

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