

Poor Mum

Nick Drake

Poor mum
Poor mum
After a lifetime of dreaming
Poor mum
Poor mum
Whatever became of your scheming
Nothing worked out in the way that you planned
Nothing was quite as you thought
Try very hard not to misunderstand
Joy as it flies cannot be caught
Poor mum
Poor mum
Where did you take a wrong turning
Poor mum
Poor mum
Pack up that last little yearning
Pack it away with the books and the toys
Silent and bound
Silent and mend
Go out and grab at you life and forget
You are poor, poor. mum