

The Frames

"Fitzcarraldo"

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Here, back, down along
And straight, track
I have chosen the long road
That leads me out to god knows
So I can stop right now

Even the good stars can fall from grace and falter,
lose their faith, and slide
But I can't get an ocean that's deep enough

For my day is the first of the ascension
It's a sad way we've flown after the stars
And her last words were 'I was only thinking of you'
In my golden, olden days I was a slave

Well now it's time for to sound your voice
And capture what your after
My ship was sold right up the river
But I'm not going down here
This journey isn't over
It's a long way to the house of fitzcarraldo
And her last words were 'I'm always thinking of you'
In my golden, olden days I was a saint

Even the good stars can fall from grace and falter
Like lapdogs that stride that mystery
And her last words were 'I'll see you down in history
It's the (long lonely) way that we can grow

I shall eclipse you.

It's a long way to Fitzcarraldo
And I don't want to pray for you
In the name of something true

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