

Running Through Our Hands

Jack Bruce

Running through our hands
In the waving grass
One harvest time can't stop them now
Cities made of sand
That were built to last
No one man sky to tell them how

Seasons kiss, collide and miss
Stars still turn and sometimes burn
And the stones alone laugh . . .

Passing through our arms
Go each others loves
One woman sea can't break their fall
Blossoms in your gaze,
Stormclouds race above
One season more they've grown so tall

Seasons kiss, collide and miss
Stars still turn and sometimes burn
But the stones alone laugh . . .