

## Drone

Jack Bruce

I saw a bumble bee today  
He shook his head and turned away  
The daffodils looked cold and wan  
I wondered were the spring had gone  
But they don't know like I know  
You rode the horses into glue  
And they can't feel like I feel you  
You rode the horses into stew  
You turned the few good men against you

I listened for the nightingale  
They've put his scrubland up for sale  
They asked him where he'd like to go  
He sung to them I do not know  
For five hours he would sing to me  
While bombers droned across the sea  
They told him where he'd like to go  
He sung to them and shut the door  
He sung to them and locked the door

The dogs are barking in the street  
They cannot find enough to eat  
The wolf's fangs drool his poisoned breath  
He worries something half to death  
If they catch you they won't catch me  
And bombers drone to keep us free  
If they catch you they can't catch me  
Your courage and your fortitude  
Will give us victory