

Tull Jethro

"General Crossing"

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It's an old profession
of subtle artillery.
Rough wheels meshing --
button out, button in.
The tall General will mine
a few bridges tonight,
stroking soft machinery.
Fanfare at dawn
courting green steel
lined up for World War One
(Two, Three, Four).
It's an old profession
of subtle artillery.
Rough wheels meshing
on a landscape with no tree.
The tall General points
to the distance --
disconnects his power supply.
Writes a stiff note to his nearest
and dearest --
he takes the battle plan

and contemplates his fly.

The tall General

flies by the seat of history.

The tall General

is crossing.

The tall General

he thinks inevitability.

The tall General

is definitely crossing.

With spit and with polish --

time for desperate measures.

The pain in the forehead

from holding up to the pressures

of life on the rim

of the convenient alliance.

Out on the rim --

let me out in the rim.

The tall General will walk

across the compound

with his briefcase and I.D.

Later they'll post him

seemingly missing

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