

Nick Drake, Parasite

Lifting the mask from from a local clown
Feeling down like him
Seeing the light in a station bar
And travelling far in sin
Sailing downstairs to the northern line
Watching the shine of the shoes
And hearing the trial of the people there
Who's to care if they lose.
And take a look you may see me on the ground
For I am the parasite of this town.
Dancing a jig in a church with chimes
A sign of the times today
And hearing no bell from a steeple tall
People all in dismay
Falling so far on a silver spoon
Making the moon for fun
And changing a rope for a size too small
People all get hung.
Take a look and see me coming through
For I am the parasite who travels two by two.
When lifting the mask from a local clown
And feeling down like him
And I'm seeing the light in a station bar
And travelling far in sin
And I'm sailing downstair to the northern line
Watching the shine of the shoes
And hearing the trials of the people there
Who's to care if they lose.
And take a look you may see me on the ground
For I am the parasite of this town.
And take a look you may see me in the dirt
For i am the parasite who hangs from your skirt.