

Nick Drake, To The Garden

In the bright red sky
In the heat of an evening
When only prisoners sleep
She said she couldn't
Come to the garden
See an old man wheel
She said her dreams
What too far to be thought of
As scars too white to view
She said she couldn't
Come to the garden
See a blind man kneel
She sailed away
To a blue horizon
In floating thoughts she'd sway
She said she couldn't
Come to the garden
See an old man pray
She wished them luck
As they left on their journey
Maybe she'd join them soon
But she lost her grip
At the tip of life's finger
Went home and worshipped the moon