

Weird Of Hermiston

Jack Bruce

I'm going to a wedding
I'm going to a wedding dressed in black
I'm going to a party
Going to a party won't be back
And I'm not going with you
No
Trees are no longer a comfort messages sad in the wires
My hair is hung down with the bleakest of rain that I'm feeling

I'm going to the river
I'm going to the river wash my tears
I'm going to the mountains
Going to the mountains coolly fears
That I'm not going with you
No

Skies are no longer a comfort leaves turning back in the autumn
The corn is hung down with the heaviest rain that I'm feeling

I'm going to a fun'ral
I'm going to a fun'ral dressed in white
I'm going to a nightclub
Going to a nightclub to sleep with night
And I'm not going with you
No

Love is no longer a comfort
Fantastic times are forgotten
My heart is hung down with the saddest of rain that I'm feeling