

# 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.