

Richard Thompson, The Madness Of Love

I'm worn out from running
Said the man at the crossroads
Im threadbare like an old suit
Looking for two eyes in a million
Im dry tinder in the box
One spark and Id torch this place
Take me to the city of tongues
So I can call her name

Oh the madness of love
Oh the madness of love
Oh its the madness of love

Im wrapped in confusion
Said the man at the crossroads
Should my tongue speak
Or my tears flow
When the sickness takes you
When the fever holds you
When your reason leaves you
Tell me how can you know?

Oh the madness of love
Oh the madness of love
Oh its the madness of love

The whole town was lovesick
They gathered at the crossroads
The rich and the poor
They began to weep
The gutters ran with tears
It was like judgment day
No one could hold back
When they heard him speak

Oh the madness of love
Oh the madness of love
Oh its the madness of love