

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