

# Rambling Man

Laura Marling

Oh, naive little me  
Asking what things you have seen  
You're vulnerable in your head  
You'll scream and you'll wail till you're dead  
Creatures veiled by night  
Following things that aren't right  
And they're tired and they need to be led  
Or you'll scream and you'll wail till you're dead  
But give me to a rambling man  
Let it always be known that I was who I am  
Beaten, battered and cold  
My children will live just to grow old  
But if I sit here and weep  
I'll be blown over by the slightest of breeze  
And the weak need to be led  
And the tender I'll carry to their bed  
And it's a pale and cold affair  
I'll be damned if I'll be found there  
But give me to a rambling man  
Let it always be known that I was who I am  
It's funny how the first chords you come to  
Are the minor notes that come to serenade you  
It's hard to accept yourself as someone  
You don't desire as someone you don't want to be  
Oh, give me to a rambling man  
Let it always be known that I was who I am  
Oh, give me to a rambling man  
Let it always be known that I was who I am

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