

Jack Bruce, Post War

Nothing was good or bad enough
They never had enough in store
When the feast was on the lawn
The birds had picked it clean
And gone away

We used to walk the nights of mystery
Once we would swim the length of the sea

No one was weak or strong enough
They never had the men to do the job
When the snow was in the fields
We kept our front eyes peeled For oranges

We used to swim the days of mystery
Once we would walk the length of the sea

They took the people home in baskets
Gave all the pieces to the country
They told them long stories
Made the children postmen
In among the chimneys

Nowhere was young or gay enough
They had sold out too many golden souls
When the sun was in the trees
The woodmen came to take
Their frozen fees

We used to walk the fields of mystery
Once we would swim the length of the sea

They drove the broken home in cages
Gave all the green paint to the railways
They told them long stories
Made their children weddings
In among the chimneys...