

# Jack Bruce, White Room

In a white room  
With black curtains  
Near the stations  
Black roof country  
No gold pavements  
Tired starlings  
Silver horses  
Ran down moonbeams  
In your dark eyes  
Dawn light smiles  
On you leaving  
My contentment...

And I'll wait in this place  
Where the sun never shines  
Wait in this place  
Where the shadows run from themselves

You said no strings  
Could secure you  
At the station  
Platform tickets  
Restless diesels  
Goodbye windows  
I walked into  
Such a sad time  
At the station  
As I walked out  
Felt my own need  
Just beginning

And I'll wait in the queue  
As the trains come back  
Lie in the dark  
Where the shadows run from themselves

At the party  
She was kindness  
In the hard crowd  
Consolation  
For the old wounds  
Now forgotten  
Yellow tigers  
Crouched in jungles  
In your dark eyes  
She's just dressing  
Goodbye windows  
Tired starlings

And I'll wait in this place  
With the lonely crowd  
Lie in the dark  
Where the shadows run from themselves