

# Jack Bruce

## "Uh, Oh!"

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She leans against the wall  
Just half on the bed, half in light  
Her touch, much smarter than the night

Oh oh, up when the night is spent  
You're writing your blues on her skin

Her body tells her tales with scent  
With its taste, with its touch  
In the movement of her smile

Oh oh, all of the hell you've lived  
Replacing those tales with the blues

She won't shed them, won't shed your blues  
No matter how clever she tries  
She won't wash her changes from her face  
No matter how many tears she cries

Her body's sheer articulation  
All the textured tales it tells  
You'll replace them one by one  
With the basic description of the blues

Her style won't go nowhere  
It still shines right through  
Forms a map on her flesh  
But does her dark eyes lead you in?

Oh oh, each story you've lived through  
Is written in blues on her skin

All the colors, deep in her stories  
You can read from her face with your hands  
All the endings, swimming in daylight  
Will soon be replaced with each fingers trace  
With stories of blues on her skin

She won't shed it, can't shed the skin  
No matter how clever she tries  
She won't wash the blues from her face  
No matter how many tears she cries

All the curves that show in her stories  
All her tales, subtle twists and turns  
Will be colored in each cadence  
With the basic inflection of the blues

She leans against the wall  
Just half on the bed, half in light  
Her touch, much smarter than the night

Oh oh, up when the night is spent  
You're writing your blues on her skin

The intrigue you've learnt from daylight  
All the words of bile you've heard  
All the tricks you've gotten away with  
Soon she won't lose what's clearly tattooed  
It's written in blues on her skin, yeah, yeah

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