

Jack Bruce, Golden Days

Keep those golden days
From going separate ways
Keep the harbour lights
Burning inside
The streets of old
(Can't hear the names they call)
Shelter from the cold
(Long ago, so far inside/Where the past still tries to hide)
Find the dusty sun sleeping

Trying to sail where rapids run
Riding our frail ships out to the sun
Playing for time, searching for signs
Save the eyes so bright
(Can't stop the things they see)
From closing in the night
(Long ago, so far away/Where the fires spark and play)
Keep the softest flame burning

Trying to sail where rapids run
Riding our frail ships out to the sun
Playing for signs, searching for time
(Long ago, so far away/Where the fires spark and play)
Keep the softest flame burning...