

## Jack Bruce

# "Peaces Of The East"

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They walk on my head  
They run through my bed  
I hear those voices everywhere  
Screamin' ragged down the road  
Like a river's overflowed  
They got mud in their hair  
They dance in your face  
They're wrecking my place  
No medical care  
Pieces of east, nieces of beast, there's no retreat  
Sweating with heat, military feet, out in the streets  
We've got the least, where is the feast, always  
repeats...  
They yell in my dreams

They bang big tureens  
They say they love their nightmare  
Pieces of east, nieces of beast, there's no retreat  
Sweating with heat, military feet, out in the streets  
We've got the least, where is the feast, always  
repeats...  
They dance in my brain  
They drive me insane  
I see their faces everywhere  
Dying happy hand in hand  
Why don;t they take a stand  
They love their nightmare

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