

Patrick Wolf, Teignmouth

Teignmouth
On the night train
From the city to the south
I saw spirits
Crawl across the river mouth
In skewed ascension
With no destination
Like this lone bachelor in me
This constant yearning
For great love and learning
For the wind to carry me free

So when the birds fly south
I'll Reach up and hold their tails
Pull up and out of here
And bridle the autumn gales
Down to the burning cliffs
To the unrelenting roll
To marry the untold blisses
And anchor this lost soul

From my window
I saw two birds lost at sea
I caught our reflection
In that silent tragedy
But with hope prevailing
I draw galleons sailing
In full sail billowing free

So when the birds fly south
We'll reach up and hold their tails
Pull up and out of here
And bridle the autumn gales
I give you my hand
The fingers unfold
To have and forever hold
To marry the untold blisses
And anchor this lost soul