

Katie Melua, English Manner

We would walk out on a golden clifftop
The wind rolled up from the sea below
He said he loved me in his quiet manner
I was watching the crocuses in awe

A summer with a gentle sea breeze
We never stopped or talked too long
He'd say you're the only one I'm after
Are you just gonna keep walking on

He loves me

His wife's hair had golden ripples
She's in a painting with a mulberry tree
When I asked him did he love me better
He didn't even look at me

Then they had a party in their garden
Their dresses billowed with fear and lust
She handed me a cloudy glass and then said
You'll see some good if you extend the trust
You'll see some good if you extend the trust

He loves me
He loves me

I heard her say we planted seeds in Autumn
I heard her say but I'll be gone this Spring
I heard her say they'd take me where the wind blows
The final painting by the mulberry king

She had gone again and left the clifftop
But every night I couldn't sleep or rest
She kept coming to my dreams and singing
It's me at twenty-two he sees
When the wind blows around your dress

He loves me