

Laura Marling

"My Innocence"

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Innocence, my innocence comes from my mother
Innocence, my innocence comes from my warm, earth
mother
Earth under my feet splits in the sun
The nest blows away and the sweet summer days die
young.

I look for the man with the indian hair
I look for his hand but it isn't there
In our room tonight
Sharing the moon to fight the pain.

Innocence, my innocence is a wild thing
Innocence, my innocence
Unknown future it's me and you now
Unknown moon floating past her
Mother earth, are you hiding in the laughter
Of my innocence.

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