

# The Future

Patrick Wolf

Summer in san francisco  
Kissing chlorine in the swimming pool  
Out of fuel at the phoenix motel  
I slept alone again that night  
In sweet dreams of mother Ireland  
and Father Albion

Sweet dream that you  
Come near and I see my  
Future Clear and the threshold appears  
And I am carrying you over  
Carrying you over

Into the Hallway of our  
New home  
Chaos outside  
But i've got Your Back  
We've got our own  
Paradise  
Now we are private worlds away from  
Public eyes I say I love you  
More than my life  
Truth completely

You come near I see my  
Future clear and the  
Threshold appears  
And I am carrying you over  
Carrying me over into  
The best days  
Of the rest of our lives