

# My Little Lark

Marissa Nadler

Sooner or later  
I will see you or something  
When we talked in the night  
To the sound of the broken swing  
In the beginning  
Stars I would fancy  
And we'd walk in the night  
To the sound of the surf crashing

Further and further  
Are you growing now  
Further and further  
Is this walk  
Further and further  
Are you growing now  
My little lark

Oh, to my sweet one  
In the days of the long run  
In the fall looking among  
The fields of green and blue  
Where did you fly to  
Little blue

Sooner or later  
I'll be seeing you  
In all the markings on the wall  
Sooner or later  
Will you come to me  
Going to tend the body of a willow tree  
Love again little lark, Love again