

The Falcons

Patrick Wolf

Looking up, up, up for love finallyHey, hey
Fire, fireDown in the foundry
We forge for us the changing bell
Turn your back against the winds
Spit down the wishing well
With nothing left to waste but opportunity
To be the lovers we have longed to beNow things are looking up, up, up for you
Looking up, up, up for me
Looking up, up, up for us
FinallyWe cross the border line
To wake the sleep of color under wind turbines
Look at the rusting of the old machinery
Rusted away, a part of historyNow things are looking up, up, up for you
Looking up, up, up for me
Looking up, up, up for us
Hey, finallyWe crossed the border lineUp, up, up, up, up, up, up, up
Up, up, up, up, up, upWhat brings you joy will take your tears
You've been holding back too many years
But you were down and out of luck
Now side by side, we're looking up
Up, up, up, up, up, up, up, up
FinallyLooking up, up, up for you
Looking up, up, up for me
Looking up, up, up for us
Time to ring that changing bellUp, up, up, up, up, up, up, up
Up, up, up, up, up, up, up, up

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