

Jack Bruce, You Burned The Tables On Me

I was born one morning
Wearing my old coat
I was born to travel
So I went and got a boat
Tried to cure my feet
From taking the wrong street
In the Spring when they do the Thing
Oh yes they do
And you burned all my tables

One day I got the tie
I wore it round my neck
Flashed it round at all the girls
That I was hoping to wreck
Tried to point the shoes on my toes
Where the guitar grows
In the Summer when they do the Thing
Oh yes they do
And they burned all my tables

My father said, listen, son
One day you're gonna gather juice
When you soak up flowers
Don't let your leg hang loose
You stirred up a hornet's nest
I hear it buzzing in your vest
In the Autumn when they do the Thing
Oh yes they do
And you burned all my tables

My life was the table
And you have dined off of it
The two-ended candle
Was the one you lit
They hammered down my jail
While you held the nail
In the Winter when they do the Thing
Oh yes they do
And you burned all my tables