

# 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 that describe  
With a clearness so true  
It's a melody rich and deep.