Marianne Faithfull, Cockleshells

When cockleshells turn silver bells
Then will my love return to me
Then will my love return to me
Then will my love return to me

Love return to me
Love return to me
Love return
Love return
Love return to me.

In pastures green
I shall be seen
With my true love right by my side
With my true love right by my side
With my true love right by my side

Love right by my side
Love right by my side
Love right by
Love right by
Love right by my side.

When I return then you shall learn

That I shall be my true love's bride
That I shall be my true love's bride
That I shall be my true love's bride

Be my true love's bride
Be my true love's bride
Be my true love's
Be my true love's
Be my true love's bride.

When love gets old it grows cold
And then true love will fade away
And then true love will fade away
And then true love will fade away

True love fades away
True love fades away
True love fades
True love fades
True love fades away.