

Jack Bruce, 52nd Street

It's always raining in here
Each time I walk thro' these doors
Expensive suits and cheap whores
And I'm always sorry

Money flows real fast
Though I'm not supposed to touch
But they always say how much
They love my music

No matter what I wear
It's always freezing cold
And their teeth are made of sharpened gold
Tho' their smiles are polished white

Lives turn into units
In this building built with fear
They breathe contempt in here
And they call it the record business

Justice day will come
And this steel will turn to rust
And this concrete turn to dust
And I won't be sorry
My life outside of power
I see myself in the faces
Classes, groups and races
Locked out of power

Workers
Blacks
Jews
Children
Ch
Africa
Cuba
And I hear myself in their music