

Something Better

Marianne Faithfull

He walks along singing his fairy song
Picking up magic that grows at his feet.
She says the same her peculiar way
Dreaming good fortune on everyone's street.

Say, hey, have you heard, blue whiskey's the rage,
I'll send you a jug in the morning.
It is absurd to live in a cage,
You know there's got to be something better.

As they go by, don't look with eagle's eyes
Smile on your jailers until they grow weak.
Nothing can compare to something that's almost there
To tear up the madness that all of us seek.

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