

# Jack Bruce, Theme For An Imaginary Western

When the wagons leave the city  
for the forest and further on  
Painted wagons of the morning  
dusty roads where they have gone  
Sometimes travelling through the darkness  
met the summer coming home  
Fallen faces by the wayside  
looked as if they might have known

O the sun was in their eyes  
and the desert that dries  
In the country town  
where the laughter sounds

O the dancing and the singing  
O the music when they played  
O the fires that they started  
O the girls with no regret  
Sometimes they found it  
Sometimes they kept it  
Often lost it on the way  
Fought each other to possess it  
Sometimes died in sight of day