

Jack Bruce, Lost Inside A Song

Sea of faces
Looking for something warm
To take home in the cold dawn
In place of love
The webs I wove
Finding myself lost
Inside a song

Long lines of years
Queueing for calmer seas
Rhapsodies and remedies
To keep the town
From coming down
Finding myself lost
Inside a song

Diving past red lights
On bad nights
Playing crazy games
With my brains
Throwing windows from the tops of towers
People down below with broken hours...