

Nick Drake**"Come Into The Garden"**

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Saturday sun came early one morning
In a sky so clear and blue
Saturday sun came without warning
So no-one knew what to do.
Saturday sun brought people and faces
That didn't seem much in their day
But when I remember those people and places
They were really too good in their way.
In their way
In their way
Saturday sun won't come and see me today.

Think about stories with reason and rhyme
Circling through your brain.
And think about people in their season and time
Returning again and again
And again
And again
And Saturday's sun has turned to Sunday's rain.

So Sunday sat in the Saturday sun
And wept for a day gone by.

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