

Oh I Swear

Richard Thompson

Oh, I swear and I swear and I swear
But my heart's not in it

I can deadpan as dead as I can
But my heart's not in it

What little of yours, what little of mine
And we'll get by

Like jailbirds locked in a cell
We go well together

Like a marriage arranged in hell
We go well together

Cruel poverty is the tie that binds
And we'll get by

Can't run in a dead end street
Can't run in a dead end street
No wings upon your feet
All your dreams are shackled to the ground

Can't run in a dead end street
Can't run in a dead end street
No wings upon your feet
And all your dreams are shackled to the ground

And it couldn't be love
And it couldn't be love
Oh it couldn't be love
Oh it couldn't be love

What little of yours, what little of mine
And we'll get by