

Tull Jethro

"Clasp"

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We travellers on the endless wastes in single orbits
gliding

Cold-eyed march towards the dawn behind hard-
weather hoods-a-hiding

Meeting as the tall ships do, passing in the channel

Afraid to chance a gentle touch - afraid to make the
Clasp.

In high-rise city canyons dwells the discontent of ages

On ring roads, nose to bumper crawl commuters in
their cages

Criptic signals flash across from pilots in the fast lane

Double-locked and belted in - too late to make the
Clasp.

Let's break the journey now on some lonely road

Sit down as strangers will, let the stress unload

Talk in confidential terms, share a dark unspoken fear

Refill the cup and drink it up. Say goodnight and wish
good luck.

Synthetic shiefs with frozen smiles holding unsteady
courses

Grip the reins of History, high on their battle horses

And meeting as good statesmen do before the TV eyes
of millions

Hand to hand exchange the lie - pretend to make the
Clasp

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