

Linda Ronstadt, The Lark

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.