Poor Boy (Ft. PP Arnold)

Nick Drake

Never sing for my supper
I never help my neighbor
Never do what is proper
For my fair 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 for
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
The worn down heels
Nobody's eyes
Make the skies
Nobody spreads
Their 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 my knees
Nobody cares
How steep my stairs
And nobody smiles
If you cross their stiles.Oh poor boy
So sorry for himself
Oh poor boy
So worried for his health.
You may say every day
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Songwriters
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