

Jack Bruce, Laughing On Music Street

Dark notes
Or light
Hear the voices
In between
Tell the time
Doors open
Into the hot
Still living
Under the spot

Hands
So
Electric
Never fail
To shock you
Who is this wild animal
With two hundred fingers
Playing himself?

Hear
Lost trains
Industrial
Wartime blues
Swingin' the shift
With dancin' shoes
Hear the sound of fear
Laughing on Music Street

Making futures out of fountains
Bebop mountains
Structures in the cold
Burn the lonely lamp
Almost only one
Never sold (out)

Since you left there's been
A lot of sightings none confirmed
You keep on coming back
Repairing gaps in time
We sometimes find the way
Every day there is the blues

In Nica's apartment so full of stray cats
(You lost the battle
But you won the war)