

I Was an Eagle

Laura Marling

So your grandmother sounds to me
A woman I would be proud to be
And you say she reminds you of me
Every little boy is so naive, oh I will not be a victim of romance
I will not be a victim of circumstance
Chance or circumstance or romance, or any man
Who could get his dirty little hands on me So your grandfather sounds like me
Head up, shoulders back and proud to be
Every little girl is so naive
Falling in love with the first man that she sees I will not be a victim of romance
I will not be a victim of circumstance
Chance or circumstance or romance, or any man
Who could get his dirty little hands on me When we were in love, if we were
When we were in love
I was an eagle
And you were a dove Today I will feel something other than regret
Pass me a glass and a half-smoked cigarette
I've damn near got no dignity left
I've damn near got no dignity left, oh I will not be a victim of romance
I will not be a victim of circumstance
Chance or circumstance or romance, or any man
Who could get his dirty little hands on me When we were in love, if we were
When we were in love
I was an eagle
And you were a dove When we were in love, if we were
When we were in love
You were a dove
And I rose above you and preyed

Songwriters

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