

Jack Bruce, Pieces Of Mind

Pieces of mind
See how they ran
Prizes of sun
Still to be won
When the life is made of straw
Can you tell me what it's for
Waves that pound against the door
Leave me at the place of/throw it away/throw it away
Leave it today/
Keep me dancing stop me grasping
Clouds that turn to dust on touching
Times I'm so far from/What I want

So much the same
Living in games
Pieces of cake
Until they break apart
They say the plane that comes to pass never rhymes
Now it burns on grass too steep to climb

Best of friends
Until the flowers end
Mines have taken their place
Darkness in their face
Now the golden coach is here
Can you cure me of the fear
Should I move into the clear
Find a time in which I/throw it away/get out today

Keep me singing stop me clutching
Rooms that turn to dust on touching
Times I'm so far from/What I want

Merry-go-round
In a town without a sound
Wings for hire
From the church with no choir
The burning ship is sailing
It will not leave without me /Throw it away/get out today/
Get out today/
Keep me singing stop me clutching
Rooms that turn to dust on leaving
Times I'm so far from/What I want

Merry-go-round
In a town without a sound
Wings for hire
From the church with no choir
The burning ship is sailing
It will not leave without me
The stocks of fire unfailing
Won't set me free
There goes the price of drowning
So I must swim to the end
Each day the head needs crowning
Too much to mend...