The Future

Patrick Wolf

Summer in San Francisco Kissing chlorine in the swimming pool Out of fuel at the Phoenix motel I slept alone again that night And sweet dreams of Mother Ireland And Father Albion Sweet dream That you'll come near, I see my future clear And the threshold appears And I am carrying you over, carrying you over You come near, I see my future clear And the threshold appears And I am carrying you over, carrying you over Into the hallway of our new home Chaos outside But I've got your back We've got our own paradise

And we are private worlds away from
Public eyes
I say I love you more than my life
Truth completely
You come near, I see my future clear
And the threshold appears
And I am carrying you over, carrying you over
You come near, I see my future clear
And the threshold appears
And I am carrying you over, carrying me over
Into the best days of the rest days of our lives
Into the future
Carrying you over, carrying you over
Into the future
Carrying me over

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