

Laura Marling "Devil's Spoke"

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I might be a part of this,
Ripple on water from a lonesome drip,
A fallen tree that witnessed me,
I'm alone. Him and me.

And then life itself could not aspire,
To have someone be so admired,
I threw creation to my king,
With a silence broken with a whispered wind.

All of this can be broken.
All of this can be broken.
Hold your devil by his spoke and spin him to the
ground.

Root to root and tip to tip
I look at him, my country gip,
Let it up, I own his fears,
But someone brought you close to tears.

Many trains and many miles,
Brought you to me on this sunny isle,
What of which you wish to speak
Have you come here to rescue me?

All of this can be broken.
All of this can be broken.
Hold your devil by his spoke and spin him to the
ground.

But the love of your life,
Lives but lies no more,
And where she lay a flower grows.

The arms are fed
The babes have wed and the backs have bled
Keeping her in tow

But I am your keeper
And I hold your face away from light,
I am yours till they come,
I am yours till they come.

Eye to eye,
Nose to nose,
Ripping off each others clothes,
In the most peculiar way!

Eye to eye,
Nose to nose,
Ripping off each others clothes,
In the most peculiar way!

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