

Patrick Wolf

"Pelicans"

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Caught in the drifting years
Between my youth
And adulthood
Must I slow down now?

Between the breaking wave
And the ghost of this towns glory days
And the pelican suspension

Here to refuel the passions spent
On our loves tournaments?

Into the arms
Of adventure
Into the arms
Of combustion
Into the arms
Of open air

I long to be as careless as I once was
But how do I vapour this pressure off?

This pressure off! off!

Pelicans go where they dare
There let this be
The shortest day now of my year
Pelicans go where ever
Where 'ere they dare
Into the arms
Of Adventure
Pelicans go where ever
Where 'ere they dare
Into the arms
Of Daytona

Into the arms
Of the love he's giving
And wade into the salt
The salten air
Open air

The morning mist clears
Open air

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