

# Paris

Patrick Wolf

It was seven in the morning when the spark  
began to give. the bath was spilling over, my  
self pity spilling with it, so i, i fled the country  
to start it all again and found myself in paris in  
the cemetery rain. dear anne came to me and took me by the arm  
showed me old disasters embedded in the palm  
warned me of a lady with the sun behind her head.  
with a a granite neck, a singer who can never sing  
again. but you, my love: you must come, come to joy, turn your head to the sun  
its down to you, you can shine, you can shake all the  
sorrow from your palm.. its down to you if you dare  
to come to joy. what was it i ran from, what burnt away inside?  
four hundred schoolboys and a lawyer at my side  
always running with these legs going nowhere  
a ghost in the system, and angel on the stairs...  
but oh! this time....

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