

Fruit Tree

[Nick Drake](#)

Fame is but a fruit tree, so very unsound
It can never flourish, till its stalk is in the ground
So men of fame, can never find a way
Till time has flown far from their dying day
Forgotten while you're here, remembered for a while
A much updated ruin from a much outdated style
Life is but a memory, happened long ago
Theater full of sadness, for a long forgotten show
Seems so easy, just to let it go on by
Till you stop and wonder, why you never wondered why
Safe in the womb of an everlasting night
You find the darkness can give the brightest light
Safe in your place deep in the earth
That's when they'll know what you were really worth
Forgotten while you're here, remembered for a while
A much updated ruin from a much outdated style
Fame is but a fruit tree, so very unsound
It can never flourish, till its stalk is in the ground
So men of fame, can never find a way
Till time has flown far from their dying day
Fruit tree, fruit tree, no-one knows you but the rain and the air
Don't you worry, they'll stand and stare when you're gone
Fruit tree, fruit tree, open your eyes to another year
They'll all know, that you were here when you're gone

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