

Jack Bruce, How's Tricks?

The white hand in the darkened house
Rings a bell that makes the guests drop their cases in fright
A face that seems to laugh alone
Sits in the flames that warm the frozen stretches of night
The skeleton that smokes
His head half guillotined
Sits there telling jokes
About places he has cleaned

How's tricks? How's tricks?
What kicks! It sticks.
Loud ticks...

The bow tie and the question mark
Set sail to beat the cards that rain around the chorus girls
The bullets from the golden gun
Appear to penetrate the flesh below the golden curls
Inside the clear white box
Lies a nervous bathing belle
She hope's he'll find the locks
That free her from the world

How's tricks? How's tricks?
What kicks! It sticks.
Loud ticks...

The rabbit with the faded smile
Is listening to the artist playing in the mirrored room
The albums of forgotten songs
Grow dusty in the floodlit shelves somewhwre below the moon
Owls sit on the letters
Of his last name in lights
Demons and pacesetters
Laugh into the night

How's tricks? How's tricks?
What kicks! It sticks.
Loud ticks...