

# 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