

Nick Drake, Fruit Tree

Fame is but a fruit tree
So very unsound
It can never flourish
Till its stalk is in the ground
So men of fame
Can never find a way
Till time has flown
Far from their dying day
Forgotten while you're here
Remembered for a while
A much updated rain
From a much updated style
Life is but a memory
Happened long ago
Theatre full of sadness
For a long forgotten show
Seems so easy
Just to let it go on by
Till you stop and wonder
Why you never wondered why
Safe in a womb of an everlasting night
You find the darkness can give the brightest light
Safe in your place deep in the earth
That's when they'll know
What you are really worth
Forgotten while you're here
Remembered for a while
A much updated rain
From a much updated style
Fame is but a fruit tree
So very unsound
It can never flourish
Till its stalk is in the ground
So men of fame can never find a way
Till time has flown far from their dying day
Fruit tree
Fruit tree
No one knows you but the rain and the air
Don't you worry
They'll stand and stare when you're gone
Fruit tree
Fruit tree
Open your eyes to another year
They will know that you were here
when you are gone