

Sandy Denny, Autopsy

You must philosophise,
But why must you bore me to tears?
You're red around the eyes,
You tell me things no one else hears.
You spend all your time crying,
Crying the hours into years,
Crying the hours into years.

Come, lend your time to me,
And you will know that you are free.
And when you look at me,
Don't think you're owning what you see,
For remember that you're free,
And that's what you want to be,
So just lend your time to me.