

The Lark

Kate Rusby

Out in the field where the lark it flies,
Over the earth where my heart it lies,
Oh how it sings when the west wind blows,
Out in the field where no-one goes.

Oh how I'm cold will you let me in,
If you could hear me speak, where I would begin,
Time it is past now and I roam free,
Is it wrong to wish you still need me,
is it wrong to wish you still need me.

Out in the field where the lark it sings,
There I was waiting for all love brings,
There I stood and there I fell,
Out in the field that I know well.

Oh how I'm cold will you let me in,
If you could hear me speak, where I would begin,
Time it is past now and I roam free,
Is it wrong to wish you still need me,
is it wrong to wish you still need me.

Out in the field where the lark resides,
Here I'll remain where my heart can hide,
Only the lark and the west wind know,
I'm in this field where no-one goes.

Oh how I'm cold will you let me in,
If you could hear me speak, where I would begin,
Time it is past now and I roam free,
Is it wrong to wish you still need me,
is it wrong to wish you still need me