

Tull Jethro

"Crossword"

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Walking on air, shoulder and head above you.

Down in the street, black canyons walking through

Hooded sad eyes, fetched on your shuffle shoes.

Life is a clue in the crossword.

Typewriter turk, telephone terror takes

Time to wind down, pushbutton finger shakes

City of dreams back to your quiet nightmare.

Life is a clue in the crossword.

Working to rule in your own time.

Drag yourself home to your star shine page.

Staying awake on cold yesterday's steak and warm
beer.

Ladder of string, climbing to sweet success.

Homework aside, your brain on the train to test.

Pick up the news he left on the seat beside you.

Your life is a clue in the crossword.

Life is a clue in the crossword.

Your life is a clue in the crossword

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