Poor Boy

Nick Drake

Never sing for my supper
I never help my neighbor
Never do what is proper
For my share of laborI'm a poor boy and I'm a rover
Count your coins and
Throw them over my shoulder
I may grow olderNobody 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 stilesOh, poor boy
So sorry for himself
Oh, poor boy
So worried for his healthYou 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 begottenI'm a poor boy and I'm a ranger
Things I say
May seem stranger than Sunday
Changing to MondayNobody knows how cold it flows
And nobody feels worn down heels
Nobody's eyes make the skies
Nobody spreads aching headsOh, poor boy
So worried for his life
Oh, poor boy
So keen to take a wifeHe's a mess but he'll say 'yes'
If you just dress in whiteNobody 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 stilesOh, poor boy
So sorry for himself
Oh, poor boy
So worried for his healthYou may say every day
Where will he stay tonight?Oh, poor boy
So worried for his life
Oh, poor boy
So keen to take a wifeOh, poor boy
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