

The Muse

Laura Marling

God's work is planned
I stand here with a man that talked to me so candidly
More than I choose.

My lips once rouged
I feel again the blues of longing, ever longing, to be confused

He wrote me a letter
Saying he would love me better
When my poor sons begetter the rules

Spoke of love like hunger
He at once was younger, younger, ever younger, in my hunger for
a muse

Finest man that I've seen ever since my eyes have been
But his honesty did gleam me blind

Keep those thoughts from sight
Follow me into the night
And you can call on me when you need the light

You know what I need
Why won't you giveth me?
Must I fall down at your feet and plead?

Don't you be scared of me
I'm nothing but the beast
And I'll call on you when I need to feast