

# At the Chime of a City Clock

Nick Drake

A city freeze, get on your knees  
Pray for warmth and green paper  
A city drought, you're down and out  
See your trousers don't taper Saddle up, kick your feet  
Ride the range of a London street  
Travel to a local plane  
Turn around and come back again And at the chime of the city clock  
Put up your road block, hang on to your crown  
For a stone in a tin can  
Is wealth to the city man who leaves his armor down Stay indoors, beneath the floors  
Talk with neighbors only  
The games you play, make people say  
You're either weird or lonely A city star, won't shine too far  
On account of the way you are  
And the beads around your face  
Make you sure to fit back in place And at the beat of the city drum  
See how your friends come in twos or threes or more  
For the sound of a busy place is fine for a pretty face  
Who knows what a face is for The city clown will soon fall down  
Without a face to hide in  
And he will lose if he won't choose  
The one he may confide in Sonny boy, with smokes for sale  
Went to ground with a face so pale  
And never heard about the change  
Showed his hand and fell out of range In the light of a city square  
Find out the face that's fair, keep it by your side  
When the light of the city falls  
You fly to the city walls, take off with your bride But at the chime of a city clock  
Put up your road block, hang on to your crown  
For a stone in a tin can  
Is wealth to the city man who leaves his armor down

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