

You Will Be My Ain True Love

Sting

You'll walk unscathed through musket fire,
No ploughman's blade will cut thee down,
No cutlass pull will mark thy face,
And you will be my ain true love,
And you will be my ain true love

And as you walk through death's dark vale,
The cannon's thunder can't prevail,
And those who hunt thee down will fail,
And you will be my ain true love,
And you will be my ain true love.

Asleep inside the cannon's mouth,
The captain cries, "Here comes the rout,"
They'll seek to find me north and south,
I've gone to find my ain true love.

The field is cut and bleeds too red,
The cannon balls fly round my head,
The infirmary man may count me dead,
When I've gone to find my ain true love,
I've gone to find my ain true love.