

Jack Bruce, Milonga Too

Each single day has just enough cruelty within
To make them perfect and right
Each single day has enough dark deep within
To make it perfect and light

Up against the sky stars crawl against the night
Each one trying to claw their way out
But each single day has just enough dark
To make me really want to stay

Each single day has just enough meanness inside
To make it perfect and calm
Each breathing day has just enough coldness within
To make it perfect and warm

Up against the night moons press against the sky
Trying to force its way (out again)
But each breathing day has just enough hurt
To make me stay