

Tull Jethro

"Jack A Lynn"

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cold aeroplanes, slow boats, warm trains
remind me of Jack-A-Lynn
lush hotels and pretty girls
won't cheer the misty mood i'm in
silly, sad -- i've never had to write this before --
oh, Jack-A-Lynn
funny how long nights allow
thoughts of Jack-A-Lynn
when phantoms tread around my bed
to offer restless dreams they bring
and it's just the time and place to find
a sad song to play
for Jack-A-Lynn
magpies that shriek, old boots that leak
call me to Jack-A-Lynn
coal-black cats in policeman's hats
nosing where the mice have been
and the long miaow's beginning now
and i'm far, far from home --
and Jack-A-Lynn

