

# Richard Thompson, Traces Of My Love

(Richard Thompson)

The songbird sings so clear  
Like your voice upon my ear  
I seem to hear traces of my love

The river rushes down  
There's sweetness in the sound  
I seem to hear traces of my love

When I lay on my bed  
I find no rest, instead I seem to see  
You here with me  
O will that sweet day ever be  
O, o traces of my love  
O, o traces of my love

In every crowded place  
In every stranger's face  
I seem to see traces of my love

Inside my darkest day  
When the world seems cold and grey  
I seem to see traces of my love

If I try to turn my head  
Or close my eyes  
Instead I see you there  
O everywhere  
Shadows of a face so rare  
O, o traces of my love  
O, o traces of my love

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Or close my eyes  
Instead I see you there  
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O, o traces of my love  
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