

## Patrick Wolf "The Days"

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The days, passing days

I see the steeple and trace to the spire  
And the sunset  
Deepening red  
Phoenix and the firefly

And the time stops  
Rush hour traffic slows  
And my heart starts beating this dark  
Through old flesh and cold bones

And I long to be carried on  
Just once to be lifted strong  
Out of the loneliness and the emptiness  
Of the days

Days, passing days  
The days I remember

I had your love once  
Seized my body whole  
And our first dance  
Well, I thought by chance  
God had matched my soul

But time bought its traveling  
This distance and solitude  
And in that traveling, myself damaging  
I took my love far, far from you

But don't you still long to be carried on?  
Once more I could lift you strong  
Out of the loneliness and the emptiness  
Of the days

Passing days  
Passing days  
Days

Now tell me  
Have we gone too far or did we get too close?

Forgive me, Father, I've no son, here come, ghost  
I promise I'll meet you  
I'll meet you at the end of the days

The days, passing days  
Won't you meet me at the end of the days?

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