

# Thickets

Patrick Wolf

Just a little further up the hill, boy  
You'll be home, soon enough

All along the river, heading fast as I could  
Watch as the wasteland flowers  
Old cars and rubbish flourish  
The black berries and red berries  
Sweet black berries, taste red berries, berries, berries

Went looking for my tower  
Off all the rails and the roads in need of resurrection  
As my desires and power are growing in thickets  
Tall all around me, tall and all around me  
Tall around me, around, around, around now

Well, have I been traveling so long  
that I've forgot how to stop?  
Why are my breaks all broken?  
Wheels spinning out of control  
and then in the mirror, pale and deathly I have become

Well, what have I become? Mother?  
What have I become? Become, become, become now, oh, now

And all my wastelands flower (And all my wastelands flower)  
And all my thickets grow now (Grow)

And all my wastelands flower (Why all my wastelands flower?)  
And all my thickets grow tall and tall (Grow)  
Tall and tall, tall, tall (Grow)  
Tall all around all around me

Pale and deathly, as all wasteland flowers  
and all thickets grow, pale and deathly  
as all your wasteland flowers and all your thickets grow  
pale and deathly as all your wasteland flowers and all your thickets grow  
pale and deathly as all your wasteland flowers and all your thickets grow

What have I become now? Pale and deathly I have become  
What have I become? Become, become, become now  
become, become, become now