

Richard Thompson, The Poor Boy Is Taken Away

(Richard Thompson)

Called him poor boy
You took him for fun
He dressed for the tinkering trade
He dressed for the tinkering trade
Now the poor boy is taken away

No use waiting
Like a ghost in a dream
The world has no comfort to bring
The world has no comfort to bring
He left you, took everything

No use standing
Waving adieu
The penny won't drop in your mind
The penny won't drop in your mind
The old flame has left you behind

No use crying
In a room full of memories
You never will find yesterday
You never will find yesterday
And the poor boy is taken away.