

Nouel

Laura Marling

She sings along to sailor's song
In a dress that she made
When she's gone I sing along
But it doesn't sound the same

Oh Nouel, you seem so well
Sing only for me
Fickle, unchangeable
Though I may always be

I pulled a thorn from her tiny paw
Her feet were unclean
Fetch water, blessed twice
And hand that sponge to me

I do well to serve Nouel
Whatever service I may be
Fickle, unchangeable
Weighing down on me

She speaks a word which gently turns
To perfect metaphor
She likes to say I only play
When I know what I'm playing for

Oh Nouel, you must know me well
And I didn't even show you the scar
Fickle, unchangeable
Semper femina

She'd like to be the kind of free
Women can't be alone
I wish I could hit the switch
That keeps you from getting gone

Oh Nouel, it must hurt like hell
When you're so afraid to die
Semper femina
So am I

She lays herself across the bed
The origine du monde
Slight of shoulder, long and legged
Her hair a faded blonde

Oh Nouel, you sit so well
A thousand artists' muse
You'll be anything you choose
Fickle, unchangeable are you
And long may that continue

I do well to serve Nouel
My only guiding star
Fickle, unchangeable
Semper femina