

The Future

Patrick Wolf

Summer in san francisco
Kissing chlorine in the swimming pool
Out of fuel at the phoenix motel
I slept alone again that night
In sweet dreams of mother Ireland
and Father Albion

Sweet dream that you
Come near and I see my
Future Clear and the threshold appears
And I am carrying you over
Carrying you over

Into the Hallway of our
New home
Chaos outside
But i've got Your Back
We've got our own
Paradise
Now we are private worlds away from
Public eyes I say I love you
More than my life
Truth completely

You come near I see my
Future clear and the
Threshold appears
And I am carrying you over
Carrying me over into
The best days
Of the rest of our lives