

Richard Thompson, Jennie

(Richard Thompson)

Oh trouble becomes you, it cuts you down to my size
And you never were less than perfect in my eyes
But I lost my way somehow
For three hard winters I held it in, till now
Oh now I can't help it, oh Jennie my love
Oh Jennie my love

Now you pin up your hair like you did when first we met
How many days of his life can a man regret
And if my tears were a train
Then I'd cry all the way back into your arms again
Now I can't help it, oh Jennie my love
Oh Jennie my love

Now I count the times we spent and the times we missed
Now I stand here, love unsworn and lips unkissed
And oh how hard I tried
To kill the vision of you as another man's bride
Oh now I can't help it, oh Jennie my love
Oh Jennie my love
Oh Jennie my love
Oh Jennie my love
Oh Jennie my love