

# Spirit Of The West, Wishing Line

In the shadow of Modigliani  
The German punkers lie  
Each with a dog, on a bit of string  
And filling half the sky  
The Koln Cathedral offers calm  
And quiet expectations  
And then Elvis lit a candle on my day of revelations  
Threw out a wish on a long piece of string  
Felt a gentle tug and then pulled it in  
Kept it in my hand 'til I reached the ground  
Climbed up, brought it down on Ascension day  
Didn't know how many steps, enough to make me sweat  
I pressed my face against the screen  
To be closer to the wind  
The climb left stone, for iron stairs  
That ended shart of heaven  
And it seemed the perfect place for prayer  
On the day of my ascension  
Threw out a wish on a long piece of string  
Felt a gentle tug and then pulled it in, pulled it in  
Kept it in my hand 'til I reached the ground  
Climbed up, brought it down on Ascension day, Ascension day  
Drifted through a door  
To a room reserved for prayer  
Grateful for the silence  
I turned my thoughts to you  
And they landed on your body  
As they very often do  
Wingtips fanned and stretched  
For the gilding on the dome  
I lit a prayer on borrowed flame  
And sent my love back home, home  
Threw out a wish on a long piece of string  
Felt a gentle tug and then pulled it in, pulled it in  
Kept it in my hand 'til I reached the ground  
Climbed up, brought it down  
Threw out a wish on a long piece of string  
Felt a gentle tug and then pulled it in  
Kept it in my hand 'til I reached the ground  
Climbed up, brought it down on Ascension day  
Ascension day  
Ascension day  
Hey lee-ayy-yaay