

# Nick Drake, Poor Boy

Never sing for my supper  
I never help my neighbour  
Never do what is proper  
For my share of labour.  
I'm a poor boy  
And I'm a rover  
Count your coins and  
Throw them over my shoulder  
I may grow older  
Nobody knows  
How cold it grows  
And nobody sees  
How shaky my knees  
Nobody cares  
How steep my stairs  
And nobody smiles  
If I cross their stiles.  
Oh poor boy  
So sorry for himself  
Oh poor boy  
So worried for his health.  
You may say every day  
Where will he stay tonight.  
Never know what I came for  
Seems that I've forgotten  
Never ask what I came for  
Or how I was begotten.  
I'm a poor boy  
And I'm a ranger  
Things I say  
May seem stranger than Sunday  
Changing to Monday.  
Nobody knows  
How cold it flows  
And nobody feels  
The worn down heels  
Nobody's eyes  
Make the skies  
Nobody spreads  
Their aching heads.  
Oh poor boy  
So worried for his life  
Oh poor boy  
So keen to take a wife.  
He's a mess but he'll say yes  
If you just dress in white.  
Nobody knows  
How cold it blows  
And nobody sees  
How shaky my knees  
Nobody cares  
How steep my stairs  
And nobody smiles  
If you cross their stiles.  
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