

## Nick Drake

### "Black Eyed Dog"

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Fame is but a fruit tree  
So very unsound.  
It can never flourish  
Till its stock 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From a much outdated style.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.  
Theatre 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From a much outdated style.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 stock 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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