

Jack Bruce, Morning Story

Running, jumping, pushing its way
Mornings nighttime blends into day
Can't find curtains to shut it away

We were alone in the hills of the night
Now the neon dawn lets in the light
And the milkman that nobody knows
Leaves bottles of tears
At the house full of laughter
Nobody ever hears

O the grass is burned black
By the ships coming back from the stars, golden stars
Seas turned to steam
When we boiled the dream of tomorrow, tomorrow

When it gets light
Some of them always stay
She's dressed in white
Till the smoke turns her grey

Falling, stumbling, feeling its way
Mornings nighttime moves into day
Can't find warmth to keep it away

Used to be alone on the waves of cloud
Now the flotsam dawn brings in the crowd
And the angel who sits in her car
Full of desire
But the hoses who came from the town
Put out her fire

O the seas have run dry
And the sun's one good eye is too blind to see
Sky has gone bad
From the good times we had burning bright, such good times

When it gets light
Some of them always stay
She's dressed in white
Till the smoke turns her grey