

## Patrick Wolf

### "The Tinderbox"

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Left, right  
Left, right and  
Left, right  
Left, right and

Weary from the war as I stumble into fortune  
Strike a deal with a witch and cut off her head  
With pockets full of gold, boy,  
I journey into town  
And trade my scuffed boots for bribes and burberry

Became the talk of the town though the heart remained  
mute as I  
Fed the poor with the king's cutlery  
Locked in towers behind walls  
comes some divination  
Where true love was promised to me

On a  
Black dog  
Black burning eyes  
Come carry you here to my room  
Dark to one spark and i have your heart  
But as quick as you come, you're always gone so soon  
Soon, soon, soon  
Always gone so soon

And now I live alone in this dirty old attic  
And my friends have no strength to climb up the stairs  
So in the dark (dark), I spark (spark) a small box of  
tinder  
And your love is ferried to here

On a  
Black dog  
Black burning eyes  
Come carry you here to my room  
Dark to one spark and I have your heart  
But as quick as you come, you're always gone so soon,  
soon, soon  
Gone so soon, soon, soon

Always gone so soon  
So soon

Why does no flame here last for long?  
Oh no, no spark rides dark for long  
Oh no  
A thousand kisses are no judas kicking in to stop me  
From trying to start a fire  
Start the fire  
Start the fire, fire, fire, fire, fire, fire, fire  
Deep down in me

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