

Jack Bruce, Into The Storm

I'm going to make it by myself,
It is the young man who still lives at home
I'm going to make it on my own,
It is the greyhead who can only moan
I'm going to cut off all my ties,
I'm going to wipe out all the lies,
I'm going to leave the old disguises
I'm leaving my home, the simple land
I'm handing myself a helping hand
Heading into the storm

I'm going to get there by myself,
It is the hero breaking up the house
I'm going to make the morning train,
I'm going to take whatever time allows
I've got my maps and my guitar,
Let my old friends prop up the bar
Although the past becomes a dear thing
Six inches of soil, left behind
Sun that used to smile, never mind
Heading into the storm

I'm going to make it by myself
There has to be a time and place to say it
I'm going to stand up on my own,
If there's a pace then I'm the one to stay it
I hear the voices from the sea,
They say the world's the place for me
I've got to leave my old disguises
I'm leaving my home, simple land
I'm handing myself a helping hand
Heading into the storm...