

# Marissa Nadler, Thinking of you

Thinking of you  
All through the morning  
Im thinking of you  
All through the evening  
Im 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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