

Devil's Spoke

Laura Marling

That I might be a part of this,
Ripple on water from a lonesome drip,
A fallen tree that witnessed me,
Him alone, him and me.

And that life itself could not aspire,
To have someone be so admired,
I threw creation to my kin,
With a silence broken by a whispered wind.

All of this can be broken,
All of this can be broken,
Hold your devil by his spoke and spin him to the ground.

Root to root and tip to tip,
I look at him my country drip,
Leathered up by all his fears,
But someone brought you close to tears.

Many trains and many miles,
Brought you to me on this sunny isle
And what of which you wish to speak,
Have you come here to rescue me?

All of this can be broken,
All of this can be broken,
Hold your devil by his spoke and spin him to the ground.

But the love of your life lives, but lies no more
Than where she lay your f lowers grows,
The arms that fed and the babes that wed,
The backs that bled keeping her in tow,

But I am your keeper,
And I hold your face away from light,
I am yours 'till they come,
I am yours 'till they come.

Eye to eye, nose to nose,
Ripping off each others clothes in a most peculiar way.
Eye to eye, nose to nose,
Ripping off each others clothes in a most peculiar way.