

# Nouel

Laura Marling

She sings along to sailor's song  
In a dress that she made  
When she's gone I sing along  
But it doesn't sound the same

Oh Nouel, you seem so well  
Sing only for me  
Fickle, unchangeable  
Though I may always be

I pulled a thorn from her tiny paw  
Her feet were unclean  
Fetch water, blessed twice  
And hand that sponge to me

I do well to serve Nouel  
Whatever service I may be  
Fickle, unchangeable  
Weighing down on me

She speaks a word which gently turns  
To perfect metaphor  
She likes to say I only play  
When I know what I'm playing for

Oh Nouel, you must know me well  
And I didn't even show you the scar  
Fickle, unchangeable  
Semper femina

She'd like to be the kind of free  
Women can't be alone  
I wish I could hit the switch  
That keeps you from getting gone

Oh Nouel, it must hurt like hell  
When you're so afraid to die  
Semper femina  
So am I

She lays herself across the bed  
The origine du monde  
Slight of shoulder, long and legged  
Her hair a faded blonde

Oh Nouel, you sit so well  
A thousand artists' muse  
You'll be anything you choose  
Fickle, unchangeable are you  
And long may that continue

I do well to serve Nouel  
My only guiding star  
Fickle, unchangeable  
Semper femina