

Cream

"Tales Of Brave Ulysses"

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[Disraeli Gears:]

You thought the leaden winter would bring you down
forever,
But you rode upon a steamer to the violence of the sun.
And the colours of the sea bind 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.

[Live Cream Vol 2:]

Well You thought the leaden winter would bring you
down forever,
But you rode upon a steamer to the violence of the sun.
And the colours of the sea bind 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

singin',
Sparkling waves are calling you to touch a white laced
lip.
You see your 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.
Tiny purple fishes run laughing to your finger,
You want to take her with you to the hard land of the
winter.
Her name is Aphrodite and she rides a crimson shell,
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.
Tiny purple fishes run laughing through your fingers,
You want to take her with you to the hard land of the
winter.

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