

Jack Bruce, A Letter Of Thanks

She wrote me out a letter of thanks
I had to doubt
Waking in someone's shoes
It made me feel so harried
Under her clothes she carried
Proof that she wasn't married
She carved herself a piece of my heart
I have to starve
Walking in someone's bed
Love causes such congestion
It gives me indigestion
When she brings up the question

I walked into a solid brick wall
I felt like glue
Sticking to someone's shed
My front teeth were all broken
By those doors you had spoken
I wish you'd left them open

Now when it's time to look for some peace
I think it's fine
Practising my last stand
Now that the crowd's diminished
Our hope of loud is finished
I trace your name in spinach