

Richard Thompson, Died For Love

(Richard Thompson)

John Dunblane, Annie Painter, they were true lovers to the end
They grew up together in the streets where no one is your friend
They mixed their heart's blood together, they swore they'd always be true
When Annie left for the summer, she said for now but never adieu
I'd give my life to be with you
Some will die for fortune, some will die for pleasure
But only lovers die for love

The summer turned into winter but Annie Painter never came
A cold wind blew through the dark town
And it chilled the heart of John Dunblane
He took the road to every city, he sailed to every port of call
He hung his head as tears were falling, he scratched his message on the wall
I'd give my life to be with you
Some will die for fortune, some will die for pleasure
But only lovers die for love

He was broken, he was crazy, his face was old and cracked with tears
He was dying of the seasons that shook his frame for thirteen years
As he lay sickening by the roadside, a voice came drifting through the air
It was the voice of Annie Painter, she sang a song sweet and clear
I'd give my life to be with you

He went running through the city, he searched for day after day
When he found her she was dying, and all for love of John Dunblane
She said "Forgive my cruel father. He tried to keep me away.
And don't despair for my dying, for this is our wedding day."
I'd give my life to be with you
Some will die for fortune, some will die for pleasure
But only lovers die for love
Only lovers die for love