

Patrick Wolf, This Weather

The storm blows around
This harbour town
I listen to its wind as a choir
The shipping forecast
Is crackling
Like wet wood upon a fire

And time slows and slips away
The tourists come around in May
'Till August when the clouds roll in
The pier cracks, the awnings fade
The Ferris wheel spins slowly in the rain,
The day is gone.

Under this weather
Under this weather
Such shadows are blossoming
Out at sea

I am not going to set myself free here
I am following some dark fortune
Some circle in me

Hold back the wind
Hold back the rain
I want to live
To see good weather

Hold back the years
Hold back the hours
I want to live
To see the sun break through
These days

Under this weather
Under this weather
Such shadows are blossoming
In me