

Spirit Of The West

"Wishing Line"

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In the shadow of Modigliani
The German punkers lie
Each with a dog, on a bit of string
And filling half the sky
The Koln Cathedral offers calm
And quiet expectations
And then Elvis lit a candle on my day of revelations
Threw out a wish on a long piece of string
Felt a gentle tug and then pulled it in
Kept it in my hand 'til I reached the ground
Climbed up, brought it down on Ascension day
Didn't know how many steps, enough to make me
sweat
I pressed my face against the screen
To be closer to the wind
The climb left stone, for iron stairs
That ended short of heaven
And it seemed the perfect place for prayer
On the day of my ascension
Threw out a wish on a long piece of string
Felt a gentle tug and then pulled it in, pulled it in
Kept it in my hand 'til I reached the ground
Climbed up, brought it down on Ascension day,
Ascension day
Drifted through a door
To a room reserved for prayer
Grateful for the silence
I turned my thoughts to you
And they landed on your body
As they very often do
Wingtips fanned and stretched
For the guilding on the dome
I lit a prayer on borrowed flame
And sent my love back home, home
Threw out a wish on a long piece of string
Felt a gentle tug and then pulled it in, pulled it in
Kept it in my hand 'til I reached the ground
Climbed up, brought it down
Threw out a wish on a long piece of string
Felt a gentle tug and then pulled it in
Kept it in my hand 'til I reached the ground

Climbed up, brought it down on Ascension day
Ascension day
Ascension day
Hey lee-ayy-yaay

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