

Poor Boy

Nick Drake

Never sing for my supper
I never help my neighbor
Never do what is proper
For my share of labor

I'm a poor boy and I'm a rover
Count your coins and
Throw them over my shoulder
I may grow older

Nobody knows how cold it grows
And nobody sees how shaky my knees
Nobody cares how steep my stairs
And nobody smiles if I cross their stiles

Oh, poor boy
So sorry for himself
Oh, poor boy
So worried for his health

You may say every day
Where will he stay tonight?

Never know what I came for
Seems that I've forgotten
Never ask what I came from
Or how I was begotten

I'm a poor boy and I'm a ranger
Things I say
May seem stranger than Sunday
Changing to Monday

Nobody knows how cold it flows
And nobody feels worn down heels
Nobody's eyes make the skies
Nobody spreads aching heads

Oh, poor boy
So worried for his life
Oh, poor boy
So keen to take a wife

He's a mess but he'll say 'yes'
If you just dress in white

Nobody knows how cold it blows
And nobody sees how shaky are my knees
Nobody cares how steep my stairs
And nobody smiles if you cross their stiles

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So sorry for himself
Oh, poor boy
So worried for his health

You may say every day

Where will he stay tonight?

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So worried for his life
Oh, poor boy
So keen to take a wife

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