

Tull Jethro

"Ears Of Tin"

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In the late hours of a sunset rendezvous --

chill breeze against tide, that carries me from you.

Got a job in a southern city -- got some lead-free in my tank.

Now I must whisper goodbye -- I'm bound for the mainland.

Island in the city, Cut by a cold sea.

People moving on an ocean. Groundswell of humanity.

Now the sun breaks through rain as I climb Glen Shiel

on the trail of those old cattlemen who drove their bargain south again.

And in the eyes of those five sisters of Kintail

there's a wink of seduction from the mainland.

Island in the city. Cut by a cold sea.

People moving on an ocean. Groundswell of humanity.

Storm-lashed on the high-rise -- their words are spray to the wind.

Blown like silent laughter. Falling on ears of tin.

Take my heart and take my brawn.

Take by stealth or take by storm --

set my brain to "cruise."

I can see the glow of the suburb lights.

I'm fresh from the out-world --

singing the mainland blues.

There was a girl where I came from.

Seems a long time, long time gone by.

Wears the west wind in her hair.

She calls from the hill -- yeah, she calls

in my mainland blues.

There's a coast road that winds to heaven's door

where a fat ferry floats on muted diesel roar.

And there's a light on the hillside -- and there's a flame
in her

eyes but how cold the lights burn on the mainland.

Island in the city. Cut by a cold sea.

People moving on an ocean. Groundswell of humanity.

Storm-lashed on the high-rise. Their words are spray to
the wind.

Blown like silent laughter and falling on ears of tin.

in my mainland blues

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