

# Jack Bruce, Timeslip

Leaves falling  
Face down on the ground  
Lie in the rusty crowd  
That waits in the pouring rain  
By the pavements of grey  
In autumn days  
Days spending time  
Outside the place of laughter

Brave weddings  
On summer mornings  
Gardens of proud husbands  
That wait in the silver sun  
As the fields come awake  
Lost summer days  
Days spending time  
Making the songs of laughter

Time slipping, time slipping