

## Better Things

## The Magnetic Fields

On winter nights the mermaid sings,  
"I was made for better things  
Better things, dearie,  
Better things"

In early spring the ghost princess  
Goes haunting in her pretty dress  
Pretty dress, your majesty  
Pretty dress

And I have heard  
The singing of real birds  
Not those absurd birds  
That simply everybody's heard  
Real birds

In summer when the moon is full  
The wolfboy is adorable  
Adorable, you're  
Adorable

I have observed  
The winging of real birds  
Not those reserved birds  
That simply everyone's observed  
Real birds