

# Wolfmother, Tales From The Forest Of Gnomes

Oh my friend don't get caught in yesterday,  
All the things we've heard have left and made their way,

Lower your guns even if love has turned to spite,  
We may find the enemy waiting inside,  
Light the candle to see what may unfold,

If you listen to the sound within your mind,  
You may find your answer flowing in the tide,

Say goodbye to your sorrow,  
And hello to tomorrow,  
Well I hear the fiddlers call,  
Say that love is here for all,

So I wrote her a letter,  
And I tried to forget her,  
Well I don't know if I'll go,  
Can you hear the river flow,

Say goodbye to your sorrow,  
And hello to tomorrow,  
Well I hear the fiddlers call,  
Say that love is here for all,

Lower your guns even if love turns to spite,  
We may find the enemy waiting inside,  
Light the candle to see what may unfold,

Oh my friend I hope your done with yesterday,  
All the things we've heard have left and made their way,

Say goodbye to your sorrow,  
And hello to tomorrow,  
Well I hear the fiddlers call,  
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