

# Teignmouth

Patrick Wolf

Teignmouth  
On the night train  
From the city to the south  
I saw spirits  
Crawl across the river mouth  
In skewed ascension  
With no destination  
Like this lone bachelor in me  
This constant yearning  
For great love and learning  
For the wind to carry me free  
So when the birds fly south  
I'll Reach up and hold their tails  
Pull up and out of here  
And bridle the autumn gales  
Down to the burning cliffs  
To the unrelenting roll  
To marry the untold blisses

And anchor this lost soul  
From my window  
I saw two birds lost at sea  
I caught our reflection  
In that silent tragedy  
But with hope prevailing  
I draw galleons sailing  
In full sail billowing free  
So when the birds fly south  
We'll reach up and hold their tails  
Pull up and out of here  
And bridle the autumn gales  
I give you my hand  
The fingers unfold  
To have and forever hold  
To marry the untold blisses  
And anchor this lost soul

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