

# Patrick Wolf, Pigeon Song

London, did you have to  
take my child away?  
you buried him under  
rent and low pay.  
I've been cycling in circles  
round your empty streets.  
i've been searching  
in the pouring rain.

I've been going alone  
to the cinema  
I've been stealing all my food  
from the electric avenue  
now the pigeons gather  
round my feeding hand.  
and we talk til the evening fades.

I have learnt how it goes  
what you wait for never shows  
and what you least wanted  
holds you down like a stone.  
just like a stone.

Now i feed the birds.  
day after day.  
only they can hear me pray for  
a lighter heart. a lighter load  
to be moving. moving. moving  
my way home