

Nick Drake, Mayfair

Mayfair strange in the morning light,
Mayfair strange in the summer night,
Mayfair strangest in the afternoon.
Mayfair stretching far above,
full of fame but lacking love,
Could it be we see the Mayfair moon?
Mayfair strange across the park,
In the day or in the dark,
There's no need to walk or even run.
Mayfair faces clean and nice,
But beauty here is cold as ice,
Could it be we see the Mayfair sun?
Mayfair strange at every hour,
Hidden frowns with mystic power,
Starry heights and golden throne,
Down below you're on you're own.
Mayfair strange for passers-by,
Sights of wonder for the eye,
Could it be they'll pass by again?
Mayfair calling far and near,
For even trees are wealthy here,
Could it be we hear the Mayfair rain?