

Barclay James Harvest, The Poet

Here I sit watching the day out
No-one beside me who may doubt
All of the words that I could chose to say
So listen, believe, or be gone from this day
I need a friend to walk with me
And sit in the shade of an old tree
To think nothing much, just agree with my thoughts
To say nothing much, never tell what I ought
Watching the people pass by now
They just don't know why or know how
They don't seem to care about all that I've seen
They just walk on by never knowing I've been
Sitting up here where I'm wind blown
Only to ask and to be shown
Things that would make you believe what I say
I'll tell you myself and I'll show you some day