

Nick Drake, Leaving Me Behind

The tramp moves on to the end of the street
I listen to the echo of his hobnail feet
For some there's a future to find
But I think they're leaving me behind.

The world hums on at its breakneck pace
People fly in their lifelong race
For them there's a future to find
But I think they're leaving me behind.

The chances they come, but the chances have been lost
Success can be gained, but at too great a cost
For some there's a future to find
But I think they're leaving me behind.

The wind sweeps up and goes back to its tree
The rain flows by and moves to the sea
For them there's a future to find
But I think they're leaving me behind.