

# They're Leaving Me Behind

Nick Drake

The tramp moves on to the end of the street  
I listen to the echo of his hobnail feet  
For some there's a future to find  
But I think they're leaving me behind.

The world hums on at its breakneck pace  
People fly in their lifelong race  
For them there's a future to find  
But I think they're leaving me behind.

The chances they come, but the chances have been lost  
Success can be gained, but at too great a cost  
For some there's a future to find  
But I think they're leaving me behind.

The wind sweeps up and goes back to its tree  
The rain flows by and moves to the sea  
For them there's a future to find  
But I think they're leaving me behind.