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 shoreAnd 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 awayJuliet, 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 prideDavy, 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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