

Richard Thompson, Lover's Lane

(Richard Thompson)

False hand in false hand
Down Lovers' Lane, we walked, we two
Love sold for fool's gold
Down Lovers' Lane, we walked, we two

On your back I'll climb
Or you climb on mine
Deception is the rule
Down Lovers' Lane

Fine friend, fine friend
I held such dreams in my caress
Fine airs, fine airs
The best of manners and address

On your back I'll climb
Or you climb on mine
Deception is the rule
Down Lovers' Lane