Richard Thompson, Lonely Hearts

(Richard Thompson)

We may never meet in the light of day
If we passed on the street, would we look the other way
So I search for you where we can't be seen
And I know we'll meet on the page of this magazine

Two lonely hearts in an ocean of loneliness
Two lonely hearts in a shipwreck of pain
We call to each other as we drown in the city
O why
Do we have to remain
The outcasts in love and the losers in gain?

It's a mean old town, can't show your heart
If you stand up and say what you mean they tear you apart
And they call it love, sell it by the pound
But the lovers are gone or they're living down underground

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No-one needs a friend, no-one cares no more
They'll look hard at you but they won't take the chain off the door
O they work and slave, keep their conscience clean
They come home at night and they talk to an empty screen

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