

Clare Bowditch

"Little Black Cave"

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I neatly fold our love in four,
I hug my mother, I bolt my door.
I go to find our love a little black cave
and dig it down deep and hope it will behave.

I would do anything for your love.
I would do anything for your love.
Yes I would do most any old thing;
I'd humble my heart, I'd let you win.
I would do most any old thing;
in the hollow of the night it's
You You You I sing for.

I found our love that little black cave
but I couldn't get back 'cause it didn't have a name.
So don't you say you died a thousand deaths
to bring me words I haven't even heard yet.

I would do anything for your love.
I would do anything for your love.
Yes I would do most any old thing;
I'd humble my heart I'd let you win.
I would do most any old thing;
I give my word, I'd make you king, yes.
I would do most any old thing,
I'd lower my hand, I'd let you swing.
I would do most any old thing.
In the hollow of the night it's
You You You I sing for.

I found our love a little black cave
but I couldn't get back
'cause it didn't have a name no.
Dig and dug. Toil and toil.
I left my love for you inside that cave hole

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