

The Consul at Sunset

Jack Bruce

When he walks from the consul at sunset
Barely remembers his name
Walk is a little unsteady, sadly
But he knows most of all that he's living beneath the volcano
Won't be so many more days
Isn't much time and it's gathering darkness, my friend

He's been going too far in his drinking
Running a little too fat
Eyelids becoming so heavy, sadly
But he tries not to sleep while he's living beneath the volcano
Won't be so many more days
Isn't much time and it's gathering darkness, my friend

Though the fireflies laugh in the duskligh
It's the Festival of Death
Crowd is all laughter, it's hollow, sadly
They may kill death tonight, but they still live beneath the volcano
Won't be so many more days
Isn't much time and it's gathering darkness, my friend