

# The Valley

Laura Marling

I know she stayed in town last night  
Didn't get in touch  
I know she has my number right  
She can't face seeing us

She sings in the valley in the morning  
Many a morning I have woke  
Longing to ask her what she's mourning  
Course I know it can't be spoke

Perhaps she's had too much of love  
Can be a sickly thing  
That's why she mourns the morning dew  
And the newness that it brings

She sings in the valley in the morning  
Many a morning I have woke  
Longing to ask her what she's mourning  
Of course I know it can't be spoke

I love you in the morning  
I love you in the day  
I'd love you in the evening  
If only she would stay

We love beauty 'cause it needs us to  
It needs our brittle glaze  
And innocence reminds us to  
Cover our drooling gaze

She's down there in the valley  
I know she wanders there  
She's down there in the valley  
I can see her golden hair

I love you in the morning  
My angel of the west  
I love you in the evening  
And I will do my very best  
I'll do my very best