

Patrick Wolf, The Libertine

The motorway won't take a horse
The wanderer has found a course to follow
The traveller unpacked his bags for the last time
The troubadour cut off his hand and now he wants mine

Oh no, not me.

The circus girl fell off her horse and now shes paralysed
The hitchiker was bound and gagged, raped on the roadside
The libertine is locked in jail
The pirate sunk and broke his sail

But I still have to go
I've got to go, so here i go
I'm going to run the risk of being free

The magicians secrets all revealed
And the preachers lies are all concealed
And all our heroes lack any conviction
They shout through the bars of cliché and addiction

So i've got to go
I've got to go, so here i go
I'm going to run the risk of being free

And in this drought of truth and invention
Whoever shouts the loudest gets the most attention
So we pass the mic and they've got nothing to say except:
"Bow down, bow down, bow down to your god"
Then we hit the floor
And make ourselves and idol to bow before,

Well i can't
And i wont
Bow down
Anymore.

No more