

## **Tull Jethro**

### **"Crossfire"**

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Spring light in a hazy May  
and a man with a gun at the door  
Someone's crawling on the roof above--  
all the media here for the show  
I've been waiting for our friends to come  
Like spiders down ropes to free-fall  
A thirty round clip for a visiting card--  
admit one to the embassy ball  
Caught in the crossfire on Princes Gate Avenue  
In go the windows and out go the lights  
Call me a doctor. Fetch me a policeman  
I'm down on the floor in one hell of a fight  
I'm just a soul with an innocent face--  
a regular boy dressed in blue  
conducting myself in a proper way  
as befitting the job that I do  
They came down on me like a ton of bricks  
Swept off my feet, knocked about  
There's nothing for it but to sit and wait  
for the hard men to get me out  
Calm reason floats from the street below

and the slow fuse burns through the night  
Everyone's tried to talk it through  
but they can't seem to get the deal right  
Somewhere there are Brownings in a two-hand hold--  
cocked and locked, one up the spout  
There's nothing for it but to sit and wait  
for the hard men to get me out

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