

Patrick Wolf

"Anthem"

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The birds they sang
At the break of day
Start again
I heard them say
Do not dwell on what
Has passed away
Or what is yet to be.

Ah the wars they will
Be fought again
The holy dove
She will be caught again
Bought and sold
And sold and bought again
The dove is never free.

So ring the bells that still can ring
Forget your perfect offering
There is a crack, a crack in everything
That's how the light gets in.

We asked for signs
The signs were sent:
The birth betrayed
The marriage spent
Ah the widowhood
Of every government,
Signs for all to see.

I can't run no more
With that lawless crowd
While the killers in high places
Sing their prayers out loud.
Oh they've summoned up, summoned up
A thundercloud
And they're going to hear from me.

So ring the bells that still can ring
Forget your perfect offering
There is a crack, a crack in everything
That's how the light gets in.

You can add up the parts
There is no sum
You can strike up the march,
There is no drum
Every heart, every heart
To love will come
But like a refugee.

So ring the bells that still can ring
Forget your perfect offering
There is a crack, a crack in everything
That's how the light gets in.
How the light gets in.

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