

The Gypsy King

Patrick Wolf

Drawing a line
A ship in a harbour
Yes I will go
I'll be going there soon

A blue map of Cornwall
Up on a bedroom wall
Drawing a line
I'll be following soon

But how do I follow?
What road to be choosing?
Do I follow the star
Or the gypsy king?

I recall when I was younger
There was a fire
To travel the world
And shine with a passion

But as ambition shoots blank
Day by Day
On a train from Edinburgh
To the Kings Cross rain□.

I see a small house
Built on the sea
I could live there alone
With a horse and a ukulele

But how do I get there?
What road to be choosing?
When the seasons so high
For losing

How do I follow
What road to be choosing?
Do I follow the star
Or the Gypsy King?