Jack Bruce, Uh, Oh

She leans against the wall
Just half on the bed
Half in light
Her touch much smarter than the night
Uh, oh
Up when the night was spent
You're writing your blues on her skin

Her body tell her tales with scent
With its taste with its touch
In the movement of her smile
Uh, oh
All of the hell you've lived
Replacing those tales with the blues

She won't shed them won't shed your blues
No matter how clever she tries
She won't wash her changes from her face
No matter how many tears she cries

Her body's sheer articulation
All the textured tales it tells
You'll replace them one by one
With the basic description of the blues

Her style won't go nowhere
It still shines right through
Forms a map on her flesh
But as her dark eyes lead you in
Uh, oh
Each story you've lived through
Is written in blues on her skin

All the colours deep in her stories
You can read from her face with your hands
All the endings swimming in daylight
Will soon be replaced with each fingers trace
With stories of blues on her skin

She won't shed it can't shed the skin
No matter how clever she tries
She won't wash the blues from her face
No matter how many tears she cries

All the curves that show in her stories
All her tales subtle twists and turns
Will be coloured in each cadence
With the basic inflection of the blues

She leans against the wall
Just half on the bed
Half in light
Her touch much smarter than the night
Uh, oh
Up when the night is spent
You're writing your blues on her skin

The intrigue you've learnt from daylight
All the words of bile you've heard
All the tricks you've gotten away with
Soon she won't lose what's clearly tattooed
It's written in blues on her skin