

Fairport Convention, Autopsy

You must philosophise
But why must you bore me to tears?
You're red around the eyes
You tell me things no one else hears
You spend all your time crying
Crying the hours in tears
Crying the hours in tears
Come lend your time to me
And you will know that you are free
And when you look at me
Don't think you're owning what you see
For remember that you're free
And that's what you want to be
So just lend your time to me
You must philosophise
But why must you bore me to tears?
You're red around the eyes
You tell me things no one else hears
You spend all your time crying
Crying the hours in tears
Crying the hours in to ears