Bert Jansch, Poison

I once thought I did know all about it
Since the rain falls, the wind blows and the sun shines
Don't you know that your creator is a'running out of ideas?

I know that I might die from poison
Invisible hanging there in the sunlight
And don't you know that your creator is a'running out of ideas?

If I was you I'd be friendly to your neighbour
Be glad that he don't want to be your enemy
For don't you know that your creator is a'running out of ideas?