

Tull Jethro

"The Chequered Flag Dead Or Alive"

Visit "[The Chequered Flag Dead Or Alive](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

The disk brakes drag
The Chequered Flag sweeps across the oil-slick track
The young man's home, dry as a bone
His helmet off, he waves: the crowd waves back
One lap victory roll. Gladiator soul
The taker of the day in winning has to say

Isn't it grand to be playing to the stand, dead or alive

The sunlight streaks through the curtain tracks
Touches the old man where he sleeps
The nurse brings up a cup of tea - two biscuits
And the morning paper mystery
The hard road's end, the white God's send is nearer
everyday
In dying the old man says

Isn't it grand to be playing to the stand, dead or alive

The still-born child can't feel the rain
As the Chequered Flag falls once again
The deaf composer completes his final score
He'll never hear his sweet encore
The Chequered Flag, the bull's red rag
The lemming-hearted running ever-faster to the shore
singing

Isn't it grand to be playing to the stand, dead or alive

Visit [Tull Jethro](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.