

Marissa Nadler

"Thinking of you"

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Thinking of you

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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