

Tull Jethro

"The Rattlesnake Trail"

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Got a hair shirt round my shoulder. Got a cold stew in
my spoon.
And I'm falling on my head, lifting feet of lead --
now it's got me baying at the moon.
Well, there's a race on for tomorrow. I'm stretching out
for what might have been.
Going to come out from the night, got my second sight
--
play rough -- you know what I mean.
I'm going for the kill. I'm going tooth and nail
up that dusty hill -- on the rattlesnake trail.

Got the law laid down to the left of me. Got the real
world to the right.
Heading up through the middle with the cat and my
fiddle --
yeah, looking for a fight.
Going to ride hard in bandit country- on the blind side
of the bend.
Keep my nose to the wind while the rabbit's skinned --
bed down at the journey's end.
I'm going for the kill. I'm going tooth and nail
up that dusty hill -- on the rattlesnake trail.

The rattlesnake trail.
I'm going on the rattlesnake trail.

Going to be with wolves in winter -- run in angry packs
by day.
But when you give the dog a bone, he has to be alone --
growl, keep the other dogs away.
See that thin moon on the mountain. See that cold star
in the sky.
Going to bring them down -- shake them to the ground
--
put that apple in the pie.
I'm going for the kill. I'm going tooth and nail
up that dusty hill -- on the rattlesnake trail

