

The Falcons

Patrick Wolf

Down in the foundry
They forge for us the changing bell
Turn your back against the wind
Spit down the wishing well
With nothing left to waste
But opportunity
To be the lovers
We have longed to be
Now things are looking up for you
Looking up for me
Looking up for us
Finally

We cross the borderline
To wake the sleep of colour
Under wind turbine
Look at the rusting of that old machinery!
Rusting away apart to history

Now things are looking up for you
Looking up for me
Looking up for us
Finally

What brings the joy
Will take the tears
You've been holding back
For all the years
That you were down
And out of luck
Now side by side
We're looking up

Time to ring that
Changing Bell