

Cream

"Tales Of Brave Ulysses By Eric Clapton And Martin"

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You thought the leaden winter would bring you down
forever,

But you rode upon a steamer to the violence of the sun.

And the colors of the sea blind your eyes with
trembling mermaids,

And you touch the distant beaches with tales of brave
Ulysses:

How his naked ears were tortured by the sirens sweetly
singing,

For the sparkling waves are calling you to kiss their
white laced lips.

And you see a girl's brown body dancing through the
turquoise,

And her footprints make you follow where the sky loves
the sea.

And when your fingers find her, she drowns you in her
body,

Carving deep blue ripples in the tissues of your mind.

The tiny purple fishes run laughing through your
fingers,

And you want to take her with you to the hard land of
the winter.

Her name is Aphrodite and she rides a crimson shell,

And you know you cannot leave her for you touched the
distant sands

With tales of brave Ulysses; how his naked ears were
tortured

By the sirens sweetly singing.

The tiny purple fishes run laughing through your fingers,

And you want to take her with you to the hard land of
the winter

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