

# 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.

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