

Laura Marling, Soothing

My hopeless wanderer
You can't come in
You don't belong here anymore
Some creepy conjurer
Who touched the rim
Whose hands are in the door

I need soothing
My lips aren't moving
My God is brooding

Drawn in chalk across the floor
You made it yours
Your private door to my room
May those who find you find remorse
A change of course,
A strange discord resolved

I need soothing
My lips aren't moving
My God is brooding

I banish you with love
I banish you with love

You can't come in
You don't live here anymore