

The Bluebell

Patrick Wolf

Down in the park
And the lust of the light
Among the stray dogs and families
I smell the bonfires, and
Watch the bonbs
Fireworks burst above the trees
And to pillows of white cloud, and
Another year has gone
Now it is the fifth of November
I lock the doors, and
Swallow the key
And draw the curtains, closed forever
Forever