

Wild Fire

Laura Marling

Chasing down a wild fire
Are you trying to make a cold liar out of me?
You want to get high?
You overcome those desires, before you come to me I think your mama's kinda sad
And your papa's kinda mean
I can take that all away
You can stop playing it out on me-ee
Me, me She keeps a pen behind her ear
In case she's got something she really really needs to say
She puts it in a notepad
She's gonna write a book someday
Of course the only part that I want to read
Is about her time spent with me
Wouldn't you die to know how you're seen
Are you getting away with who you're trying to be?
Trying, trying to be Of course there's things upon the Earth
That we must really try, to defend
A lonely beast
A kind heart
Something weak and on trend I'd do it all for her for free
I need nothing back for me
There no sweeter deed may be
Than to love something enough to want to help it get free
Free, Free
Is there something on her mind?
Something she needs to get by?
Do you cry sometimes?
Do you cry sometimes? You always say you love me most
When I don't know I'm being seen
Well maybe someday when God takes me away
I'll understand what the fuck that means I just know your mama's kinda sad
And your papa's kinda mean
I can take it all away
You can stop playing that shit out on me
Me, me Is there something on your mind?
Something you need to get by?
Do you cry sometimes?
Do you cry sometimes? I know your mama's kinda sad
I know your papa's kinda mean

I would take it all away
You can stop playing that shit out on me
Me, me

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>