White Room

Jack Bruce

In a white room
With black curtains
Near the stations
Blackroof country
No gold pavements
Tired starlings
Silver horses
Ran down moonbeams
In your dark eyes
Dawn-light smiled
On you leaving
My contentment
I'll wait in this place
Where the sun never shines
Wait in this place
Were the shadows run from themselves

You said no things
Could secure you
At the station
Platform tickets
Restless diesels
Goodbye windows
In walked into
such a sad time
At the station
As I walked out
Felt my own need
Just beginning

I'll wait in the queue
When the trains come back
Lie with you
Where the shadows run from themselves

At the party
She was kindness
In the hard crowd
Consolation
For the old wounds
Now forgotten
Yellow tigers
Crouched in jungles
In the dark eyes
She's just dressing
Goodbye windows
Tired starlings

I'll sleep in this place
With the lonely crowd
Life in the dark
Where the shadows run from themselves

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