

The Libertine

[Patrick Wolf](#)

The motorway won't take a horse
The wanderer has found a course to follow
The traveler unpacked his bags for the last time
The troubadour cut off his hand and now he wants mine Oh no, not me
The circus girl fell off her horse and now
she's paralyzed
The hitchhiker was bound and gagged, raped on the roadside
The libertine is locked in jail
The pirate sunk and broke his sail But I still have to go
I've got to go, so here I go
I'm going to run the risk of being free
The magician's secrets all revealed
And the preacher's lies are all concealed
And all our heroes lack any conviction
They shout through the bars of cliché and addiction
So I've got to go
I've got to go, so here I go
I'm going to run the risk of being free
And in this drought of truth and invention
Whoever shouts the loudest gets the most attention
So we pass the mic and they've got nothing to say except
Bow down, bow down, bow down to your God
Then we hit the floor and make ourselves and idol to bow before
Well I can't and I won't
Bow down anymore
No more

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