

Jethro Tull

"Clasp"

Visit "[Clasp](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

We travellers on the endless wastes in single orbits
gliding
Cold-eyed march towards the dawn behind hard-
weather hoods-a-hiding
Meeting as the tall ships do, passing in the channel
Afraid to chance a gentle touch - afraid to make the
Clasp.

In high-rise city canyons dwells the discontent of ages
On ring roads, nose to bumper crawl commuters in
their cages
Criptic signals flash across from pilots in the fast lane
Double-locked and belted in - too late to make the
Clasp.

Let's break the journey now on some lonely road
Sit down as strangers will, let the stress unload
Talk in confidential terms, share a dark unspoken fear
Refill the cup and drink it up. Say goodnight and wish
good luck.

Synthetic shiefs with frozen smiles holding unsteady
courses
Grip the reins of History, high on their battle horses
And meeting as good statesmen do before the TV eyes
of millions
Hand to hand exchange the lie - pretend to make the
Clasp

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