

Marianne Faithfull, Envy

Anna I

And the last big town we came to was san francisco.
Life, there, was fine, only Anna felt so tired
And grew envious of others:
Of those who pass the time at their ease and in comfort;
Those too proud to be bought,
Of those whose wrath is kindled by injustice,
Those who act upon their impulses happily,
Lovers true to their loved ones,
And those who take what they need without shame;
Whereupon I told my poor tired sister,
When I saw how much she envied them:

"sister, from birth we may write our own story,
And anything we choose we are permitted to do,
But the proud and insolent who strut in their glory?
Little they guess, little they guess,
Little they guess the fate they're swaggering to.

Sister, be strong! you must learn to say no to

The joys of this world, for this world is a snare;
Only the fools of this world will let you go,
Who don't care a damn, don't care a damn,
Don't care a damn, will be made to care.

Don't let the flesh and its longings get you.
Remember the price that a lover must pay,
And say to yourself when temptations beset you?
What is the use? what is the use?
Beauty will perish and youth pass away.

Sister, you know, when our life here is over,
Those who were good to go to bliss unalloyed,
Those who were bad are rejected forever,
Gnashing their teeth, gnashing their teeth,
Gnashing their teeth in a gibbering void."

Family

Who fights the good fight and all self subdues
Wins the palm, gains the crown.