

## Land's End

Patrick Wolf

The work is done and the record pressed  
Now you're doing battle  
With the fickle press  
You've got to strike the hammers  
And pull the bow  
And another fool  
Is just another show  
It's all the same  
And you've seen this before  
And you've seen this before  
And you've seen this before

And don't it seem like too long a time  
Since you were sweating in the streetlight?  
Too many dreams, not enough schemes  
And a bike with no gears to ride  
With the wheels going too slow

So, you tell 'em:  
"I'm leaving London for Lands End  
With a green tent and a violin  
I'm going to strike the hammers  
And pull the bow  
Just another day to forget this show  
And come back to me"  
Come back to me  
Darling come back to me  
Come back....

Now don't it seem like too long a time  
Since you were sweating in the spotlight?  
Too many jeers, not enough cheers  
But when you sing you've got nothing to hide  
Singing: "where does the time go?  
And where did the time go?"

Oh Darling when will you ever learn?  
The grass is always greener,  
Its everywhere you turn  
You'll see it:  
Everything you're sure of is up for change  
We're all stuck on this spinning stage  
Spinning around and round  
And round and round and round