

Tickets to Waterfalls

Jack Bruce

I bought you tickets for the waterfalls
and you poured away all the change
Trained your bicycle to dance
told it tales of window boxes and people with locks
While you filed away the time
and lost the place in the river

Couldn't do anything about the days
But I helped with some of the nights
You worked my blisters to the bone
playing songs of tiny men and bridges in wine
While you led the time astray
and lost your head in the rainbow

You never saw anything glittering
but you had to melt it down
I made you rivers all run dry
soaked them up with train timetables and carpets of lies
And I listened to your smile
and found my place in the morning.