

Nick Drake, Joey In Mind

When joey first came the light seemed to rise
Thought it came in the night and left with her eyes
And I wish that her face would return once again
Just one day to remind me of saturday's gain.

As I sit in her city in fog and in steam
Everything's blurred, for blurred is my dream

So I'll leave for my terrace and tea laced with rum
And wait for the day when joey will come.

And come all the dreams that never did try
To live on a memory or float on a sigh
Together we'll sit in the saturday rain
And dream of joey or mary jane.