

Wild Once

Laura Marling

They put my hands in water
Told me I'm a god
I might be someone's daughter
Might be somewhat odd

But I was wild once
I know I can't forget it
I was wild, chasing stones

The martyr who feels the fire
And the child who knows his name
They remember that there's something wild
And it's something you can't explain
Oh it's something you can't explain

They are wild
And they can't forget it
They are wild, chasing stones

It's hard if you can't change it
It's worse if you don't try
You will sit down to explain it
And you're constantly asking why
You are constantly asking why

Well, you are wild
And you must remember
You are wild, chasing stones

Does no one understand you?
Is that tired and familial long?
You must change what hands you
Give me something to go on
Give me something to go on

You are wild
And I won't forget it
You are wild, chasing stones

There is something just beneath
There is something just beneath
Something shy and hard to see
It's a ring that is clean
It's a ring