

# A Brother Slips Away

**Richard Thompson**

Seems like just the other day  
You and I, we sat and played  
Come all ye tramps and hawkers  
And the white cockade  
Tea was flowing, dice were rolling  
We were 20, not much more  
And now they say you've crossed over  
To that distant shore And a brother slips away  
Like a ship at dawn of day  
A brother slips away  
Another brother gone  
A brother slips away  
I reached out my hand too late  
A brother slips away  
A brother slips away Juliet, you came up smiling  
Wherever life would toss you  
You were everybody's friend  
Except the fools who crossed you  
They rained down death upon your head  
You took it in your stride  
They'll never beat it out of you  
That good old London pride Davy, it was through your eyes  
We saw so many things  
The dusty feet of pilgrims  
The halls of mountain kings  
That old poet's vision  
Still coursing through your veins  
It breaks my heart that I will never  
See your face again

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