

# Hope In the Air

Laura Marling

There is a man that I know,  
seventeen years, he never spoke.  
Guessed he had nothing to say,  
he opened his mouth on Judgement Day.

I listened with all of my might,  
but was scared by the look in his eyes.  
Like he'd already lost the fight,  
and there was no hope ever in sight.

No hope in the air,  
no hope in the water,  
not even for me,  
your last serving daughter.

Why fear death, be scared of living,  
our hearts are small and ever thinning.  
There is no hope ever of winning,  
oh, why fear death, be scared of living.

I have seen men provoked,  
and I have seen lives revoked,  
and I looked at my life and choked.  
From there no more ever I spoke.

I can't give up that quick.  
My life is a candle and a wick.  
You can put it out but you can't break it down,  
in the end we are waiting to be lit.

There's hope in the air,  
there's hope in the water,  
but sadly not me,  
your last serving daughter.

A friend is a friend forever,  
and a good one will never leave, never.  
But you've have never been south of what blows off your mouth,  
you will never understand, ever.

You speak minds handed down to you,  
by the lies handed down by your truth,  
and your angels will dance at your will,  
will mask your scrambling youth.

I forgave you your short comings,  
and ignored your childish behaviour.  
Laid a kiss on your head,  
and before I left said, "stay away from fleeting failure".

There's hope in the air,  
there's hope in the water,  
but sadly not me,  
your last serving daughter.

Pick up your rope Lord, sling it to me,  
if we are to battle I must not be weak.

And give us your strength world, and your food and your water,  
oh, I am your saviour, your last serving daughter.

There's hope in the air,  
there's hope in the water,  
but sadly not me,  
your last serving daughter.

There's hope in the air,  
there's hope in the water,  
But no hope for me,  
your last serving daughter.