

# Patrick Wolf, The Gypsy King

Drawing a line  
A ship in a harbour  
Yes I will go  
I'll be going there soon

A blue map of Cornwall  
Up on a bedroom wall  
Drawing a line  
I'll be following soon

But how do I follow?  
What road to be choosing?  
Do I follow the star  
Or the gypsy king?

I recall when I was younger  
There was a fire  
To travel the world  
And shine with a passion

But as ambition shoots blank  
Day by Day  
On a train from Edinburgh  
To the Kings Cross rain.

I see a small house  
Built on the sea  
I could live there alone  
With a horse and a ukulele

But how do I get there?  
What road to be choosing?  
When the seasons so high  
For losing

How do I follow  
What road to be choosing?  
Do I follow the star  
Or the Gypsy King?