

## Pelicans

Patrick Wolf

Caught in the drifting years  
Between my youth  
And adulthood  
Must I slow down now?

Between the breaking wave  
And the ghost of this towns glory days  
And the pelican suspension

Here to refuel the passions spent  
On our loves tournaments

Into the arms  
Of combustion  
Into the arms  
Of open air

I long to be as careless as I once was  
But how do I vapour this pressure off?

This pressure off! off!

Pelicans go where they dare  
There let this be  
The shortest day of my year  
Pelicans go where ever  
Where 'ere they dare  
Into the arms  
Of adventure  
Pelicans go where ever  
Where 'ere they dare  
Into the arms  
Of Daytona

Into the arms  
Of the love he's giving  
And wade into the salt  
The salten air  
Oepn air  
The morning mist  
Clears..... open air