

Walkabouts, Cello Song

(written by Nick Drake)

Strange face, with your eyes
So pale and sincere
Underneath you know well
You have nothing to fear
For the dreams that come to you when so young
Told of a life
Where spring is sprung

You would seem so frail
In the cold of the night
When the armies of emotion
Go out to fight
But while the earth sinks to its grave
You sail to the sky
On the crest of a wave

So forget this cruel world
Where I belong
I'll just sit and wait
And sing my song
And if one day you should see me in the crowd
Lend a hand and lift me out
To your place in the cloud