

O Theo

Matthew Perryman Jones

Under the silence of water,
Into a sky full of birds
Out from the land of our fathers,
I am falling on your words,
Oh...

Dark as the night of a preacher,
I made a bed out of hay
They paid me a handful of money,
I gave it all away...
All away...

And the righteous raised their stones
And the devil threw his arrow
That was longing for a home
With nowhere to go,
Oh, Theo...

In the half-life of the city,
She took off all of her clothes
I flew from the height of the mountains
Into a valley of dry bones
All alone

Then my heart was still unknown
I was drunk and full of sorrows
I was longing for a home
With nowhere to go,
Oh, Theo...

So, I set fires of starlight,
To burn up against the despair
I was caught in the tangles of midnight's
Long, unanswered prayer:
'Are you there?'

And the light of morning grows
On a field of fallen sparrows
I was longing for a home
With nowhere to go,
Oh, Theo...

Ahh, ahh, ahh
Ahh, ahh, ahh