

# The Bluebell

Patrick Wolf

Down in the park  
And the lust of the light  
Among the stray dogs and families  
I smell the bonfires, and  
Watch the bonbs  
Fireworks burst above the trees  
And to pillows of white cloud, and  
Another year has gone  
Now it is the fifth of November  
I lock the doors, and  
Swallow the key  
And draw the curtains, closed forever  
Forever