

## **Linda Ronstadt**

### **"The Lark"**

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I am like the lark  
That in order to form its nest  
Always looks for a strong branch  
So that she won't see it fall.

Others are like the deer  
Eager and presumptuous  
When it goes out to find love  
Is killed without warning.

Ay...Ay...Ay...Ay...  
The clouds go through the sky  
The fish through the water  
The gold is under the ground  
And love is in the petticoats.

My dark lovely one  
What am I going to do  
If you take this love  
Away from me.

What good is it for men  
To put on airs  
If when they are at home  
Their pants fall down.

Also another thing happens  
With those who are braggarts  
When they see the real thing  
Something happens to them  
in their breeches

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