

Patrick Wolf, Pumpkin Soup

Sometimes in the evening ii find a green spot in this town
And i hide myself thinking of those circling skies
it takes me back to another time of duffel coats
And drawing lines in the late september evening sand
the pumpkin soup on the table as warm as the evening sun
A glow from the future a sorrow yet to be undone
Autumns brown sturdy fingers are embedding bouquets up and down your spine
Embrace the moment for everything changes and all this will too
today you debut your birthday bike on the hill
its so beautiful but things are gonna change
the pumpkin soup on the table the late september sun
A glow from the future a sorrow yet to be passed on
the circling sky of seagulls the late september sun
A glow from the future a sorrow yet to be undone
undone

pedal home pedal home your mother is baking your favourite apples this evening
theres soup on the table but dont let go cold no no no
As you push your bike up the garden path you turn to the ocean
You watch as autumn takes its last breath of summer.
the pumpkin soup on the table the late september sun
just dream of a future and then the sorrow is undone