

Waiting On A Word

Jack Bruce

Standing on the highway
Watchin' all the cars go by
I've been searching the horizon
Wind is blowing dust in my eyes
You've been gone such a very long time
Seems like a hundred years have passed

I left my heart down at the pawnshop
Can't afford it any more, no more
Now I'm feeling such a space inside me
Every time there's someone at the door

I'm not living till I hear you on the line
And then you go to fly so very fast

Ooh, waiting on a word
Ooh, fires still burning
Ooh, baby turn around
Ooh, you gotta
Come on home

All those promises
That we drove
Together
With nowhere to go

Well we started out so fine
Now the flame is all but dying

Ooh, waiting on a word