

The Railway House

Patrick Wolf

There's a house
By the rails that I know
In a valley of its own With trains and bones
And birds in the yard
Where the wild nettles grow Growing over the door
Growing up through the walls
Growing up, growing over
A treasure to be told So wave goodbye
To living alone
I think we've found
Our home Let's paint these walls
And pull up the weeds
And cast our fevers
In stone Growing out of the drugs
Growing up through the night
Growing up, growing older
With treasure to be told I see us growing old
I watch us growing old
Together, together
Together

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