

Bridges and Balloons

[Joanna Newsom](#)

We sailed away on a winter's day
With fate as malleable as clay
But ships are fallible, I say
And the nautical, like all things, fades
And I can recall our caravel
A little wicker beetle shell
With four fine masts and lateen sails
Its bearings on Cair Paravel Oh, my love
Oh, it was a funny little thing
To be the ones to have seen
The sight of bridges and balloons
Makes calm canaries irritable
And they caw and claw all afternoon
Catenaries and dirigibles
Brace and buoy the living room
A loom of metal, warp, woof, wimble
And a thimble's worth of milky moon
Can touch hearts larger than a thimble
Oh, my love
Oh, it was a funny little thing
To be the ones to have seen Oh, my love
Oh, it was a funny little thing
It was a funny, funny little thing

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