

Tull Jethro

"For Michael Collins Jeffrey And Me"

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Watery eyes of the last sighing second, blue
reflections new to limb,

Beckon tearful child of wonder to repentance of the sin.

And the blind and lusty lovers of the great eternal lie

Go on believing nothing, since something has to die.

And the ape's curiosity - money, power - wins,

and the yellow soft mountains move under him.

I'm with you lamb, though it's a shame that it had to be
you.

The mother ship is just a blip from your trip made for
two.

I'm with you boy, so please employ just a little [???

It's on my mind I'm left behind when I'm [???

Walking with you.

And the limp-faced hungry humors fight to fasten with
their eyes,

Like the man hung from the trapeze whose fall will
satisfy,

And congratulate each other on their rare and
wondrous deed

That their begrudged money bought to sow the
monkey seed.

And the yellow soft mountains grow very still,

Witness as intrusion the humanoid thrill.

I'm with you lamb, though it's a shame that it had to be
you.

The mother ship is just a blip from our trip made from
you.

I'm with you boy, so please employ just a little [???

It's on my mind I'm left behind when I'm [???

Walking with you.

With you.

With you

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