

Laura Marling, My Manic and I

He wants to die in a lake in Geneva,
the mountains can cover the shape of his nose.
He wants to die where nobody can see him
but the beauty of his death will carry on
so I don't believe him.

He greets me with kisses when good days deceive him
and sometimes with scorn and sometimes I believe him.
And sometimes I'm convinced my friends think I am crazy,
get scared and call him but he's usually hazy.

By one in the morning day is not ended,
by two he is scared and sleep is no friend,
and by four he will drink but he cannot feel it,
sleep will not come because sleep does not will it
and I don't believe him.

Morning is mocking me.

I'll wander the streets avoiding them eats
until the ring on my finger slips to the ground.

A gift to the gutter, a gift to the city
the veins of which have broken me down.

And I don't believe him,
morning is mocking me.

All the gods that he believes never fail to amaze me.

He believes in the love of his god of all things,
but I find him wrapped up in all manner of sins.

The drugs that deceive him and the girls that believe him.

I can't control you I don't know you well,
these are the reasons I think that you're ill.

I can't control you I don't know you well,
these are the reasons I think that you're ill.

And since lots have we parted and loss that I saw him.

Sown by a river silent and hardened.

Morning was mocking us. Blood hit the sky.

I was just happy, my manic and I

He couldn't see me the sun was in his eyes
and birds were singing to calm us down.

And birds were singing to calm us down.

And I'm sorry young man, I cannot be your friend.

I don't believe in a fairytale end.

I don't keep my head up all of the time.

I find it dull when my heart meets my mind.

And I hardly know you I think I can tell,
these are the reasons I think that we're ill.

I hardly know you I think I can tell,
these are the reasons I think that I'm ill.

And the gods that he believes never fail to disappoint me.

The gods that he believes never fail to disappoint me.

My nihilist, my happy man my manic and I have no plans to move on.

The birds are singing to calm us down.

And birds are singing to calm us down.