Devil's Spoke

Laura Marling

I might be a part of this
Ripple on water from a lonesome drip
A fallen tree that witness me
I'm alone him and me
And then life itself could not aspire
To have someone be so admired
I threw creation to my kin
With a silence broken by a whispered wind
All of this can be broken
All of this can be broken
Hold your devil by his spoke
And spin him to the ground
Root to root and tip to tip
I look at him, my country gyp
And let it up by all his fears
But someone brought you close to tears
Many trains and many miles
Brought cool to me on this sunny isle
Water which you wish to speak
Did you come here to rescue me?
All of this can be broken
All of this can be broken
Hold your devil by his spoke
And spin him to the ground
But the love of your life lives but lies no more
Where she lies is where a flower grows
The arms are fed, the babes of when?
The backs are bled, keeping her in turn
But I am your keeper
And I hold your face away from mine
I am yours till they come
I am yours till they come
Eye to eye, nose to nose
Ripping off each other's clothes in a most peculiar way
Eye to eye, nose to nose
Ripping off each other's clothes in a most peculiar way

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