

## **Jethro Tull**

### **"Crash-Barrier Waltzer"**

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And here slip I --- dragging one foot in the gutter ---  
in the midnight echo of the shop that sells cheap  
radios.  
And there sits she --- no bed, no bread, no butter ---  
on a double yellow line --- where she can park anytime.  
Old Lady Grey; crash-barrier waltzer ---  
some only son's mother. Baker Street casualty.  
Oh, Mr. Policeman --- blue shirt ballet master.  
Feet in sticking plaster ---  
move the old lady on.  
Strange pas-de-deux ---  
his Romeo to her Juliet.  
Her sleeping draught, his poisoned regret.  
No drunken bums allowed to sleep here in the  
crowded emptiness.  
Oh officer, let me send her to a cheap hotel ---  
I'll pay the bill and make her well - like hell you  
bloody will!  
No do-good over kill. We must teach them  
to be still more independent.

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