

You Burned the Tables On Me

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.

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