

Richard Thompson, Long Dead Love

(Richard Thompson)

Somebody's walking, oh somebody's walking
There on the grave of our love
And somebody's kicking the dust and the ashes away
Why don't they just let it die
And fade and grow cold again
Better our footsteps divide
And our memory grow old again

Oh long dead love
Long dead love
How much dirt must you shovel on what's already dead
Don't send flowers to remember, send thorns instead
And who's that polishing the tombstone over our heads
Ohh

Somebody's dancing on our sad misfortune
Oh there on the grave of our love
And somebody's sweeping the splinters of my broken heart away
Why don't they just let it die
And fade and grow cold again
Better our footsteps divide
And our memory grow old again

Oh long dead love
Long dead love
It's been so long it's even hard to find the right place
Was it you who paid for Burke and Hare to come in on the case
You know grave-robbing is a sin and this is a crying disgrace

Deep in the night, the cruel intention comes stealing
Deep in the night, I can't close my eyes for that feeling

Oh long dead love
Long dead love
Long dead love