Jack Bruce, Theme For An Imaginary Western

When the wagons leave the city for the forest and further on Painted wagons of the morning dusty roads where they have gone Sometimes travelling through the darkness met the summer coming home Fallen faces by the wayside looked as if they might have known

O the sun was in their eyes and the desert that dries In the country town where the laughter sounds

O the dancing and the singing
O the music when they played
O the fires that they started
O the girls with no regret
Sometimes they found it
Sometimes they kept it
Often lost it on the way
Fought each other to possess it
Sometimes died in sight of day