

My Friends

Laura Marling

My friends, my dear friends
And lovers, oh my lovers
I'd leave you for them
They got a hand on my back

Mama has money now and Mama has friends
She's making rags for some uptown hags
With their money in bags
And why are you so sad?

Why are you always so sad?
Why do I not understand?
Why don't I see what it is you see?
Why can I live and just be?

I'm full of guilt
I am full of guilt
You're very tall, you're very handsome
You have it all, your skin smells like man

And I, you never know how I ache
You will never know how I ache
Don't touch that in grace

Ever considered the sea?
I heard you had to be strong
Why not float around with me?
It won't take you so long

You can go where I'm at
You can hang around with me
And a few good men will go where they all
Where they all not be
And a few good mothers go for what they,
What they all not teach

And I long for a touch or reminder of us but,
But it must not be

And a few strong branches over water reach for what they all not reach

I hope your mother knows where it is you have been
I hope your mother knows what it is you have seen
She'd be so proud
She will never know how I ache