

## Next Time

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It feels like a long time since I was free  
It feels like the right time to take that seriously  
It feels like the trees are a peculiar green  
It feels like the air is hung heavily

I don't want to be the kind  
Struck by fear to run and hide  
I'll do better next time

It feels like warning signs were there for us to see  
It feels like they taught us ignore diligently  
I feel her, I hear her weakly scream

Am I really so unkind  
To turn around and close my eyes?  
I'll do better next time  
I'll do better next time

It feels like the last breath we will ever share  
It feels like the last time I'll run my fingers through your hair

I can no longer close my eyes  
While the world around me dies  
At the hand of folks like me  
It seems they fail to see  
They may never  
Next time they are