

Nick Drake Tape

Clem Snide

That Nick Drake tape you love
Tonight it sounds so good
As brown as leaves can get
When sleep is what you should

So close your eyes
I'll make room
Here on the floor
To lay beside me

And that phone call was for you
I think it was your dad
With a birthday wish to curse
But you're too tired to get mad

So close your eyes
I'll make room
Here on the floor
To lay beside me

And the words are not so clear
But there's romance in the air
I can see it in your eyes
That medicated stare

We'll close our eyes
Our own tomb
Here in my bed
To lay so long

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As brown as leaves can get
When sleep is what you should