

# Bluebells

Patrick Wolf

Lucy, remember  
The smell of that fall  
The fires of fungus  
And the rotting leaves

I fell off the wagon  
Into your arms  
Into this long month of Sundays

And you were my husband  
My wife, my heroine  
Now this is our final December

Now deep in a forest  
Losing all though of spring  
And nothing can help me remember  
And I'm going nowhere fast  
A darker day has hold at last  
Deep in this dream I let the compass keep spinning

And your love has come too late  
Away from the garden gate  
Wake me up when the blue bells are ringing

How can it be over after all that we had  
A river runs through the rafters down, down, down  
Does it leave me sleeping? Dreaming only of spring  
The phone rings out and I remember  
But I'm going nowhere fast  
A darker day has hold at last  
Deep in this dream I let the compass keep spinning

And your love has come too late  
Now wave to the garden gate  
Wake me up when the blue bells are ringing  
Ringing, ringing, ringing  
Wanna hear them ringing, my love  
Wanna hear them ringing  
Ringing...