

# The Sun Is Often Out

Patrick Wolf

Tower Bridge  
Is closing  
And all of Bermondsey  
Is asleep

Streetlight walks the waters  
Rising fast and dark and deep

Well is your work of art so heavy  
That it will not let you live?

You'll be missed

Soon there'll be flowers in the river  
Tears being shed

You'll be missed

So life has blessed you with a gift boy  
That you've gone and thrown away

And with it your whole future  
And left behind your family

They're throwing flowers in the river  
Prayers are being said

You'll be missed

They're throwing flowers in the river  
Where your body cold was found

And you're missed  
You're missed

Now I sit down here at low tide  
And I wait for the Peregrines

Stephen this is where I live now  
That I have overcome my demons

And have grown out of that thinking  
That would not me live or give

I throw my flowers in the river  
Tears are being shed  
You are missed

And the poem reads  
And I remember the day you told me that  
The sun, the sun, the sun

The sun is often out

Why didn't you KNOW that

And yes

The sun, the sun, the sun  
Is often out

I wish I had known you better

Was your work of art so heavy  
That it would not let you live?