

Richard Thompson

"Died For Love"

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John Dunblane, Annie Painter, they were true lovers to
the end

They grew up together in the streets where no one is
your friend

They mixed their heart's blood together, they swore
they'd always be true

When Annie left for the summer, she said for now but
never adieu

I'd give my life to be with you

Some will die for fortune, some will die for pleasure

But only lovers die for love

The summer turned into winter but Annie Painter never
came

A cold wind blew through the dark town

And it chilled the heart of John Dunblane

He took the road to every city, he sailed to every port of
call

He hung his head as tears were falling, he scratched
his message on the wall

I'd give my life to be with you

Some will die for fortune, some will die for pleasure

But only lovers die for love

He was broken, he was crazy, his face was old and
cracked with tears

He was dying of the seasons that shook his frame for
thirteen years

As he lay sickening by the roadside, a voice came
drifting through the air

It was the voice of Annie Painter, she sang a song
sweet and clear

I'd give my life to be with you

He went running through the city, he searched for day
after day

When he found her she was dying, and all for love of
John Dunblane

She said "Forgive my cruel father. He tried to keep me
away.

And don't despair for my dying, for this is our wedding
day."

I'd give my life to be with you
Some will die for fortune, some will die for pleasure
But only lovers die for love
Only lovers die for love

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