

# Nick Drake, Saturday Sun

Saturday sun came early one morning  
In a sky so clear and blue  
Saturday sun came without warning  
So no-one knew what to do.  
Saturday sun brought people and faces  
That didn't seem much in their day  
But when I remember those people and places  
They were really too good in their way.  
In their way  
In their way  
Saturday sun won't come and see me today.  
Think about stories with reason and rhyme  
Circling through your brain.  
And think about people in their season and time  
Returning again and again  
And again  
And again  
And Saturday's sun has turned to Sunday's rain.  
So Sunday sat in the Saturday sun  
And wept for a day gone by.