

# Richard Thompson, A Love You Can't Survive

(Richard Thompson)

Now I remember the promise I gave you  
The night I shipped out as a peace volunteer  
As we sat holding hands in the Lamb and Flag tavern  
I swore I'd be back for you same time next year

But I killed a man in a Brazzaville street fight  
I tried to hold back, but he taunted me so  
5 years till they freed me from that Brazzaville prison  
Out of boredom or pity, I never will know

Now I bear the stain  
The scar on my name  
I never can go back again

There's a love you can't survive  
And it burns you up inside

I sailed my boat into New Orleans harbour  
Tied up at the jetty, as bold as you please  
With a half-ton of charlie built in to the bulkhead  
Right under the noses of all them police

Now here I sit in my house on the mountain  
King of the clouds and all I survey  
There's women who are willing, and the law can't touch me  
Yours is the one face that won't go away