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 taperSaddle up, kick your feet
Ride the range of a London street
Travel to a local plane
Turn around and come back againAnd 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 downStay indoors, beneath the floors
Talk with neighbors only
The games you play, make people say
You're either weird or lonelyA 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 placeAnd 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 forThe 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 inSonny 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 rangeIn 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 brideBut 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

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/