

Jack Bruce, Madhouse

You say theres no more time to borrow
Two and two make twenty-two
Drownin your head in sorrow, cryin every day
We can help you with that prison,
Passin the time with a smile
Join the boys with crazy rhythm, now its here to stay

At the madhouse/madhouse/jumpin at the madhouse

Space makes roads into your hairline
Four and nine make forty-nine
Travellin on that long lost airline, cryin in your tray
When your face falls well restore it
Makin it new with a smile
Fillin in the holes that tore it, now its time to play

At the madhouse/madhouse/jumpin at the madhouse

Why the busy why the lazy
Three and three make thirty-three
Future flies will make you crazy, you know anyway
You can join us where were layin
Were sittin back with a smile
Circus band is softly playin, hope youve come to stay

At the madhouse/madhouse/jumpin at the madhouse

If the darkness sends you funny
Nine and one make ninety-one
Your trains lost its hope in money, cryin in your pay
We can turn your inside outside
Youll make it if you have to
Keep on wavin with our hands tied, now its all the way

At the madhouse/madhouse/jumpin at the madhouse