

## O Theo

Matthew Perryman Jones

Under the silence of water,  
Into a sky full of birds  
Out from the land of our fathers,  
I am falling on your words,  
Oh...

Dark as the night of a preacher,  
I made a bed out of hay  
They paid me a handful of money,  
I gave it all away...  
All away...

And the righteous raised their stones  
And the devil threw his arrow  
That was longing for a home  
With nowhere to go,  
Oh, Theo...

In the half-life of the city,  
She took off all of her clothes  
I flew from the height of the mountains  
Into a valley of dry bones  
All alone

Then my heart was still unknown  
I was drunk and full of sorrows  
I was longing for a home  
With nowhere to go,  
Oh, Theo...

So, I set fires of starlight,  
To burn up against the despair  
I was caught in the tangles of midnight's  
Long, unanswered prayer:  
'Are you there?'

And the light of morning grows  
On a field of fallen sparrows  
I was longing for a home  
With nowhere to go,  
Oh, Theo...

Ahh, ahh, ahh  
Ahh, ahh, ahh