

# Townes Van Zandt, All Your Young Servants

by Townes Van Zandt

You live on your hill so high and so lonely  
You toss out your bread crumbs to those down below  
They think you're a king but believe me it's only  
Because they're too blind to know

There once was a time when your money had meaning  
Your diamonds had glitter but now it's all gone  
It poisoned your laughter and muffled your singing  
You can't even see that it's wrong

Your castle is dingy and dirty and dismal  
Your carpets are faded, your walls are all grey  
There's dust on your silver and cracks in your crystal  
All your young servants have drifted away

So go back to your sadness, go back to your sorrow  
And i'll make my bed on a hill 'neath the sky  
And lay here a-listening 'till the sun comes tomorrow  
Counting the tears that you cry

Your castle is dingy and dirty and dismal  
Your carpets are faded, your walls are all grey  
There's dust on your silver and cracks in your crystal  
All your young servants have drifted away