

# 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