

Patrick Wolf "Thickets"

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Just a little further up the hill boy
You'll be home, soon enough

All along the river, peddling as fast as I could
Watch as the wasteland flowers
All cars and rubbish flourish, with black berries and red
berries

Sweet black berries
Tainted red berries
Berries
Berries

When looking for my tower
Of all the rails and the roads
I need a resurrection
As my desires and power, grown thicket
Tall around me
Tall around me
Tall around me
Around
Around
Around now

Well, have I been travelling so long
That I forgot how to stop?
Why are my brakes all broken?
Wheels spinning out of control
And in the mirror
Pale and deathly have become

Oh, what have I become?
Mother
What have I have become?
Become
Become
Become now

Now
And all my wastelands flower
(And all my wastelands flower)
And all my thickets grow on and

And all my wastelands flower
(When all my wastelands flower)
And all my thickets grow tall and tall
Still damn tall
Tall and tall
And around
All around me
(Round and round and round)
What have I become?
Pale and deathly have become
What have I become?
Pale and deathly have become
Become
Become
Become now

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