

# 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...