

# Jack Bruce, A Question Of Time

Open skies where money flies  
Tomorrow's calling  
Time to change  
Not keep repeating  
Wonder Why?...

Seems like life is safe as houses  
Then there comes a storm  
How will we all manage to stay warm?  
So hard to be free  
To be you, to be me...

Must we dream  
Of fading screens  
Without a warning?

Too many ayatollahs  
They weigh our fates in dollars  
Expecting grace to follow soon  
Then the moon  
In their hands

So many foodies grazing  
Their consciousness wants braising  
Well they promise heaven  
But the give us hell

Open skies and love's demise  
Tomorrow's calling  
Time to change  
The tape loop singing  
Pigs can fry...

Seems the sea is safe as milk  
Then sudden angry skies  
How will we all manage to stay dry?  
So hard to be free  
To be you, to be me

Must we dream of fading screens  
Without a license

When the walls come tumbling down  
I still love...

Open skies where money flies  
Tomorrow's calling time...