Peter Hammill, Labour Of Love

You don't remember all the things I've done; you never catch the careful words I choose; your present will not admit my patient efforts... it's a labour of love I offer to you.

Unselfishness, does that hold the space between us? A helplessness, a nothing-left-to-prove? A silence more eloquent than any passion? It's a labour of love I offer to you... It's a labour of love. It's a gift of love.

Take this hand and you will hold its stories; beat, the heart, and find the tell-tale truth; take this gift: receipt will give it value. It's a labour of love I offer to you, it's a labour of love. It's a gift of love.