

Richard Thompson, Never Again

(Richard Thompson)

O who will remember, O who will be sure
And still feel the silence as close as before
And was there a season without any rain,
And never, O never, O never again?

The time for dividing and no-one will speak
Of the sadness of hiding, and the softness of sleep
O will there be nothing of peace 'till the end,
Or never, O never, O never again?

Old man how you tarry, old man how you weep
The trinkets you carry and the garlands you keep
For the salt tears of lovers and the whispers of friends
Come never, O never, O never again