Fare Thee Well

Marianne Faithfull

Oh, fare thee well, I must be gone
And leave you for a while.

If ever I go I will return

If I go ten thousand miles.If I go

If I go

If I go ten thousand miles. Ten thousand miles it is so far
To leave me here alone
While I may lie lament and cry
And you'll not hear my moan. And you

No, you

And you'll not hear my moan. The crow that is so black, my love,
Will change its colour white.

If I ever should prove false to thee

The day will turn to night.Oh the day

Yes, the day

Oh the day will turn to night. The rivers never will run dry

Or the rocks melt with the sun.

I'll never prove false to the boy I love

Till all these things be done. Till all

Till all

Till all these things be done.

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