

Tull Jethro

"Apogee"

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Sailing round the true-blue sphere--

is it too late to bale out of here?

Well, there has to be some better way

to turn back the night,

spin on to yesterday.

The old man and his crew--

after all these years,

it's Apogee.

Pilot training and remorse--

spirit friends fly too,

at Apogee.

Apogee-- solar bright

Apogee-- through the night

Apogee-- overground

Don't think I'll be coming down.

Screened for a stable mate

with nerves of ice we flew,

at Apogee.

No creativity allowed

to pass through stainless veins of steel,

at Apogee.

Apogee-- put the kettle on
Tight-lipped-- soldier on
High point-- communicate
Don't forget to urinate.
So glad they put this window in.
How to explain, how to begin?
See! Tennyson and Wordsworth there
waiting for me in the cold, thin air.
Beware a host of unearthly daffodils
drifting golden, turned up loud.
Tell the boys back home,
I'm gonna get some.
The Wrong Stuff's loose in here--
I'm climbing up the walls,
at Apogee.
So hoist the skull and bones--
death and glory's free,
at Apogee.
A stranger wind, a solar breeze--
I'm walking out upon the starry seas.
See pyramids, see standing stones--
pink cotton undies and blue telephones.
Goodbye, cruel world that was my home--
there's cleaner space out here to roam.
Put my feet up on the moons of mars--

sit back, relax and count the stars

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