

# My Friends

Laura Marling

My friends, my dear friends  
And lovers, oh my lovers  
I'd leave you for them  
They got a hand on my back

Mama has money now and Mama has friends  
She's making rags for some uptown hags  
With their money in bags  
And why are you so sad?

Why are you always so sad?  
Why do I not understand?  
Why don't I see what it is you see?  
Why can I live and just be?

I'm full of guilt  
I am full of guilt  
You're very tall, you're very handsome  
You have it all, your skin smells like man

And I, you never know how I ache  
You will never know how I ache  
Don't touch that in grace

Ever considered the sea?  
I heard you had to be strong  
Why not float around with me?  
It won't take you so long

You can go where I'm at  
You can hang around with me  
And a few good men will go where they all  
Where they all not be  
And a few good mothers go for what they,  
What they all not teach

And I long for a touch or reminder of us but,  
But it must not be

And a few strong branches over water reach for what they all not reach

I hope your mother knows where it is you have been  
I hope your mother knows what it is you have seen  
She'd be so proud  
She will never know how I ache