

## Souvenirs

Patrick Wolf

Last winter you came home  
From an island of fire and stone  
With fire to relight the life you lost  
And stones to weigh out the heavy cost  
And the damage

You put my hand to your heart  
And ran right through your history  
The souvenirs and lost luggage  
The shipwrecks and the mysteries

And with your warm chest against my back  
Whispered words and this growing crack  
My sweet companion, you knew my name  
You lit a candle and a moth came through the window

I put your hand to my heart  
And ran right through my history  
The souvenirs and lost luggage  
The shipwrecks and the mysteries

"Your lips speak a joy  
But your eyes tell a sorrow"

How dare you say that to me?  
You don't know and you will never know.

I keep these moments as souvenirs  
You read my story  
Cover to cover  
Ear to ear