

# Jack Bruce, Waiting On A Word

Standing on the highway  
Watchin' all the cars go by  
I've been searching the horizon  
Wind is blowing dust in my eyes

You've been gone such a very long time  
Seems like a hundred years have passed

I left my heart down at the pawnshop  
Can't afford it anymore, no more  
Now I'm feeling such a space inside of me  
Every time there's someone at the door

I'm not living till I hear you on the line  
and then you got to fly so very fast

Ooh, waiting on a word  
Ooh, fires still burning  
Ooh, baby turn around  
Ooh, you gotta  
Come on home

All those promises  
That we drove

Together  
With nowhere to go

Well we started out so fine  
Now the flame is all but dying

Ooh, waiting on a word...