

Made by Maid

Laura Marling

They dance like sirens, hoping the sun would come out again
And I was born in the fog of that day
Can they hear a babe over all the faith,
Or have they forgot what it was that they madeCrawled out of the fog, found a river,
Found a log and floated away
Didn't think I'd be coming back this way
But my feet are resolute;
Found their root and brought me back to its placeAnd on the hill where I was born,
There is no rose but just a thorn;
They cut it off each year and give it awayBut can they hear a babe after all these days,
Or have they forgot what it was that they madeSo left to wander blind, I find myself in cautious times,
And they say, Love's labor is never lost; labor on to this very day.
So I walk into the fog, found a babe atop a log and all alone
Took him under, took him on,
Taught him everything about the world I'd come to knowAnd he blames me for every wrong ever he made
I am blamed for every wrong ever he made
Forgive me I am only a maid
Forgive me I am only a maidBut I can see a babe under all that blame
And I am forgot from the day I am laid

Songwriters

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