

Richard Thompson

"Word Unspoken, Sight Unseen"

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I must leave this tainted place
Of slow and hidden pain
By all and any means
All the past I shall erase
And never look again
On child's memories

If you'll have me, truly have me
Word Unspoken, Sight Unseen
I'm new-born to be your lover
Word Unspoken, Sight Unseen

Take my trophies from the rack.
The medals from my chest
The walls wash clean
All my life is on my back
And swiftness suits me best
I'm travelling lean

So I come to you a shell
Make of me what you must
And I shall bend
What you need I cannot tell
But I shall sweep the dust
And patch and mend

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