

Patrick Wolf "Magpie"

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Magpie, was it you who stole the wedding ring?
Or what other thieving bird would steal such hope
away?

Magpie, i am lost among the hinterland,
caught among the bracken and the fern,
and the boys who have no name.

Theres No Name For Us
But Still We Sing

And still we sing,
Little boy, little boy,
Lost and blue,
Listen now, let me tell you what to do,
You can run on, run along or home
Between the knees of her,
All among her bracken and her ferns,
And the boy will have a name.

And We Will Sing
And We Will Sing,
One For Sorrow

Two For Joy

Three For A Girl

Four For A Boy

Five For Silver

Six For Gold

Seven For A Secret,, Never To Be Told

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