

Mickey The Fiddler

Jack Bruce

I saw a man on Primrose Hill
Mickey the fiddler was there
Reaching out for the highest note
He could extract from the air
With his fiddle and bow

I saw a man on Primrose Hill
Mickey the fiddler stood there
At an angle to the universe
Standing utterly still
Small man in a big world

And with the warming of the seasons
And with yje changing of his mind
He walks out from the prison
He cries, "Thank you sir"

I saw a man on Primrose Hill
Staring into my mind
He told the month when I was born
Told me what I would find
At the end of the rainbow

Mickey the fiddler's on Primrose Hill
His clothes worn down at the heel
At an angle to the universe
He stands utterly still
Small man in a big world

And with the warming of the seasons
And with the changing of his mind
He walks out from the prison
He cries, "Thank you sir"

Thank you sir