

London

Patrick Wolf

Sundark on darker streets. its violent times for weary feet.
carjackers and bullet showers. a yellow sign. too many fools in
power
but see. i will be gone by morning. my dear friend i lost a fight
forget me. i wash my hands in your grey slowing night.

coming down from darkened heights. i taste the thames with my cycle lights
by saint paul's by big ben. by god's name, i repent.
but see. i will be gone by morning my dear london goodnight
forget me, i wash myself in your grey river light