

Jack Bruce, Cold Island

Living on cold island
Your mail comes on the wind
Messages and memories of all the things you've been
Living on cold island
You can't forget the rain
Remembering the long roads
You have to try again

And it's always on your mind
And the grinding of the stones
Never getting home

Living on cold island
The love comes second hand
Formulas with fantasies you do the best you can
Living on cold island
You can't keep out the pain
Recalling all the hard miles you have to swim again

I had too much to lose I'm telling you
I did not choose this life on cold island

Living on cold island
The radio is faint
Victories and voices keep calling you a saint
Living on cold island
You can't escape the flames
Burning up the sunset and spelling out your name

And it's always your heart
And the shining of the track
Never coming back