

Jack Bruce, Can You Follow?

Hey can you follow,
Now that the trace is fainter in the sand
Try turning your face to the wall

Can you still read me
Now that the chase is wilder in your hand
Try losing your place in the sun

All the praises of the dream turned to tangles in the trees
All yesterday's fine chariots turned to buses in the street

Can you still hear me
Now that the songs are moving into night
Try sleeping with the dancers in your room