

# Jack Bruce, Running Through Our Hands

Running through our hands  
In the waving grass  
One harvest time can't stop them now  
Cities made of sand  
That were built to last  
No one man sky to tell them how

Seasons kiss, collide and miss  
Stars still turn and sometimes burn  
And the stones alone laugh...

Passing through our arms  
Go each others loves  
One woman sea can't break their fall  
Blossoms in your gaze,  
Stormclouds race above  
One season more they've grown so tall

Seasons kiss, collide and miss  
Stars still turn and sometimes burn  
But the stones alone laugh...