

My Manic and I

Laura Marling

He wants to die in a lake in Geneva
The mountains can cover the shape of his nose
He wants to die where nobody can see him
But the beauty of his death will carry on so
I don't believe him He greets me with kisses when good days deceive him
And sometimes we're scorned and sometimes I believe him
And sometimes I'm convinced, my friends think I'm crazy
Get scared and call him but he's usually hazy At one in the morning, day is not ended
By two he is scared that sleep is no friend
And by four he will drink but he cannot feel it
Sleep will not come because sleep does not will it
And I don't believe him, morning is mocking me I'll wander the streets, avoiding them eats
Til the ring on my finger slips to the ground
A gift to the gutter, a gift to the city
The veins of which have broken me down
And I don't believe him, morning is mocking me Oh, the Gods that he believes never fail to amaze me
He believes in the love of his God of all things
But I find him wrapped up in all manner of sins
The drugs that deceive him and the girls that believe him I can't control you, I don't know you well
These are the reasons I think that you're ill
I can't control you, I don't know you well
These are the reasons I think that you're ill And since last that we parted
Last that I saw him down by a river
Silent and hardened
Morning was mocking us, blood hit the sky
I was just happy, my manic and I He couldn't see me, the sun was in his eyes
And birds were singing to calm us down
And birds were singing to calm us down And I'm sorry young man, I cannot be your friend
I don't believe in a fairytale end
I don't keep my head up all of the time
I find it dull when my heart meets my mind And I hardly know you, I think I can tell
These are the reasons I think that we're ill
I hardly know you, I think I can tell
These are the reasons I think that I'm ill And the Gods that he believes never fail to disappoint me
The Gods that he believes never fail to disappoint me My nihilist, my happy man, my manic and I
Have no plans to move on But birds are singing to calm us down
And birds are singing to calm us down

Songwriters

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