

## The Poor Souls Of Pompeii

### "Love Has Gone"

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Did he murder you with the candlestick, my dear?  
What a brutal way to go  
What a way to go...  
Did he murder you with kindness and kisses, my dear?  
What a brutal way to go  
What a way to go, my little darlin'  
Don't you think that it's time to go?  
That it's time to go, my little darlin'?

Don't you think of me  
When you flee like a thief  
In the night

I don't know where love has gone  
I must have chased him away  
I don't know where love has gone

When Memorial Day swings 'round, my dear,  
Will he find you in the arms of another man?  
And as the halo of blood around his head expands,  
Will you stop and say a prayer?  
Will you leave him there, my little darling?

Don't you think of me  
When you flee like a thief  
In the night

I don't know where love has gone  
I must have chased him away  
I don't know where love has gone

Do I look up and to the left?  
Or down, and to right?  
And do you know where I've gone,  
Where I go?

I don't know where love has gone  
I must have chased him away

