

Parasite

Nick Drake

Lifting the mask from a local clown
Feeling down like him
Seeing the light in a station bar
And traveling far in sinSailing downstairs to the northern line
Watching the shine of the shoes
And hearing the trials of the people there
Who's to care if they loseAnd take a look you may see me on the ground
For I am the parasite of this townDancing a jig in a church with chimes
A sign of times today
And hearing no bell from a steeple tall
People all in dismayFalling so far on a silver spoon
Making the moon for fun
And changing a rope for a size too small
People all get hungTake a look you may see me coming through
For I am the parasite who travels two by twoWhen lifting the mask from a local clown
And feeling down like him
And I'm seeing the light in a station bar
And traveling far in sinAnd I'm sailing downstairs to the northern line
Watching the shine of the shoes
And hearing the trials of the people there
Who's to care if they loseTake a look you may see me on the ground
For I am the parasite of this townAnd take a look you may see me in the dirt
For I am the parasite who hangs from your skirt

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