

# Jack Bruce, Smiles And Grins

The smiles on city windows,  
It's only the weekly cleaner  
The dials on all the faces  
Are gradually getting nearer  
So make it careful when you can  
Forget it if you've read the plan  
Call a friend when you're in doubt  
Nights are hard when you're locked out

Grins painted on radiators  
Are only the teeth of laughter  
The numbers of all the victories  
Are stenciled on soon after  
So don't regret the leaves that fall  
Have a little have it all  
Take a bit give just as much  
Nights are hard without the touch/crutch

The smiling suburban collars  
They power the city's cisterns  
Whenever they pull the trainchain/They gradually start the pistons  
So keep your hair on if you can  
When you're living in a van  
Call a friend when you're in doubt  
Nights are hoarse when you're locked out

Grins painted on petrol tigers  
Are only the tanks of porter  
Statistics of all the campaigns  
Are written down on water  
So don't regret the cars that rust  
Everything must turn to dust  
Cultivate and dig your croft  
Nights are hard when you've gone soft

Lovers in the dark  
Murders in the park  
By the silver moon  
Blankets from the fear  
Cars when roads are near  
Winter's much too soon