

The Way That It Shows

Richard Thompson

You're going to give yourself away
One of these nights
Your gaze of compassion
Just a little too right
Your hug of encouragement
A little too tight
And then he'll know
It's the little things betray
You're going to give yourself away
To some Casanova
On the spills and stains
Of a backstage sofa
He'll catch you yawning
With one leg over
And there's the sin
Must be the enemy within

That's the way that it shows
A slip of the tongue
A squeeze of the hand
That's the way that it shows
There's glycerin in the tear
Rouge in the blush
Your artful stammer
A little too rushed
All passion to the eye
All cold to the touch
And then he'll guess
Your mind has drifted in the kiss
There's a chink in your armour
A crack in your defenses
When your iron will
Gives way to your senses
Your whispered sweet nothings
All sound like expenses
And that's enough
He won't believe your words of love