

Drone

Jack Bruce

I saw a bumble bee today
He shook his head and turned away
The daffodils looked cold and wan
I wondered were the spring had gone
But they don't know like I know
You rode the horses into glue
And they can't feel like I feel you
You rode the horses into stew
You turned the few good men against you I listened for the nightingale
They've put his scrubland up for sale
They asked him where he'd like to go
He sung to them I do not know
For five hours he would sing to me
While bombers droned across the sea
They told him where he'd like to go
He sung to them and shut the door
He sung to them and locked the door The dogs are barking in the street
They cannot find enough to eat
The wolf's fangs drool his poisoned breath
He worries something half to death
If they catch you they won't catch me
And bombers drone to keep us free
If they catch you they can't catch me
Your courage and your fortitude
Will give us victory

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