

Tull Jethro

"A Passion Play"

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"Do you still see me even here?"

The silver cord lies on the ground.

"And so I'm dead", the young man said

Over the hill, not a wish away.

My friends as one all stand aligned

Although their taxis came too late.

There was a rush along the Fulham Road.

There was a hush in the Passion Play.

Such a sense of glowing in the aftermath

Ripe with rich attainments all imagined

Sad misdeeds in disarray, the sore thumb screams
aloud

Echoing out of the Passion Play.

All the old familiar choruses come crowding in a
different key

Melodies decaying in sweet dissonance.

There was a rush along the Fulham Road

Into the ever-Passion Play.

And who comes here to wish me well?

A sweetly-scented angel fell.

She laid her head upon my disbelief

And bathed me with her ever-smile.

And with a howl across the sand

I go escorted by a band

Of gentlemen in leather bound

No one but someone to be found.

All along the icy wastes there are faces smiling in the
gloom.

Roll up roll down, Feeling unwound? Step into the
viewing room.

The cameras were all around, We've got you taped-
you're in the Play.

Here's your I.D., ideal for identifying one and all.

Invest your life in the memory bank, ours the interest
and we

thank you.

The ice-cream lady wet her drawers, to see you in the
Passion Play.

Take the prize for instant pleasure

Captain of the cricket team

Public speaking in all weathers

A knighthood from a queen.

All your best friends telephones never cooled from the
heat of

your hand.

From your hand.

There's a line in a front-page story- 13 horses that also-
ran.

Also-ran.

Climb in your old umbrella, Does it have a nasty tear in
the dome?

In the dome?

But the rain only gets in sometimes, and the sun never
leaves you

alone.

You alone.

You alone.

Lover of the black and white- it's your first night.

The Passion Play goes all the way-spoils your insight.

Tell me how the baby's made, how the lady's laid

Why the old dog howls in sadness.

And your little sister's immaculate virginity wings away
on the bony

shoulders of a young horse named George who stole
surreptitiously into

her geography revision.

The examining body examined her body.

Actor of the low-high Q, let's hear your view.

Peek at the lines upon your sleeve, since your memory
won't do.

Tell me how the baby's graded, how the lady's faded

Why the old dogs howl with madness.

All of this and some of that's the only way to skin the
cat.

And now you've lost a skin or two- you're for us and we
for you.

The dressing room is right behind

We've got you taped, you're in the Play.

How does it feel to be in the Play?

How does it feel to play the Play?

How does it feel to be the Play?

Man of passion rise again, we won't cross you out.

For we do love you like a son, of that there's no doubt.

Tell us, is it you who are here for our good cheer?

Or are we here for the glory, for the story

For the gory satisfaction of telling you how absolutely awful you

really are?

There was a rush along the Fulham Road.

There was a hush in the Passion Play.

This is the story of the hare who lost his spectacles!

Owl loved to rest quietly whilst no one was watching.
Sitting on a

fence one day, he was surprised when suddenly a kangaroo ran close by.

Now this may not seem strange, but when Owl overheard Kangaroo whisper

to no one in particular, "The hare has lost his spectacles", well, he

began to wonder.

Presently, the moon appeared from behind a cloud, and there, lying on

the grass, was Hare. In the stream that flowed by the grass- a newt.

And sitting astride a twig of a bush- a bee.

Ostensibly motionless, the hare was trembling with excitement, for

without his spectacles he was completely helpless. Where were his

spectacles? Could someone have stolen them? Had he

mislaid them? What

was he to do?

Bee wanted to help, and thinking he had the answer, began, "You

probably ate them thinking they were a carrot".

"No!" interrupted Owl, who was wise. "I have good eyesight, insight,

and foresight. How could an intelligent hare make such a silly

mikstake?" But all this time, Owl had been sitting on the fence,

scowling!

Kangaroo were hopping mad at this sort of talk. She thought herself

far superior in intelligence to the others. She was their leader,

their guru. She had the answer: "Hare, you must go in search of the

optician"

But then she realized that Hare were completely helpless without his

spectacles. And so, Kangaroo loudly proclaimed, "I can't send Hare in

search of anything!"

"You can, guru, you can!" shouted Newt. "You can send him with Owl."

But Owl had gone to sleep. Newt knew too much to be stopped by so

small a problem: "You can take him in your pouch." But alas, Hare was

much too big to fit into Kangaroo's pouch.

All this time, it had been quite plain to Hare that the

others knew

nothing about spectacles.

As for all their tempting ideas, well Hare didn't care.

The lost spectacles were his own affair.

And after all, Hare did have a spare a-pair...

A-pair...

We sleep by the ever-bright hole in the door

Eat in the corner, talk to the floor.

Cheating the spiders who come to say "Please"

Politely they bend at the knees.

Well I'll go to the foot of our stairs.

Old gentlemen talk of when they were young

Of ladies lost and erring sons.

Lace-covered dandies revel with friends

Pure as the truth tied at both ends.

Well I'll go to the foot of our stairs.

Scented cathedral-spire pointed down

We pray for souls in Kentish town.

A delicate hush- the gods floating by

Wishing us well- pie in the sky.

God of Ages, Lord of Time

Mine is the right to be wrong.

Well I'll go to the foot of our stairs.

Jack rabbit mister, spawn a new breed

Of love-hungry pilgrims, no bodies to feed

Show me a good man and I'll show you the door.

The last hymn is sung and the devil cries "More"
Well, I'm all for leaving and that being done
I've put in a request to take up my turn
In that forsaken paradise that calls itself Hell
Where no one has nothing and nothing is well-
-meaning fool, pick up thy bed and rise
Up from your gloom smiling.
Give me your hate and do as the loving heathen do.
Colors I've none- dark or light, red, white or blue
Cold is my touch- freezing
Summoned by name, I am the overseer over you.
Given this command to watch o'er our miserable
sphere.
Fallen from grace, called on
To bring sun or rain, occasional corn from my oversight
grew.
Fell with mine angels from a far better place
Offering services for the saving of face.
Now you're here you may as well admire
All whom living has retired
From the benign reconciliation.
Legends were born surrounding mysterious lights
Seen in the sky, flashing.
I just lit a fag, then took my leave in the blink of an eye.
Passionate play, join round the maypole in dance
Primitive rite- wrongly

Summoned by name, I am the overseer over you.

Flee the icy Lucifer!

Oh he's an awful fellow!

What a mistake! I didn't take

A feather from his pillow.

Here's the everlasting rub

Neither am I good or bad

I'd give up my halo for a horn

And the horn for the hat I once had.

I'm only breathing, there's life on my ceiling

The flies there are sleeping quietly...

Twist my right arm in the dark

I would give two or three for

One of those days that never made

Impressions on the old score.

I would gladly be a dog

Barking up the wrong tree

Everyone's saved- we're in the grave

See you there for afternoon tea.

Time for awaking, the tea-lady's making

A brew up and baking new bread...

Pick me up at half past none

There's not a moment to lose

There is the train on which I came

On the platform are my old shoes.

Station master rings his bell

Whistles blow and flags wave

A little of what you fancy does

You good, or so it should

I thank everybody for making me welcome

I'd stay but my wings have just dropped off.

Hail, Son of Kings! Make the ever-dying sign

Cross your fingers in the sky for those about to BE.

There am I, waiting along the sand.

Cast your sweet spell upon the land and sea.

Magus Perde', take your hand from off the chain

Loose a wish to still the rain, the storm about to BE.

Here am I, Voyager into life.

Tough are the soles that tread the knife's edge.

Break the circle, stretch the line, call upon the Devil.

Bring the gods, the gods' own fire in the conflict revel.

The passengers upon the ferry crossing, waiting to be
born

Renew the pledge of life's long song, rise to the
reveille horn.

Animals queueing at the gate that stands upon the
shore

Breathe the ever-burning fire that guards the ever-
door.

Man, son of man, buy the flame of ever-life

Yours to breathe and breath the pain of living, living
BE!

Here am I! Roll the stone away

From the dark into ever-day.

There was a rush along the Fulham Road

Into the ever-Passion Play

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