

Marianne Faithfull, Fare Thee Well

Oh, fare thee well, I must be gone
And leave you for a while.
If ever I go I will return
If I go ten thousand miles.

If I go
If I go
If I go ten thousand miles.

Ten thousand miles it is so far
To leave me here alone
While I may lie lament and cry
And you'll not hear my moan.

And you
No, you
And you'll not hear my moan.

The crow that is so black, my love,

Will change its colour white.
If I ever should prove false to thee
The day will turn to night.

Oh the day
Yes, the day
Oh the day will turn to night.

The rivers never will run dry
Or the rocks melt with the sun.
I'll never prove false to the boy I love
Till all these things be done.

Till all
Till all
Till all these things be done.