

Fruit Tree

Nick Drake

Fame is but a fruit tree
So very unsound.
It can never flourish
'Till its stock is in the ground.
So men of fame
Can never find a way
'Till time has flown
Far from their dying day.
Forgotten while you're here
Remembered for a while
A much updated ruin
From a much outdated style.

Life is but a memory
Happened long ago.
Theatre full of sadness
For a long forgotten show.
Seems so easy
Just to let it go on by
'Till you stop and wonder
Why you never wondered why.

Safe in the womb
Of an everlasting night
You find the darkness can
Give the brightest light.
Safe in your place deep in the earth
That's when they'll know what you were really worth.
Forgotten while you're here
Remembered for a while
A much updated ruin
From a much outdated style.

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'Till its stock is in the ground.
So men of fame
Can never find a way
'Till time has flown
Far from their dying day.

Fruit tree, fruit tree
No one knows you but the rain and the air.
Don't you worry
They'll stand and stare when you're gone.

Fruit tree, fruit tree
Open your eyes to another year.
They'll all know
That you were here when you're gone.