

Running Back

Jack Bruce

Searching through the shadows in the night
Lying awake, waiting till the morning light

Endless images before my eyes
But your face is all I really recognise

Your memory burns
At the point of return

Running back
I come running
I come running to you

Running back
Yes I'm coming
Running back to you

Tell me who was that stranger with a face
Like mine
Where was he going
Just running blind

What was he hoping
He was ever going to find
Could it be better than what
He just left behind

Your memory burns
At the point of return

Running back
I'm still running
Running back to you

Running back
Yes I'm coming
Running back to you