

# Katie Melua, English Manner

We would walk out on a golden clifftop  
The wind rolled up from the sea below  
He said he loved me in his quiet manner  
I was watching the crocuses in awe

A summer with a gentle sea breeze  
We never stopped or talked too long  
He'd say you're the only one I'm after  
Are you just gonna keep walking on

He loves me

His wife's hair had golden ripples  
She's in a painting with a mulberry tree  
When I asked him did he love me better  
He didn't even look at me

Then they had a party in their garden  
Their dresses billowed with fear and lust  
She handed me a cloudy glass and then said  
You'll see some good if you extend the trust  
You'll see some good if you extend the trust

He loves me  
He loves me

I heard her say we planted seeds in Autumn  
I heard her say but I'll be gone this Spring  
I heard her say they'd take me where the wind blows  
The final painting by the mulberry king

She had gone again and left the clifftop  
But every night I couldn't sleep or rest  
She kept coming to my dreams and singing  
It's me at twenty-two he sees  
When the wind blows around your dress

He loves me