

Patrick Wolf, The Railway House

There's a house
By the rails that I know
In a valley
Of
It's own

With trains and bones
And birds in the yard
Where the wild
Nettles
Grow

Growing over the door
Growing up through the walls
Growing up
Growing over
A treasure to be told

So wave goodbye
To living alone
I think
We've found
Our home

Lets paint these walls
And pull up the weeds
And cast
Our fevers
In stone

Growing out of the drugs
Growing up through the night
Growing up
Growing older
With treasure to be told

I see us growing old
I watch us growing old
Together, together
Together