

Bill Bruford

"The Sliding Floor"

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First time I met Angel
Up on the bridge of an ocean-going liner
She was virtue, vice and (...)
Can't give her up now for all the tea in China

Here comes a knock on my door
Angel face with teeth like a tiger's claw
Morning comes she'll soon be back begging for more
Angel knows that truth has a sliding floor

No use asking me why
Some people snicker like a downtown Bowery wino
If experts, preachers, mystics can't find the answer

Then how the hell should I know?

Lost in a world breaking apart
Angel shines her mystery light into the dark
She's not wasting blame on the rich or the poor
Angel knows that truth has a sliding floor

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