

# Jethro Tull

## "Black Sunday"

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Tomorrow is the one day I would change for a Monday  
With freezing rains melting and no trains running  
And sad eyes passing in windows flimsy  
And my seat rocking from legs not quite matching  
Got passport, credit cards, a plane that I'm catching  
Black Sunday falls one day too soon

The taxi that takes me will be moving so quickly  
My suitcases simply too full for the closing  
Of pants, shirts and kisses all packed in a hurry  
Two best-selling paperbacks chosen at random  
No sign of sales persons to whom I might hand them  
Black Sunday falls one day too soon

And down at the airport are probably waiting  
A few thousand passengers, overbooked seating  
Time long suspended in transit lounge traumas  
Connections broken and Special Branch watching  
Conspicuously standing in holiday clothing

Black Sunday falls one day too soon

Pick up my feet and kick off my lethargy  
Down to the gate with the old mood upon me  
Get out and chase the small immortality  
Born in the minute of my next returning  
Impatient feet tapping and cigarette burning  
Homecoming one day too soon

Back at the house there's a gray sky a-tumbling  
Milk bottles piling on door steps a-crumbling  
Curtains all drawn and cold water plumbing  
Notepaper scribbles I read unbelieving  
Saying how sorry, how sad was the leaving  
One day too soon

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