

## Tull Jethro

### "Part Of The Machine"

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Everybody's jumping on the circus train.

Well some jump high, some jump off again.

And the razz-ma-tazz is rolling, women folk are unveiled.

All truths to light all cross his name.

Even high where the eagle circles,

Where he keeps his tail feathers clean,

And wonders "Am I still a free bird,

Or just a part of the machine?"

They hitch the cargo baggage and they roll out west,

All the picks in the pockets of their Sunday best.

Shaking hands, kissing babies for all that they're worth.

Oh, they promise you gold, promise heaven on Earth.

Still that old bald eagle circles,

It's not the first time that he's seen

His reflection in the eyes of innocence.

He's become just another part of the machine.

I wish I had an eagle like you

To wake up to.

You could be my wings to fly in a big bird sky

Up above the whole machine.

Part of the machine.

Part of the machine.

Smart guys out running the whole man tribe

Up in the mountains where the eagle flies.

Wouldn't take that job offered on a plate.

You gotta fly with the eagle but he won't wait.

Looking down on the smoke, on the factories,

Until the truth creeps up unseen.

They see themselves in the faces of their children

and realize they too are part of the machine.

Part of the machine.

I wish I had an eagle like you to wake up to.

You could be my wings to fly in a big bird sky.

Hey let's be part of the machine.

Part of the machine.

Part of the machine.

Part of the machine.

And I want to be part of your machine.

Well I want to be part of your machine.

Part of your machine.

Part of your machine

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