Thompson Richard "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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