

Jack Bruce, David's Harp

When it was the morning of the world
And the air was clear
God took David's hand
And drew him near
And drew an image of Himself
In David's heart, in David's ear
And God described himself
In deep blues

And David took his harp
And the notes just played
It was the melody of his heart that the notes obeyed
It was the melody of his heart so warm and true
The heart describes itself

Oh Lord since You made everything
And all we really see or hear is You
Why is the truest sound
Deep blues

When it was the evening of the world
And the heat was strong
The slave picks up his harp
And begins the song
And it's the song of his heart
A heart so true
And the song's rich and dark
And deep blue

As you lie there girl
In the warm night air
You ask if words can tell the tenderness there
It's not words tat describe
With a clearness so true
It's a melody rich and deep.