Pigeon Song

Patrick Wolf

London, did you have to
take my child away?
you buried him under
rent and low pay.
I've been cyling in circles
round your empty streets.
i've been searching
in the pouring rain.I've been going alone
to the cinema
I've been stealing all my food
from the electric avenue
now the pigeons gather
round my feeding hand.
and we talk til the evening fades.I have learnt how it goes
what you wait for never shows
and what you least wanted
holds you down like a stone.
just like a stone.Now i feed the birds.
day after day.
only they can hear me pray for
a lighter heart. a lighter load
to be moving. moving. moving
my way home

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