

## **Richard Thompson**

### **"Long Dead Love"**

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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

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