Thinking Of You

Marissa Nadler

Thinking of you
All through the morning
I'm thinking of you
All through the evening
I'm thinking of you
And the way that your holy water grew

I met a girl under the water
It made me recall how I wanted a daughter
But you never gave me nothing that I could hold on to

But I wrote you letters by the phone
And I wrote you every night alone
But who are you walking around with
Buttercup

He was my lord
And I was his lady
But I soon grew tired of the lazy days
When I moved away and I thought of him often
He came to me nights in my rose colored dreams

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