

What He Wrote

Laura Marling

Forgive me, Hera, I cannot stay.
He cut out my tongue,
there is nothing to say.

Love me, oh Lord,
he threw me away.
He laughed at my sins,
in his arms I must stay.

He wrote,
I am broke,
please send for me.
But I am broken too,
and spoken for,
do not tempt me.

Her skin is white,
and I'm light as the sun,
so holy light shines on the things you have done.
So I asked him how he became this man,
how did he learn to hold fruit in his hands,
and where is the lamb that gave you your name,
he had to leave though I begged him to stay

Left me alone when I needed the light,
fell to my knees and I wept for my life.
If he had of stayed you might understand,
If he had of stayed you never would have taken my hand.

He wrote,
oh love, please send for me,
but I am broken too,
and spoken for,
do not tempt me.
And where is the lamb that gave you your name,
He had to leave though I begged him to stay.

Begged him to stay in my cold wooden grip,
begged him to stay by the light of this ship.
Me fighting him, fighting like fighting dawn,
and the waves came and stole him and took him to war.

He wrote,
I'm broke,
please send for me.
But I'm broken too,
and spoken for,
do not tempt me.

Forgive me here, I cannot stay,
cut out my tongue,
there is nothing to save.
Love me, oh Lord, he threw me away,
he laughed at my sins,
in his arms I must say.

We write,

that's alright,
I miss his smell.
We speak when spoken to,
and that suits us well

That suits us well.
That suits me well.