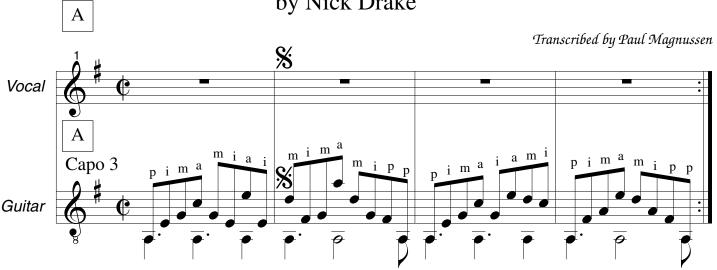
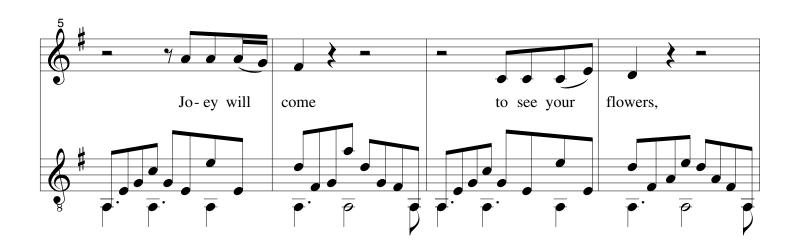
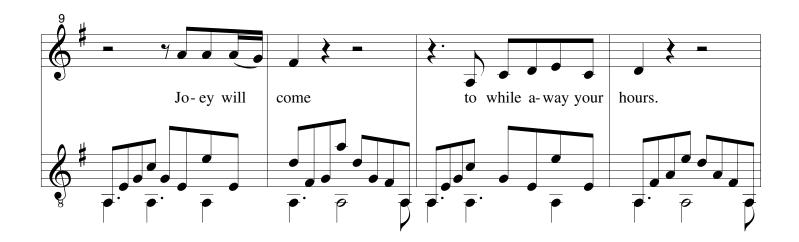
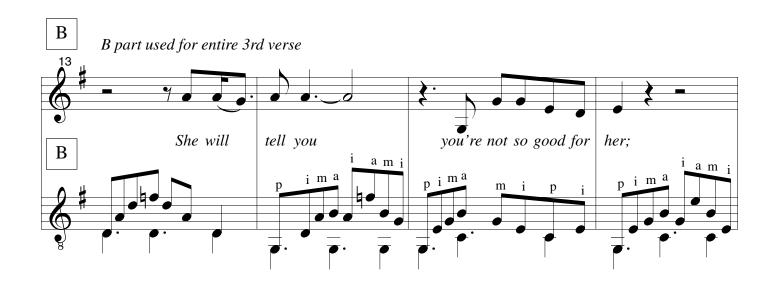
JOEY by Nick Drake













Joey has loved but never shown her tears, So she may laugh in the autumn of your years; When you're with her, you'll wonder if it's true: All that they said of a world without you.

Where she may come from, where she may go, Who she may run from, no one will know; Why she was late may trouble you some—Still you wait for Joey to come...

Joey will come when once more it looks like snow, Joey will come when it's really time to go; You may smile when you find that you've been wrong, You thought you'd found her, but she knew you all along.

Joey will come to say Hello, Joey...