

# Better Things

## The Magnetic Fields

On winter nights the mermaid sings  
I was made for better things  
Better things, dearie, better thingsIn early spring the ghost princess  
Goes haunting in her pretty dress  
Pretty dress, your majesty, pretty dressAnd I have heard the singing of real birds  
Not those absurd birds that simply everybody's heard  
Real birdsIn summer when the moon is full  
The wolf boy is adorable  
Adorable, you're adorable

Lyrics provided by

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