

# My Manic and I

Laura Marling

He wants to die in a lake in Geneva  
The mountains can cover the shape of his nose  
He wants to die where nobody can see him  
But the beauty of his death will carry on so  
I don't believe him

He greets me with kisses when good days deceive him  
And sometimes we're scorned and sometimes I believe him  
And sometimes I'm convinced, my friends think I'm crazy  
Get scared and call him but he's usually hazy

At one in the morning, day is not ended  
By two he is scared that sleep is no friend  
And by four he will drink but he cannot feel it  
Sleep will not come because sleep does not will it  
And I don't believe him, morning is mocking me

I'll wander the streets, avoiding them eats  
Til the ring on my finger slips to the ground  
A gift to the gutter, a gift to the city  
The veins of which have broken me down  
And I don't believe him, morning is mocking me

Oh, the Gods that he believes never fail to amaze me  
He believes in the love of his God of all things  
But I find him wrapped up in all manner of sins  
The drugs that deceive him and the girls that believe him

I can't control you, I don't know you well  
These are the reasons I think that you're ill  
I can't control you, I don't know you well  
These are the reasons I think that you're ill

And since last that we parted  
Last that I saw him down by a river  
Silent and hardened  
Morning was mocking us, blood hit the sky  
I was just happy, my manic and I

He couldn't see me, the sun was in his eyes  
And birds were singing to calm us down  
And birds were singing to calm us down

And I'm sorry young man, I cannot be your friend  
I don't believe in a fairytale end  
I don't keep my head up all of the time  
I find it dull when my heart meets my mind

And I hardly know you, I think I can tell  
These are the reasons I think that we're ill  
I hardly know you, I think I can tell  
These are the reasons I think that I'm ill

And the Gods that he believes never fail to disappoint me  
The Gods that he believes never fail to disappoint me

My nihilist, my happy man, my manic and I

Have no plans to move on

But birds are singing to calm us down  
And birds are singing to calm us down