

Jack Bruce, Times

Times make me lonely
Tides turn so fast
Days make me wonder
Who will come last

My name was Runnin Wild
My heart was Fancy Free
Now Im like a cryin child

Lost in a mystery...

Back in the old times
Used to burn slow
Now as I get there
I have to go

Times, I mean good times
Theyve blown away
Into the futures
Now called yesterday

Times...