

Jack Bruce, Without A Word

Without a word
The time is mist
The branches twist against the sun
The leaves that left
Had to run
Without a word
Without a word

Without a word
Between the two
I'm losing you, losing you
In proud parades, in crowded nights
The plans we laid
We can't get through
Without a word
Without a word

Without a word
To say what's yours
I'm losing you, losing you
In racing streets, where ends don't meet
Tomorrow's train
Has closed its doors
Without a word
Without a word...