

# Richard Thompson, Devonside

(Richard Thompson)

By Devonside she was a-marching  
It was a gang of no great size  
And surrender was the banner that she carried  
And hungry was the shiver in her eyes

She met a boy, his health was failing  
She dropped the banner and took her prize  
And the only food she had was bread and morphine  
Ah, but he fed on the shiver in her eyes

By Devonside his love was drifting  
He looked for comfort otherwise  
And there never was a rope or chain about him  
Ah, she held him with the shiver in her eyes

Ah, she said, my John, I'll be your pillow  
I'll be your lover, mother, whore and wife  
And he knew that he loved and never seen her  
When the light fell from the shiver in her eyes