

Rambling Man

Laura Marling

Oh naïve little me
Asking what things you have seen
And you're vulnerable in your head
You'll scream and you'll wail 'till you're dead

Creatures veiled by night
Following things that aren't right
And they're tired and they need to be led
But you'll scream and you'll wail 'till you're dead

But give me to a rambling man
Let it always be known that I was who I am

Beaten battered cold
My children will live just to grow old
But if I sit here and weep
I'll be blown over by the slightest of breeze
And the weak need to be led
And the tender are carried to their bed
And It's a pale and cold affair
And I'll be damned if I'll be found there

But give me to a rambling man
Let it always be known that I was who I am

It's funny that the First chords that you come to
Are the minor notes that come to serenade you
And it's hard to accept yourself as someone, you don't desire
As someone you don't want to be

Oh give me to a rambling man
Let it always be known that I was who I am
Oh give me to the rambling man
Let it always be known that I was who I am