

# You Burned The Tables On Me (Alternate version)

Jack Bruce

You Burned the Tables on Me  
(Brown/Bruce)

I was born one morning  
Wearing my old coat  
I was born to travel  
So I went and got a boat  
Tried to cure my feet  
From taking the wrong street  
In the Spring when they do the Thing  
Oh yes they do  
And you burned all my tables  
One day I got the tie  
I wore it round my neck  
Flashed it round at all the girls  
That I was hoping to wreck  
Tried to point the shoes on my toes  
Where the guitar grows  
In the Summer when they do the Thing  
Oh yes they do  
And they burned all my tables  
My father said, listen, son  
One day you're gonna gather juice  
When you soak up flowers  
Don't let your leg hang loose  
You stirred up a hornet's nest  
I hear it buzzing in your vest  
In the Autumn when they do the Thing  
Oh yes they do  
And you burned all my tables  
My life was the table  
And you have dined off of it  
The two-ended candle  
Was the one you lit  
They hammered down my jail  
While you held the nail  
In the Winter when they do the Thing  
Oh yes they do  
And you burned all my tables.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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