

# Laughing on Music Street

Jack Bruce

Dark notes  
Or light  
Hear the voices  
In between  
Tell the time  
Doors open  
Into the hot  
Still living  
Under the spot

Hands  
So  
Electric  
Never fail  
To shock you  
Who is this wild animal  
With two hundred fingers  
Playing himself?

Hear  
Lost trains  
Industrial  
Wartime blues  
Swingin' the shift  
With dancin' shoes  
Hear the sound of fear  
Laughing on Music Street

Making futures out of fountains  
Bebop mountains  
Structures in the cold  
Burn the lonely lamp  
Almost only one  
Never sold (out)

Since you left there's been  
A lot of sightings none confirmed  
You keep on coming back  
Repairing gaps in time  
We sometimes find the way  
Every day there is the blues

In Nica's apartment so full of stray cats  
(You lost the battle  
But you won the war)