

Patterns in Repeat

Laura Marling

That you'd walk into a room
Tell me for the millionth time
The many fine points to tell your story
Like "Calabasas was in bloom..."
You know I'm frankly unaware of all the ways in which that is s
upposed to move me

You could skip the end
The photograph, the friend
The long-returning trim that you'd foreseen
Just patterns in repeat
Like they've always been

You had your children on the fly
Another child, another guy
Another chance to fall in love again
I fear they may have paid the price
For the freedom of your life
Though you would say that was a chance to show them
An open door
A broken bone, a marble floor...
And patterns in repeat
Forevermore
Forevermore

If only I had known you then
A hanger-on, perhaps a friend
An ear to bend around which way you saw it playing
I tell it well, I try to sell them on the fact you were a match
Ever a scratch away from bursting into flames, and
A light perfume that lingered in the room
That everlasting tune you had to sing
A smile or two, a gap between your tooth
Your dirty underwear, your diamond ring
Just patterns in repeat

Like everything
Like everything
Like everything

I want you to know that I gave it up willingly
Nothing real was lost in the bringing of you to me
I want you to have a piece of my maternal flame
Part of me, eternity, tolerance for pain