

Patrick Wolf, To The Lighthouse

The day our house collapsed
I went down stream.
I followed the swans
Like I follow my dreams.

oh! I was living on borrowed time in a
borrowed house for a borrowed crime.
in need of help I came to your door.
saw the spike of the railings from
the 28/3rd floor.
singing
"build your castle, stop collecting stones
and the river bed shall not be your home"

To the lighthouse my friend!
I bless your words and education
To the lighthouse my friend.
just go! just go!
To the lighthouse my friend.
I am sorry that you came to find
"great great minds
against themselves conspire'

now the bombs drop around our feet,
do we throw them back
or bow and greet them.
everyone now, is so terrified
of the glowing dark
and those orange skies.

sing it:
'build your castle, stop throwing stones
cos' those fire birds are
coming down on our homes'

To the lighthouse my friends
it cannot even be a question
To the lighthouse my friends
we must go, we must go