

Jack Bruce, Weird Of Hermiston

I'm going to a wedding dressed in black
I'm going to a party, won't be back
And I'm not going with you... no...
Trees are no longer a comfort
Messages sad in the wires
My hair is hung down with the blackest of rain that I'm feeling

I'm going to the river, wash my tears
I'm going to the mountains, cool my fears
That I'm not going with you... no...
Skies are no longer a comfort
Leaves turning black with the autumn
The corn is hung down with the heaviest weight that I'm feeling

I'm going to a funeral dressed in white
I'm going to a nightclub, to sleep with night
And I'm not going with you... no...
Love is no longer a comfort,
Fantastic times are forgotten
My heart is hung down with the saddest of rain that I'm feeling