

Peaces of the East

Jack Bruce

They walk on my head
They run through my bed
I hear those voices everywhere
Screamin' ragged down the road
Like a river's overflowed
They got mud in their hair
They dance in your face
They're wrecking my place
No medical care
Pieces of east, nieces of beast, there's no retreat
Sweating with heat, military feet, out in the streets
We've got the least, where is the feast, always repeats...
They yell in my dreams
They bang big tureens
They say they love their nightmare
Pieces of east, nieces of beast, there's no retreat
Sweating with heat, military feet, out in the streets
We've got the least, where is the feast, always repeats...
They dance in my brain
They drive me insane
I see their faces everywhere
Dying happy hand in hand
Why don;t they take a stand
They love their nightmare