

## Patrick Wolf "Bluebell"

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Lucy, remember the smell of that fall  
The fires of fungus and the rotting leaves  
I fell off the wagon into your arms  
Into this long month of Sundays  
And you were my husband  
My wife, my heroine  
Now this is our final December

Now deep in a forest  
Losing all though of spring  
And nothing can help me remember  
And I'm going nowhere fast  
A darker day has hold at last  
Deep in a dream  
I set the calmness to spinning

And your love has come too late  
Away from the garden gate  
Wake me up  
When the blue bells are ringing

Now that it's over after all that we had  
A river runs through the rafters  
Down, down, down  
Does it leave me sleeping?  
Dreaming only of spring

The phone rings out and I remember  
But I'm going nowhere fast  
A darker day has hold at last  
Deep in this dream  
I set the calmness to spinning

And your love has come too late  
Now wave to the garden gate  
Wake me up  
When the blue bells are ringing

Ring, ring, ring, ring  
Wanna hear them ring, my love  
Wanna hear them ring  
Ring

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