

Tull Jethro

"Dark Ages"

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Darlings are you ready for the long winter's fall ?

said the lady in her parlour

said the butler in the hall.

Is there time for another ?

said the drunkard in his sleep.

Not likely

said the little child. What's done

the Lord can keep.

And the vicar stands a-praying

And the television dies

as the white dot flickers and is gone

and no-one stops to cry.

The big jet rumbles over runway miles

that scar the patchwork green

where slick tycoons and rich buffoons

have opened up the seam

of golden nights and champagne flights

ad-man overkill

and in the raze

consumer crazed

we take the sugar pill.

Jagged fires mark the picket lines
the politicians weep
and mealy-mouthed
through corridors of power on tip-toe creep
Come and see bureaucracy
make its final heave
and let the new disorder through
while senses take their leave.

Families screaming line the streets
and put the windows through
in corner shops
where keepers kept
the country's life-blood blue.

Take their pick
and try the trick
with loaves and fishes shared
and the vicar shouts
as the lights go out
and no-one really cares.

Dark Ages
shaking the dead
Closed pages
better not read
Cold rages
burn in your head

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