

Nick Drake, At The Chime Of A City Clock

A city freeze
Get on your knees
Pray for warmth and green paper.
A city drought
You're down and out
See your trousers don't taper.
Saddle up
Kick your feet
Ride the range of a London street
Travel to a local plane
Turn around and come back again.
And at the chime of the city clock
Put up your road block
Hang on to your crown.
For a stone in a tin can
Is wealth to the city man
Who leaves his armour down.
Stay indoors
Beneath the floors
Talk with neighbours only.
The games you play
Make people say
You're either weird or lonely.
A city star
Won't shine too far
On account of the way you are
And the beads
Around your face
Make you sure to fit back in place.
And at the beat of the city drum
See how your friends come in twos;
Or threes or more.
For the sound of a busy place
Is fine for a pretty face
Who knows what a face is for.
The city clown
Will soon fall down
Without a face to hide in.
And he will lose
If he won't choose
The one he may confide in.
Sonny boy
With smokes for sale
Went to ground with a face so pale
And never heard
About the change
Showed his hand and fell out of range.
In the light of a city square
Find out the face that's fair
Keep it by your side.
When the light of the city falls
You fly to the city walls
Take off with your bride.
But at the chime of a city clock
Put up your road block
Hang on to your crown.
For a stone in a tin can
Is wealth to the city man
Who leaves his armour down.