

The Boy

Jack Bruce

You play the changes, watch the stars
Look for new gods and number the years
Since you lost your nerve and let the lady into your head
You fly the snowflakes down and down
And join the circus - you're the clown
Ut when you're in the ring your friends have run away and left
you for dead

When the boy was born and laughing at the world
Then was day, then was play, then was love
When the sun was young and flying over the sky
Then was day, then was play, then was love

You went to the people played their desp'rate games
You turned your mind all around their rhymes
But your reason had gone, you're yearning for your lady
They climbed the ladder, they've joined the queue
Friends and strangers ignoring you
And now your time and tide is up
The years are rolling away

The boy is old and longing for the night
On his own, cold as stone, he goes down