

# Jack Bruce, The Consul At Sunset

When he walks from the consul at sunset  
Barely remembers his name  
Walk is a little unsteady, sadly  
But he knows most of all that he's living beneath the volcano  
Won't be so many more days  
Isn't much time and it's gathering darkness, my friend

He's been going too far in his drinking  
Running a little too fat  
Eyelids becoming so heavy, sadly  
But he tries not to sleep while he's living beneath the volcano  
Won't be so many more days  
Isn't much time and it's gathering darkness, my friend

Though the fireflies laugh in the dusklight  
It's the Festival of Death  
Crowd is all laughter, it's hollow, sadly  
They may kill death tonight, but they still live beneath the volcano  
Won't be so many more days  
Isn't much time and it's gathering darkness, my friend