

The Decemberists, Song For Myla Goldberg

Myla Goldberg sets a steady hand upon her brow
Myla Goldberg hangs a crooked foot all upside down
It comes around, it comes around, it comes around, it comes around
It comes around, it comes around, it comes around, it comes around

Pretty hands do pretty things when pretty times arise
Seraphim in seaweed swim where stick-limbed Myla lies
It comes around, it comes around, it comes around, it comes around
It comes around, it comes around, it comes around, it comes around

Still now you're waiting to grow
Inside you're old
Sew wings to your pigeon toes
Put paper to pen and spell out Eliza

We begin with sticky shins, make sticky then our shoes
Shoes beget to clothes and hat, till sticky's sticking too
Finiculi, finicula, finiculi, finicula
Finiculi, finicula, finiculi, finicula

Listen in as shin-kicked Jim relates his story sad
About a boy who kicked until his shins were all but rubber bands
But now, I know New York, I need New York, I know I need unique New York
I know New York, I need New York, I know I need unique New York

Still now you're waiting to grow
Inside you're old
Sew wings to your pigeon toes
Put paper to pen and spell out Eliza
Eliza
Eliza

It comes around, it comes around, it comes around