

# The Curfew Bell

Patrick Wolf

The train departs  
On a buck and wing  
Toward the end of your suffering  
Packed for fourteen  
Only needed two  
Days pursuing still, their haunting  
A kiss on the forehead  
You say, "I don't want to go"  
The years of my life now  
You'll never know

Crying the neck  
The curfew bell  
The eddying tide  
The boat untethered  
Howls to the harbour  
And all the words leave me  
Go on you there to  
The ever and after

Lightning strikes, a stormless hour  
Sure, there's an elephant in the garden, Ma  
I leave your bedside  
For to stem my tears  
A robin lay on the path where the forest clears  
The farmer yells  
Out in to the field  
To announce the end of his harvest yield

Crying the neck  
The curfew bell  
The eddying tide  
The boat untethered howls to the harbour  
And all the words leave me  
Go on you there to  
The ever and after

Crying the neck  
The curfew bell  
Rings the fires out  
The eddying tide  
Draws the boat  
One breath from on the harbour mouth

To the silent room  
Where doors lead to corridors  
To windowless walls a world away  
Where are you, where are you  
Where?