

Milonga

Jack Bruce

There is no deity there
It's your eyes filled with fears
That taught the clouds to release their tears
You taught the skies how to cry

When I run my hand thro' your hair
There is never science or sin
It was the touch of your skin
That teaches my body to breathe

There is never science or sin
It was the touch of your skin
That teaches my body to breathe . . .

You taught the night to be dark
When you left my place
You made up dancing light
When you lifted your face
You placed me in this city
To punish me
You taught the sky how to cry
How to cry

You made the earth to spin
And spin out of control
Each time we make love
You invent depth and soul
Each time my arms surround you
You create the idea of calm
You taught the skies to cry
Each time my arms surround you
You taught the sky to cry

There is no deity there
It's your eyes filled with fears
You taught the sky how to cry