

Jack Bruce, Johnny B '77

He stands on the platform
Waiting to travel on
Hes ten years old
He watches the trains until theyre gone
Hes got an idea
Thats gonna go round the world
Hes only ten
But his mind flies like a bird
Waiting so long
To travel on

Dont let anything slow you down
Youve got the time till the leaves turn brown
Dont let anything slow you down, down...

They sit on the roadside
Waiting to hitch a ride
Twenty years old,
Theyre blown along in the summer slide
Hes got a feeling
Hes gonna leave her behind
Hes nearly grown, but
Lonings gonna blow his mind
Waiting so long
To travel on

Dont let anything slow you down
Youve got the time till the leaves turn brown
Dont let anything slow you down, down...

He waits at the airport
Waiting to catch his flight
Thirty years old
He follows the planes into the night
Hes got a guitar
That pushes and pushes him where he goes
Into the futures
Where the people wait in rows
Waiting so long
To travel on

Dont let anything slow you down
Youve got the time till the leaves turn brown
Dont let anything slow you down, down...