

## On Your Side

Patrick Wolf

Red sky in the morning, banshee still sleeping  
But sure as the evening crowns the day  
When she wakes to keen your fate  
And fortune forfeit if to be tied  
Out here on your side  
On your side  
I'll hold the line

When our audacious hope spoils useless  
And the waves start to repeal your plimsoll line  
Put your trembling hand in mine  
I'll whistle, in the dark you hide  
Out here on your side  
On your side  
I'll hold the line

On your side when the doctor can no more do mending  
On your side where the seraph tires his wing and tread  
On your side where no lark has been ascending  
I'll hold the line  
Out here on your side

I'll hold the line