

Jack Bruce, Criminality

I get a little tired when the sun goes down
I get a little wired livin' underground
Fascinating fire ain't no one around
Feeling some desire
Nothing going down

I get a little tired
Tired
Feel it comin' down
Come down

Now the night has come
And the flame has gone
And I heard them say it
On the wireless
It's so cold inside
There's no place to hide
On the wireless
What they said was true
Life don't wait for you
And it's gone
Gone