

Love Is Teasin'

Marianne Faithfull

I wish, I wish, I wish in vain,
I wish I were a maid again.
But a maid again I can never be
Until apples grow on an ivy tree.
For love it is pleasin' and love is teasin'
And love is a treasure when first it's new.
But as love grows older, then love grows colder
And it fades away like the morning dew.
There is a little house into town
And there my love, he sits him down.
He takes a strange girl on his knee
And he tells her things that he wants to be.
For love and water make younger older
And love and whiskey make her old and grey.
And what cannot be cured, love, must be endured, love,
And now I am bound for America.
La la la la la la ...
La la la la la la ...
As life grows older sure love grows older
And it fades away like the morning dew.