

## Can You Follow?

Jack Bruce

Hey can you follow,  
Now that the trace is fainter  
In the sand  
Try turning your face to the wall  
Can you still read me  
Now that the chase is wilder  
In your hand  
Try losing your place in the sun

All the praises of the dream  
Turned to tangles in the trees  
All yesterday's fine chariots  
Turned to buses in the street

Can you still hear me  
Now that the songs are moving  
Into night  
Try sleeping with the dancers in your room