Oh I Swear Richard Thompson Oh I Swear F#m BmΑ Oh, I swear and I swear and I swear G That my heart's not in it Bm Α F#m I can deadpan as dead as I can G But my heart's not in it Em7 Bm What little of yours, what little of mine Bm Α 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 G F#m Can't run in a dead end street G F#m Can't run in a dead end street F#m G No wings upon your feet BmG All your dreams are shackled to the ground (repeat) 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

by: José Duarte jtduartel@gmail.com