

Bicker and Rue

Ralph McTell

Old lovers held by a chain
Its links to the past hardly bearing the strain
Of the weakness to break it and start out again
They're held by a chain

Old lovers, they bicker and rue
Bottled up secrets shared between two
Twisting the knife and turning the screw
Old lovers, they bicker and rue

Old lovers, they know where it hurts
Stirring the mud, dishing the dirt
Kicking the bruise and tugging the shirt
Old lovers, they know where it hurts

Old lovers pretend they don't care
If she straightens his eyebrow he moves from the chair
But whilst she is sleeping he touches her hair
Oh, they pretend they don't care

Old lovers, they're living a sham
Take it or leave it, they don't give a damn
Wake with a start at a car door's slam
They do give a damn, give a damn

Old lovers have storm before calm
Mix comfort and fear like the twenty-third psalm
Walking the valley of death arm in arm
Old lovers have storm before calm

Old lovers, they won't venture far
Freedom's a draught from a door left ajar
Wrapped in her breathing he stares at the stars
Old lovers won't go very far

Old lovers rejoice and they grieve
The warp and the weft both parts of the weave
The rough tweed jacket with a silk lined sleeve
Old lovers rejoice and they grieve

Old lovers, they bare it and grin
And the tide's going out and they sigh and breathe in
The three-legged race that no one can win
They bare it and grin

Old lovers, they fuss and they fight
They scratch and they spit, warring into the night
Then they reach for each other, turn out the light
Old lovers, they fuss and they fight
Then they turn out the light