

# Marianne Faithfull, Something Better

He walks along singing his fairy song  
Picking up magic that grows at his feet.  
She says the same her peculiar way  
Dreaming good fortune on everyone's street.

Say, hey, have you heard, blue whiskey's the rage,  
I'll send you a jug in the morning.  
It is absurd to live in a cage,  
You know there's got to be something better.

As they go by, don't look with eagle's eyes  
Smile on your jailers until they grow weak.  
Nothing can compare to something that's almost there  
To tear up the madness that all of us seek.

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I'll send you a jug in the morning.  
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You know there's got to be something better.