

Jack Bruce, Boston Ball Game, 1967

Hey when Well hello there baby
the time comes if you hate it
will you hate it so much
won't you Why not leave it
keep your head maybe try like me too?
In the games We who were your fathers
of the Have shared out all
sunshine? tomorrows sunshine

Well that Time is passing baby
time has come if you let it
and you it will make you
can't do do what they want
what you want Maybe be like them too
now your mind Those who were our fathers
is not Peer from inside their towers
looking looking