

# The Falcons

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Down in the foundry  
They forge for us the changing bell  
Turn your back against the wind  
Spit down the wishing well  
With nothing left to waste  
But opportunity  
To be the lovers  
We have longed to be  
Now things are looking up for you  
Looking up for me  
Looking up for us  
Finally

We cross the borderline  
To wake the sleep of colour  
Under wind turbine  
Look at the rusting of that old machinery!  
Rusting away apart to history

Now things are looking up for you  
Looking up for me  
Looking up for us  
Finally

What brings the joy  
Will take the tears  
You've been holding back  
For all the years  
That you were down  
And out of luck  
Now side by side  
We're looking up

Time to ring that  
Changing Bell