

Patterns

Laura Marling

Zena, you've squared your toes
But your friendly nose hangs around
You're still a ballerina, everybody knows
But your feet are on the ground
But as the years go by and points comply
With ever more relief
Then patterns in repeat can begin

To have your children, your flock of birds
Your branch among the wood
You'll try to tell them, but you're lost for words
'Cause it's so absurd, how good
And as those years go by they'll look upon you kindly like a friend
A pattern in repeat
And never ends

Pulled for meaning, I arched my back
And then from the black you were born
Forward leaning at first, abstract
You soon contract into form
And now the time leaps by and starts to fly
And only then can I see
That we're patterns in repeat
And we'll always be