

Patrick Wolf, Souvenirs

Last winter you came home
From an island of fire and stone
With fire to relight the life you lost
And stones to weigh out the heavy cost
And the damage

You put my hand to your heart
And ran right through your history
The souvenirs and lost luggage
The shipwrecks and the mysteries

And with your warm chest against my back
Whispered words and this growing crack
My sweet companion, you knew my name
You lit a candle and a moth came through the window

I put your hand to my heart
And ran right through my history
The souvenirs and lost luggage
The shipwrecks and the mysteries

“Your lips speak a joy
But your eyes tell a sorrow”

How dare you say that to me?
You don't know and you will never know.

I keep these moments as souvenirs
You read my story
Cover to cover
Ear to ear