

Richard Thompson, Traces Of My Love

(Richard Thompson)

The songbird sings so clear
Like your voice upon my ear
I seem to hear traces of my love

The river rushes down
There's sweetness in the sound
I seem to hear traces of my love

When I lay on my bed
I find no rest, instead I seem to see
You here with me
O will that sweet day ever be
O, o traces of my love
O, o traces of my love

In every crowded place
In every stranger's face
I seem to see traces of my love

Inside my darkest day
When the world seems cold and grey
I seem to see traces of my love

If I try to turn my head
Or close my eyes
Instead I see you there
O everywhere
Shadows of a face so rare
O, o traces of my love
O, o traces of my love

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Or close my eyes
Instead I see you there
O everywhere
Shadows of a face so rare
O, o traces of my love
O, o traces of my love