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Marianne Faithfull "The Letter"

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One grows weary of everything, my angel. It is the law of nature,

it is not my fault.

If for example I had as much love as you have virtue, and that is

surely saying a lot, is it not astonishing that we should end at the

same time as

the other? It is not my fault.

From this, it follows that for some time I have been deceiving

you. But then, your pitiless affection forced me as it were to do so. It

is not my

fault.

Today, a woman I love madly insists that I sacrifice you to her.

It is not my fault.

I realise that this is a fine opportunity for crying out on

perjury, but if nature's only given men assurance, or if she gave women

obstinacy, it is

not my fault.

Take my advice: choose another lover, as I have

chosen another

mistress. This is good advice. Very good. If you think it

bad, it is not

my fault.

Farewell, my angel, I took you with pleasure, I abandon

you

without regret. Perhaps I will come back, to you. So

goes the world, it

is not my

fault.

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