

# Jack Bruce, The Boy

You play the changes, watch the stars  
Look for new gods and number the years  
Since you lost your nerve and let the lady into your head  
You fly the snowflakes down and down  
And join the circus - you're the clown  
But when you're in the ring your friends have run away and left you for dead

When the boy was born and laughing at the world  
Then was day, then was play, then was love  
When the sun was young and flying over the sky  
Then was day, then was play, then was love

You went to the people played their desperate games  
You turned your mind all around their rhymes  
But your reason had gone, you're yearning for your lady  
They climbed the ladder, they've joined the queue  
Friends and strangers ignoring you  
And now your time and tide is up  
The years are rolling away

The boy is old and longing for the night  
On his own, cold as stone, he goes down