

Next Time

Laura Marling

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