

Richard Thompson, Madness Of Love

A worn out man
He came into town
He was mad with love
Oh mad with love
The whole of the town
Oh they began to weep
The rich and the poor
When they heard him speak
Oh, the madness of love
Oh, the madness of love
Oh, it's the madness of love
Oh, the madness of love
Oh, the madness of love
Oh, it's the madness of love

My tongue, my tears,
I still don't know
If my words
Or my tears should flow
Now if I speak,
Well my tears stop falling
And if I weep,
My tongue stops calling
Oh, the madness of love
Oh, the madness of love
Oh, it's the madness of love
Oh, the madness of love
Oh, the madness of love
Oh, it's the madness of love

I'm talking crazy,
Laughing crazy
Weeping crazy,
Going crazy
Like on that day
When everyone is gathered
Like the worn out man,
They all wept together
Oh, the madness of love
Oh, the madness of love
Oh, it's the madness of love
Oh, the madness of love
Oh, the madness of love
Oh, it's the madness of love

The town was a river
They wept like rain
The town vanished
They stood on a plain
Like Judgement day
When everyone is gathered
They stood on the plain
And wept together
Oh, the madness of love
Oh, the madness of love
Oh, it's the madness of love
Oh, the madness of love
Oh, the madness of love
Oh, it's the madness of love

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