

The Tinderbox

Patrick Wolf

Left, right, left, right
And left, right, left, right

Weary from the wars
I stumble into fortune
Strike a deal with the witch
And cut off her head
With pockets full of gold
I journey into town
Trade my stuffed boots
For bribes and burberry

Became the talk of the town
Though the heart remained mute
As I fed the poor
With the king's cutlery

Locked in towers behind walls
Comes some divination
And true love was promised to me

On a black dog
Black burning eyes
Come and carry you here
To my room

One spark
And I have your heart
And as quick as you come
Always gone so soon soon soon
Gone so soon soon soon
Gone so soon soon soon
Always gone so soon
And now I live alone
In this dirty old attic
And my friends have no strength
To climb up the stairs

So in the dark I spark
This old box of tinder