

Jack Bruce, Waiting For The Call

Living in a tower
The last one that can stand
I hold the royal magnet
I'm the king of all this land
Master of this ship
And all I can survey
If you want to join
Then you have to pay

I'm standing by the breach
Plugged in with my thumb
Still waiting for the call
Though it may never come

Sweating in the mirror
Though my head is frozen stiff
My bathroom starts to melt
And run over the cliff
The view that I command
Makes people gape in awe
My military band
Blows down the thickest door

I'm standing on the brink
Just outside the slum
Still waiting for the call
Though it may never come

Driving in my car
The only one with wheels
Got the freedom of the city
You know how good that feels
There's not a lot to see
Of what is going down
I keep it under wraps
Till the night comes around

I'm standing on the deck
Swigging naval rum
Still waiting for the call
Though it may never come