

Better Things

The Magnetic Fields

On winter nights the mermaid sings,
"I was made for better things
Better things, dearie,
Better things"

In early spring the ghost princess
Goes haunting in her pretty dress
Pretty dress, your majesty
Pretty dress

And I have heard
The singing of real birds
Not those absurd birds
That simply everybody's heard
Real birds

In summer when the moon is full
The wolfboy is adorable
Adorable, you're
Adorable

I have observed
The winging of real birds
Not those reserved birds
That simply everyone's observed
Real birds