

# The Frames, Fitzcarraldo

Here, back, down a long and straight track  
I have chose the long road -  
That leads me to god knows  
So I can't stop right now

Even the good stars can fall from grace and falter  
Lose their faith and slide  
But I can't get an ocean that's deep enough for my day

It's the first of the ascension  
It's a sad way we've flown after the storm  
And her last words were "I was only thinking of you"  
In my olden days I was a slave

Well now it's time for to sound your voice  
And capture what you're after  
My ship was sold right up the river  
But I'm not going down here  
This journey isn't over  
It's a long way to the house of Fitzcarraldo  
And her last words were "I'm always thinking of you"  
In my olden days I was a saint

Even the good stars can fall from grace and falter  
Like lapdogs that stride that mystery  
And her last words were "I'll see you down in history"  
It's the only way that we can go  
I shall eclipse you

It's a long way to Fitzcarraldo  
And I don't want to pray for you  
In the name of something true