

# I Was an Eagle

Laura Marling

So your grandmother stands to me  
A woman I would be proud to be  
And you say she reminds you of me  
Every little boy is so naive

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 half-smoked cigarette  
I've damn near got no dignity left  
I've damn near got no dignity left

I will not be a victim of romance  
I will not be a victim of circumstance  
Chance or romance or circumstance, 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