

# Candlelight

Jack Bruce

I wish you could shine a healing candlelight over her life and mine  
We suffer so much pain under the sundown's evening wing  
It's either feeling death straight ahead or sunshine peeling our skin  
It's either warm or cold -  
That dusty death and the sunshine's soft peeling

My love - where are you?  
Why have you left me at the bottom of the hill -  
My love why are you  
Where you can't get me anymore -  
The sunshine peels your skin  
The dance of death is on its way

I wish you could shine a healing candlelight over her life and mine  
It's either falling down that cliff or gliding on the eagle's wing  
It's either living in a spaceship or a submarine  
Or sunshine peeling our skin  
I'm either warm or cold  
That sting of death denying

My love - where are you?  
Why have you left me at the bottom of the hill -  
My love why are you  
Where you can't get me anymore -  
The sunshine peels your skin  
The dance of death is on its way

O help us sunshine  
O help us sunshine