

The Sun Is Often Out

Patrick Wolf

Tower Bridge
Is closing
And all of Bermondsey
Is asleep

Streetlight walks the waters
Rising fast and dark and deep

Well is your work of art so heavy
That it will not let you live?

You'll be missed

Soon there'll be flowers in the river
Tears being shed

You'll be missed

So life has blessed you with a gift boy
That you've gone and thrown away

And with it your whole future
And left behind your family

They're throwing flowers in the river
Prayers are being said

You'll be missed

They're throwing flowers in the river
Where your body cold was found

And you're missed
You're missed

Now I sit down here at low tide
And I wait for the Peregrines

Stephen this is where I live now
That I have overcome my demons

And have grown out of that thinking
That would not me live or give

I throw my flowers in the river
Tears are being shed
You are missed

And the poem reads
And I remember the day you told me that
The sun, the sun, the sun

The sun is often out

Why didn't you KNOW that

And yes

The sun, the sun, the sun
Is often out

I wish I had known you better

Was your work of art so heavy
That it would not let you live?