

## 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