

# Laura Marling, Soothing

My hopeless wanderer  
You can't come in  
You don't belong here anymore  
Some creepy conjurer  
Who touched the rim  
Whose hands are in the door

I need soothing  
My lips aren't moving  
My God is brooding

Drawn in chalk across the floor  
You made it yours  
Your private door to my room  
May those who find you find remorse  
A change of course,  
A strange discord resolved

I need soothing  
My lips aren't moving  
My God is brooding

I banish you with love  
I banish you with love

You can't come in  
You don't live here anymore