

Pigeon Song

Patrick Wolf

London, did you have to take my child away?
You buried him under rent and low pay.
I've been cycling in circles 'round your empty streets.
I've been searching in the pouring rain.

I've been going alone to the cinema.
I've been stealing all my food from the electric avenue.
Now the pigeons gather 'round my feeding hand.
And we talk 'til the evening fades.

I have learnt how it goes.
What you wait for never shows.
And what you least wanted, holds you down like a stone.
just like a stone.

So.
Now I feed the birds. Day after day.
Only they can hear me pray for.
A lighter heart. A lighter load.
To be moving. Moving. Moving my way home.

My, way home.
Way home.
My, way home.