

## Patrick Wolf "Pumpkin Soup"

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Sometimes in the evening ii find a green spot in this town  
And i hide myself thinking of those circling skies  
it takes me back to another time of duffel coats  
And drawing lines in the late september evening sand  
the pumpkin soup on the table as warm as the evening sun  
A glow from the future a sorrow yet to be undone  
Autumns brown sturdy fingers are embedding  
bouquets up and down your spine  
Embrace the moment for everything changes and all  
this will too  
today you debut your birthday bike on the hill  
its so beautiful but things are gonna change  
the pumpkin soup on the table the late september sun  
A glow from the future a sorrow yet to be passed on  
the circling sky of seagulls the late september sun  
A glow from the future a sorrow yet to be undone  
undone

pedal home pedal home your mother is baking your  
favourite apples this evening  
theres soup on the table but dont let go cold no no no  
As you push your bike up the garden path you turn to  
the ocean  
You watch as autumn takes its last breath of summer.  
the pumpkin soup on the table the late september sun  
just dream of a future and then the sorrow is undone

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