

# Richard Thompson, Word Unspoken, Sight Unseen

(Richard Thompson)

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