

Warrior

Laura Marling

He means to ride me on
He sees a battle he don't want to face alone
I bolt upwards and shake him off my back
He falls to his knees, onto a bloody track

I can't be your horse any more
You're not the warrior I was looking for

He fearing solitude, began to beg
Saw I was sure, stuck his knife into my leg
Good luck marching on in your own bloody trail
This noble path you're on will send us both to hell

I can't be your horse any more
You're not the warrior I was dying for

I stumble some way on, licking my sores
Tasting the memory of pain I have endured
Wondering where am I to go?
Looking back on a bloody trail, you think that I should know

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You're not the warrior I was looking for
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One morning I awoke to someone calling me
A priestess I'd seen once in some arcana dream
She pulled an orange from the ground
Is this my warrior?
I am found
I'm just a horse with no name
Where are my other beasts who think the same?

I can't be your horse any more
You're not the warrior I was dying for