

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

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