

Jack Bruce, The Ministry Of Bag

It's all blues and no dinner
at the Ministry of Bag
The steaks are getting thinner
the office is a drag
It's all hills and no mountain
in the cupboard of the Few
The soda has no fountain
the coal gets in the dew

It's all chief and no father
down the avenue of lane
The soap has lost its lather
the loves gone down the drain
It's all time and no future
at the Department of Breath
The clothes aint made to suit you
the peas are boiled to death

It's hang the girls and young men
on the ropes of tweedy mind
The speedy sneaky tonguemen
have left them all behind
It's all tripe and no liver
at the cafe of the Neat
The cooks jumped in the river
the menu smells of feet

It's all swamp and no mosquitoes
along the stripes of pin
The boots have all the vetoes
and the bags to put them in
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