

## Laura Marling

### "Map To The Treasure"

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Christmas And The Beads Of Sweat  
Where is your woman?  
Gone to Spanish Harlem?  
Gone to buy you pastels?

Where is your woman?  
Gone to Spanish Harlem?  
Gone to buy you books and bells  
Beneath Indian summer?

Take my hand now  
There is a land now  
In the treasure of love.

Jade and coral  
Perfume from Siam  
In the treasure of love.

To your fingertips  
To the summer sunset  
In the treasure of love  
In the treasure of love, in the treasure of love.

Light the night  
Oh, light the night  
Come my way  
Light the night.

Come to me baby  
You got the look that I adore, that I understand  
My pretty medicine man  
My pretty medicine man  
Got pretty medicine in his head  
For you I bear down  
Soft and burning  
In the treasure of love  
In the treasure of love  
In the treasure of love, love.

Where is your woman?  
Gone to Spanish Harlem?

Gone to buy you pastels?

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