[Warn] Archie: "But you can see she is lonely, Neville. Perhaps I should have more conversations with her."

[Cue] Craven: "I don't think that is wise, Archie..."

A bit of earth She wants a little bit of earth She'll plant some seeds

The seeds will grow The flowers bloom, But is their bounty what she needs.
How can she chance To love a little bit of earth does she not

know The earth is old And does n't

A Tempo-flowing
care if one small girl wants things to grow She needs a

(Vio)

(Figl)

(Bs)
friend

She needs a father, brother, sister, mother's arms

She needs to

laugh.

She needs to dance And learn to work her girl-ish charms

She needs a home The only thing she really needs I can not
Instead she asks: A bit of

Poco accel.

Earth to make it live.

Più mosso

She should have a pony gallop 'cross the
She should have a doll's house with a
hundred rooms per floor. Why can't she ask for a

Something that money can buy that won't die When

[pull back]
I'd give her the world she asks in

stead for some earth.

A bit of

A tempo poco meno mosso

She wants a little bit of earth She'll plant some seeds The seeds will
grow
The flowers bloom, Their beauty just the thing she needs.

Broader
She'll grow to love the tender roses, lilies fair The iris

poco rall.

And then in
Slower

A Tempo

fall, Her bit of earth will freeze and kill them all. A bit of

Segue as one to "Storm I"