

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.