

Jack Bruce, Peaces Of East

They walk on my head,
They run through my bed

I hear those voices everywhere
Screamin' ragged down the road
Like a river's overflowed
They got mud in their hair
They dance in your face
They're wrecking my place
No medical care

Pieces of East, nieces of beast, there's no retreat
Sweating with heat, military feet, out in the streets
We've got the least, where is the feast, always repeats...

They yell in my dreams
They bang big tureens

They say they love their nightmare

Falling happy into war
Like their brothers gone before
Deprived of their share

Pieces of East, nieces of beast, there's no retreat
Sweating with heat, military feet, out in the streets
We've got the least, where is the feast, always repeats...

They dance in my brain
They drive me insane

I see their faces everywhere
Dying happy hand in hand
Why don't they take a stand

They love their nightmare