

# Patrick Wolf, London

Sundark on darker streets. its violent times for weary feet.  
carjackers and bullet showers. a yellow sign. too many fools in power  
but see. i will be gone by morning. my dear friend i lost a fight  
forget me. i wash my hands in your grey slowing night.

coming down from darkened heights. i taste the thames with my cycle lights  
by saint paul's by big ben. by god's name, i repent.  
but see. i will be gone by morning my dear london goodnight  
forget me, i wash myself in your grey river light