

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