

Jack Bruce, The Clearout

You say you don't want me
Well I don't want you to go
You say you don't need me
You shut my hair in the door
You say you won't have me
You're leaving my wound all sore

Chorus:
Breakfast is goodnight
Yesterdays are old meals now
Times ripe for clearout

You say you can't eat it
Well I don't have any food
Yu say you can't face it
Well I'm not in any mood
You say you don't need it
You're leaving my head all chewed

(Chorus)

You say you can't stand it
well why don't you let it sit
You say you can't dig it
yet you'll never let me quit
you say you can't use it
you won't find a better fit

(Chorus)