, felten and grey
we thought our very hearts would up and melt away
Fm **C** **G** **Am**
from that snow in the nighttime just going and going
and the stirring of wind chimes in the morning in the morning
Dm **G** **Dm** **G**
helps me find my way back in
from the place where I have been

F **Em** **G**
(instrumental segway)

Em **A**
and, Emily - I saw you last night by the river
I dreamed you were skipping little stones across the surface of the water
Bm **D** **C**
Em
frowning at the angle where they were lost, and slipped under forever,
in a mud-cloud, mica-spangled, like the sky d been breathing on a mirror

Em **A**
anyhow - I sat by your side, by the water
you taught me the names of the stars overhead that I wrote down in my ledger
Bm **D** **C**

Em

though all I knew of the rote universe were those pleiades loosed in december
I promised you Iâ€™d set them to verse so I d always remember

Em

A

that the meteorite is a source of the light and the meteor s just what we see

Bm

D

C

Em

and the meteoroid is a stone that s devoid of the fire that propelled it to thee

Em

A

and the meteorite s just what causes the light and the meteor s how it s
perceived

Bm

D

C

Em

and the meteoroid s a bone thrown from the void that lies quiet in offering to
thee

D#

Gm

F

Cm

you came and lay a cold compress upon the mess I m in
threw the window wide and cried; Amen! Amen! Amen!
the whole world - stopped - to hear you hollering
you looked down and saw now what was happening
the lines are fadin in my kingdom
though I have never known the way to border them in
so the muddy mouths of baboons and sows and the grouse and the horse and the hen
grope at the gate of the looming lake that was once a tidy pen
and the mail is late and the great estates are not lit from within
the talk in town s becoming downright sickening

G#

C

G

Am

in due time we will see the far butte lit by a flare
I ve seen your bravery, and I will follow you there

Fm

C

G

Am

and row through the nighttime gone healthy gone healthy all of a sudden in
search of the midwife who could help me who could help me

Dm

G

Dm

G

help me find my way back in
there are worries where I ve been

F

Em

G

(instrumental segway)

Em

A

say, say, say in the lee of the bay; don t be bothered
leave your troubles here where the tugboats shear the water from the water

Bm

D

C

Em

flanked by furrows, curling back, like a match held up to a newspaper

Em

A

Emily, they ll follow your lead by the letter
and I make this claim, and I m not ashamed to say I know you better

Bm **D** **C**
Em
what they ve seen is just a beam of your sun that banishes winter

Em **A**
let us go! though we know it s a hopeless endeavor
the ties that bind, they are barbed and spined and hold us close forever
Bm **D** **C**

Em
though there is nothing would help me come to grips with a sky that is gaping
and yawning
there is a song I woke with on my lips as you sailed your great ship towards the
morning

D# **Gm** **F** **Cm**
come on home, the poppies are all grown knee-deep by now
blossoms all have fallen, and the pollen ruins the plow
peonies nod in the breeze and while they wetly bow, with
hydrocephalitic listlessness ants mop up their brow
and everything with wings is restless, aimless, drunk and dour
the butterflies and birds collide at hot, ungodly hours
and my clay-colored motherlessness rangily reclines
- come on home, now! all my bones are dolorous with vines

G# **C** **G** **Am**
Pa pointed out to me, for the hundredth time tonight
the way the ladle leads to a dirt-red bullet of light
Fm **C** **G** **Am**
squint skyward and listen - loving him, we move within
his borders: just asterisms in the stars set order
we could stand for a century, starin , with our heads cocked
in the broad daylight at this thing. Joy, landlocked
in bodies that don t keep, dumbstruck with the sweetness of be-
ing till we don t be told; take this and eat this

D# **Gm** **F** **Cm**
told; the meteorite is the source of the light and the meteor s just what we see
and the meteoroid is a stone that s devoid of the fire that propelled it to thee
and the meteorite s just what causes the light and the meteor s how it s
perceived
and the meteoroid s a bone thrown from the void that lies quiet in offering to
thee

Scott Walker
s.walker@sunderland.ac.uk